

THE
ATLANTIC MONTHLY.

A MAGAZINE OF LITERATURE, ART, AND POLITICS.

VOL. XIII.—MARCH, 1864.—NO. LXXVII.

THE QUEEN OF CALIFORNIA.

I CAN see the excitement which this title arouses as it is flashed across the sierras, down the valleys, and into the various reading-rooms and parlors of the Golden City of the Golden State. As the San Francisco "Bulletin" announces some day, that in the "Atlantic Monthly," issued in Boston the day before, one of the articles is on "The Queen of California," what contest, in every favored circle of the most favored of lands, who the Queen may be! Is it the blond maiden who took a string of hearts with her in a leash, when she left us one sad morning? is it the hardy, brown adventuress, who, in her bark-roofed lodge, serves us out our boiled dog daily, as we come home from our water-gullies, and sews on for us weekly the few buttons which we still find indispensable in that toil? is it some Jessie of the lion-heart, heroine of a hundred days or of a thousand? is it that witch with gray eyes, cunningly hidden,—were they puzzled last night, or were they all wisdom crowded?—as she welcomed me, and as she bade me good-bye? Good Heavens! how many Queens of

California are regnant this day! and of any one of them this article might be written.

No, *Señores!* No, *Caballeros!* Throng down to the wharves to see the Golden Era or the Cornelius's Coffin, or whatever other mail-steamer may bring these words to your longing eyes. Open to the right and left as Adams's express-messenger carries the earliest copy of the "Atlantic Monthly," sealed with the reddest wax, tied with the reddest tape, from the Corner Store direct to him who was once the life and light of the Corner Store, who now studies eschscholtzias through a telescope thirty-eight miles away on Monte Diablo! Rush upon the newsboy who then brings forth the bale of this Journal for the Multitude, to find that the Queen of California of whom we write is no modern queen, but that she reigned some five hundred and fifty-five years ago. Her precise contemporaries were Amadis of Gaul, the Emperor Esplandian, and the Sultan Radiaro. And she *flourished*, as the books say, at the time when this Sultan made his unsuccessful attack on the city of

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1864, by TICKNOR AND FIELDS, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the District of Massachusetts.

Constantinople, — all of which she saw, part of which she was.

She was not *petite*, nor blond, nor golden-haired. She was large and black as the ace of clubs. But the prejudice of color did not then exist even among the most brazen-faced or the most copper-headed. For, as you shall learn, she was reputed the most beautiful of women; and it was she, O Californians, who wedded the gallant prince Talanque, — your first-known king. The supporters of the arms of the beautiful shield of the State of California should be, on the right, a knight armed *cap-à-pie*, and, on the left, an Amazon sable, clothed in skins, as you shall now see.

Mr. E. E. Hale, of Boston, sent to the Antiquarian Society last year a paper which shows that the name of California was known to literature before it was given to our peninsula by Cortés. Cortés discovered the peninsula in 1535, and seems to have called it California then. But Mr. Hale shows that twenty-five years before that time, in a romance called the "Deeds of Esplandian," the name of California was given to an island "on the right hand of the Indies." This romance was a sequel, or fifth book, to the celebrated romance of "Amadis of Gaul." Such books made the principal reading of the young blades of that day who could read at all. It seems clear enough, that Cortés and his friends, coming to the point farthest to the west then known, — which all of them, from Columbus down, supposed to be in the East Indies, — gave to their discovery the name, familiar to romantic adventurers, of *California*, to indicate their belief that it was on the "right hand of the Indies." Just so Columbus called his discoveries "the Indies," — just so was the name "El Dorado" given to regions which it was hoped would prove to be golden. The romance had said, that in the whole of the romance-island of California there was no metal but gold. Cortés, who did not find a pennyweight of dust in the real California, still had no objection to giving so golden a name to his discovery.

Mr. Hale, with that brevity which becomes antiquarians, does not go into any of the details of the life and adventures of the Queen of California as the romance describes them. We propose, in this paper, to supply from it this reticency of his essay.

The reader must understand, then, that, in this romance, printed in 1510, sixty years or less after Constantinople really fell into the hands of the Turks, the author describes a pretended assault made upon it by the Infidel powers, and the rallying for its rescue of Amadis and Perion and Lisuarte, and all the princes of chivalry with whom the novel of "Amadis of Gaul" has dealt. They succeed in driving away the Pagans, "as you shall hear." In the midst of this great crusade, every word of which, of course, is the most fictitious of fiction, appear the episodes which describe California and its Queen.

First, of California itself here is the description: —

"Now you are to hear the most extraordinary thing that ever was heard of in any chronicles or in the memory of man, by which the city would have been lost on the next day, but that where the danger came, there the safety came also. Know, then, that, on the right hand of the Indies, there is an island called California, very close to the side of the Terrestrial Paradise,* and it was peopled by black women, without any man among them, for they lived in the fashion of Amazons. They were of strong and hardy bodies, of ardent courage and great force. Their island was the strongest in all the world, with its steep cliffs and rocky shores. Their arms were all of gold, and so was the harness of the wild beasts which they tamed and rode. For, in the whole island, there was no metal but gold. They lived in caves wrought

* When Columbus sailed on his fourth voyage, in which he hoped to pass through what we now know as the Isthmus of Panama, and sail northwestward, he wrote to his king and queen that thus he should come as near as men could come to "the Terrestrial Paradise."

out of the rock with much labor. They had many ships with which they sailed out to other countries to obtain booty.

"In this island, called California, there were many griffins, on account of the great ruggedness of the country, and its infinite host of wild beasts, such as never were seen in any other part of the world. And when these griffins were yet small, the women went out with traps to take them. They covered themselves over with very thick hides, and when they had caught the little griffins, they took them to their caves, and brought them up there. And being themselves quite a match for the griffins, they fed them with the men whom they took prisoners, and with the boys to whom they gave birth, and brought them up with such arts that they got much good from them, and no harm. Every man who landed on the island was immediately devoured by these griffins; and although they had had enough, none the less would they seize them and carry them high up in the air, in their flight, and when they were tired of carrying them, would let them fall anywhere as soon as they died."

These griffins are the Monitors of the story, or, if the reader pleases, the Merimaacs. After this description, the author goes on to introduce us to our Queen. Observe, O reader, that, although very black, and very large, she is very beautiful. Why did not Powers carve his statue of California out of the blackest of Egyptian marbles? Try once more, Mr. Powers! We have found her now. *Εὐρήκαμεν!*

"Now at the time when those great men of the Pagans sailed with their great fleets, as the history has told you, there reigned in this island of California a Queen, very large in person, the most beautiful of all of them, of blooming years, and in her thoughts desirous of achieving great things, strong of limb and of great courage, more than any of those who had filled her throne before her. She heard tell that all the greater part of the world was moving in this onslaught against the Christians. She did

not know what Christians were, for she had no knowledge of any parts of the world excepting those which were close to her. But she desired to see the world and its various people; and thinking, that, with the great strength of herself and of her women, she should have the greater part of their plunder, either from her rank or from her prowess, she began to talk with all of those who were most skilled in war, and told them that it would be well, if, sailing in their great fleets, they also entered on this expedition, in which all these great princes and lords were embarking. She animated and excited them, showing them the great profits and honors which they would gain in this enterprise, — above all, the great fame which would be theirs in all the world; while, if they stayed in their island, doing nothing but what their grandmothers did, they were really buried alive, — they were dead while they lived, passing their days without fame and without glory, as did the very brutes."

Now the people of California were as willing then to embark in distant expeditions of honor as they are now. And the first battalion that ever sailed from the ports of that country was thus provided: —

"So much did this mighty Queen, Calafia, say to her people, that she not only moved them to consent to this enterprise, but they were so eager to extend their fame through other lands that they begged her to hasten to sea, so that they might earn all these honors, in alliance with such great men. The Queen, seeing the readiness of her subjects, without any delay gave order that her great fleet should be provided with food, and with arms all of gold, — more of everything than was needed. Then she commanded that her largest vessel should be prepared with gratings of the stoutest timber; and she bade place in it as many as five hundred of these griffins, of which I tell you, that, from the time they were born, they were trained to feed on men. And she ordered that the beasts on which she and her people rode should be em-

barked, and all the best-armed women and those most skilled in war whom she had in her island. And then, leaving such force in the island that it should be secure, with the others she went to sea. And they made such haste that they arrived at the fleets of the Pagans the night after the battle of which I have told you; so that they were received with great joy, and the fleet was visited at once by many great lords, and they were welcomed with great acceptance. She wished to know at once in what condition affairs were, asking many questions, which they answered fully. Then she said, —

“‘You have fought this city with your great forces, and you cannot take it; now, if you are willing, I wish to try what my forces are worth to-morrow, if you will give orders accordingly.’

“All these great lords said that they would give such commands as she should bid them.

“‘Then send word to all your other captains that they shall to-morrow on no account leave their camps, they nor their people, until I command them; and you shall see a combat more remarkable than you have ever seen or heard of.’

“Word was sent at once to the great Sultan of Liquia, and the Sultan of Halapa, who had command of all the men who were there; and they gave these orders to all their people, wondering much what was the thought of this Queen.”

Up to this moment, it may be remarked, these Monitors, as we have called the griffins, had never been fairly tried in any attack on fortified towns. The Dupont of the fleet, whatever her name may have been, may well have looked with some curiosity on the issue. The experiment was not wholly successful, as will be seen.

“When the night had passed and the morning came, the Queen Calafia sallied on shore, she and her women, armed with that armor of gold, all adorned with the most precious stones, — which are to be found in the island of California like stones of the field for their abundance. And they mounted on their fierce beasts,

caparisoned as I have told you; and then she ordered that a door should be opened in the vessel where the griffins were. They, when they saw the field, rushed forward with great haste, showing great pleasure in flying through the air, and at once caught sight of the host of men who were close at hand. As they were famished, and knew no fear, each griffin pounced upon his man, seized him in his claws, carried him high into the air, and began to devour him. They shot many arrows at them, and gave them many great blows with lances and with swords. But their feathers were so tight joined and so stout, that no one could strike through to their flesh.” (This is Armstrong *versus* Monitor.) “For their own party, this was the most lovely chase and the most agreeable that they had ever seen till then; and as the Turks saw them flying on high with their enemies, they gave such loud and clear shouts of joy as pierced the heavens. And it was the most sad and bitter thing for those in the city, when the father saw the son lifted in the air, and the son his father, and the brother his brother; so that they all wept and raved, as was sad indeed to see.

“When the griffins had flown through the air for a while, and had dropped their prizes, some on the earth and some on the sea, they turned, as at first, and, without any fear, seized up as many more; at which their masters had so much the more joy, and the Christians so much the more misery. What shall I tell you? The terror was so great among them all, that, while some hid themselves away under the vaults of the towers for safety, all the others disappeared from the ramparts, so that there were none left for the defence. Queen Calafia saw this, and, with a loud voice, she bade the two Sultans, who commanded the troops, send for the ladders, for the city was taken. At once they all rushed forward, placed the ladders, and mounted upon the wall. But the griffins, who had already dropped those whom they had seized before, as soon as they saw the Turks, having no

knowledge of them, seized upon them just as they had seized upon the Christians, and, flying through the air, carried them up also, when, letting them fall, no one of them escaped death. Thus were exchanged the pleasure and the pain. For those on the outside now were those who mourned in great sorrow for those who were so handled; and those who were within, who, seeing their enemies advance on every side, had thought they were beaten, now took great comfort. So, at this moment, as those on the ramparts stopped, panic-struck, fearing that they should die as their comrades did, the Christians leaped forth from the vaults where they were hiding, and quickly slew many of the Turks who were gathered on the walls, and compelled the rest to leap down, and then sprang back to their hiding-places, as they saw the griffins return.

"When Queen Calafia saw this, she was very sad, and she said, 'O ye idols in whom I believe and whom I worship, what is this which has happened as favorably to my enemies as to my friends? I believed that with your aid and with my strong forces and great munition I should be able to destroy them. But it has not so proved.' And she gave orders to her women that they should mount the ladders and struggle to gain the towers and put to the sword all those who took refuge in them to be secure from the griffins. They obeyed their Queen's commands, dismounted at once, placing before their breasts such breastplates as no weapon could pierce, and, as I told you, with the armor all of gold which covered their legs and their arms. Quickly they crossed the plain, and mounted the ladders lightly, and possessed themselves of the whole circuit of the walls, and began to fight fiercely with those who had taken refuge in the vaults of the towers. But they defended themselves bravely, being indeed in quarters well protected, with but narrow doors. And those of the city, who were in the streets below, shot at the women with arrows and darts, which pierced

them through the sides, so that they received many wounds, because their golden armor was so weak." (This is Keokuk *versus* Armstrong.) "And the griffins returned, flying above them, and would not leave them.

"When Queen Calafia saw this, she cried to the Sultans, 'Make your troops mount, that they may defend mine against these fowls of mine who have dared attack them.' At once the Sultans commanded their people to ascend the ladders and gain the circle and the towers, in order that by night the whole host might join them, and they might gain the city. The soldiers rushed from their camps, and mounted on the wall where the women were fighting,—but when the griffins saw them, at once they seized on them as ravenously as if all that day they had not caught anybody. And when the women threatened them with their knives, they were only the more enraged, so that, although they took shelter for themselves, the griffins dragged them out by main strength, lifted them up into the air, and then let them fall,—so that they all died. The fear and panic of the Pagans were so great, that, much more quickly than they had mounted, did they descend and take refuge in their camp. The Queen, seeing this rout without remedy, sent at once to command those who held watch and guard on the griffins, that they should recall them and shut them up in the vessel. They, then, hearing the Queen's command, mounted on top of the mast, and called them with loud voices in their language; and they, as if they had been human beings, all obeyed, and obediently returned into their cages."

The first day's attack of these flying Monitors on the beleaguered city was not, therefore, a distinguished success. The author derives a lesson from it, which we do not translate, but recommend to the students of present history. It fills a whole chapter, of which the title is, "Exhortation addressed by the author to the Christians, setting before their eyes the great obedience which these griffins,

brute animals, rendered to those who had instructed them."

The Sultans may have well doubted whether their new ally was quite what she had claimed to be. She felt this herself, and said to them, —

" ' Since my coming has caused you so much injury, I wish that it may cause you equal pleasure. Command your people that they shall sally out, and we will go to the city against those knights who dare to appear before us, and we will let them press on the most severe combat that they can, and I, with my people, will take the front of the battle.' "

" The Sultans gave command at once to all of their soldiers who had armor, that they should rush forth immediately, and should join in mounting upon the rampart, now that these birds were engaged again. And they, with the horsemen, followed close upon Queen Calafia, and immediately the army rushed forth and pressed upon the wall; but not so prosperously as they had expected, because the people of the town were already there in their harness, and as the Pagans mounted upon their ladders, the Christians threw them back, whence very many of them were killed and wounded. Others pressed forward with their iron picks and other tools, and dug fiercely in the circuit of the wall. These were very much distressed and put in danger by the oil and other things which were thrown upon them, but not so much but that they succeeded in making many breaches and openings. But when this came to the ears of the Emperor, who always kept command of ten thousand horsemen, he commanded all of them to defend these places as well as they could. So that, to the grief of the Pagans, the people repaired the breaches with many timbers and stones and piles of earth. "

" When the Queen saw this repulse, she rushed with her own attendants with great speed to the gate Aquileña, which was guarded by Norandel.* She her-

self went in advance of the others, wholly covered with one of those shields which we have told you they wore, and with her lance held strongly in her hand. Norandel, when he saw her coming, went forth to meet her, and they met so vehemently that their lances were broken in pieces, and yet neither of them fell. Norandel at once put hand upon his sword, and the Queen upon her great knife, of which the blade was more than a palm broad, and they gave each other great blows. At once they all joined in a *mêlée*, one against another, all so confused and with such terrible blows that it was a great marvel to see it, and if some of the women fell upon the ground, so did some of the cavaliers. And if this history does not tell in extent which of them fell, and by what blow of each, showing the great force and courage of the combatants, it is because their number was so great, and they fell so thick, one upon another, that that great master, Helisabat, who saw and described the scene, could not determine what in particular passed in these exploits, except in a few very rare affairs, like this of the Queen and Norandel, who both joined fight as you have heard."

It is to the great master Helisabat that a grateful posterity owes all these narratives and the uncounted host of romances which grew from them. For, in the first place, he was the skillful leech who cured all the wounds of all the parties of distinction who were not intended to die; and in the second place, his notes furnish the *mémoires pour servir*, of which all the writers say they availed themselves. The originals, alas! are lost.

" The tumult was so great, that at once the battle between these two was ended, those on each side coming to the aid of their chief. Then, I tell you, that the things that this Queen did in arms, like slaying knights, or throwing them wounded from their horses, as she pressed audaciously forward among her enemies, were such, that it cannot be told nor believed that any woman has ever shown such prowess.

* Norandel was the half-brother of Amadis, both of them being sons of Lisuarte, King of England.

"And as she dealt with so many noble knights, and no one of them left her without giving her many and heavy blows, yet she received them all upon her very strong and hard shield.

"When Talanique and Maneli* saw what this woman was doing, and the great loss which those of their own party were receiving from her, they rushed out upon her, and struck her with such blows as if they considered her possessed. And her sister, who was named Liota, who saw this, rushed in, like a mad lioness, to her succor, and pressed the knights so mortally, that, to the loss of their honor, she drew Calafia from their power, and placed her among her own troops again. And at this time you would have said that the people of the fleets had the advantage, so that, if it had not been for the mercy of God and the great force of the Count Frandalo and his companions, the city would have been wholly lost. Many fell dead on both sides, but many more of the Pagans, because they had the weaker armor.

"Thus," continues the romance, "as you have heard, went on this attack and cruel battle till nearly night. At this time there was no one of the gates open, excepting that which Norandel guarded. As to the others, the knights, having been withdrawn from them, ought, of course, to have bolted them; yet it was very different, as I will tell you. For, as the two Sultans greatly desired to see these women fight, they had bidden their own people not to enter into the lists. But when they saw how the day was going, they pressed upon the Christians so fiercely that gradually they might all enter into the city, and, as it was, more than a hundred men and women did enter. And God, who guided the Emperor, having directed him to keep the other gates shut, knowing in what way the battle fared, he pressed them so hardly with his knights, that, killing some, he drove the others out. Then the Pagans lost many of their people, as they slew them from

* Maneli was son of Cildadan, King of Ireland.

the towers, — more than two hundred of the women being slain. And those within also were not without great loss, since ten of the *cruzados* were killed, which gave great grief to their companions. These were Ledaderin de Fajarque, Trion and Imosil de Borgona, and the two sons of Isanjo. All the people of the city having returned, as I tell you, the Pagans also retired to their camps, and the Queen Calafia to her fleet, since she had not yet taken quarters on shore. And the other people entered into their ships; so that there was no more fighting that day."

I have translated this passage at length, because it gives the reader an idea of the romantic literature of that day, — literally its only literature, excepting books of theology or of devotion. Over acres of such reading, served out in large folios, — the yellow-covered novels of their time, — did the Pizzaros and Balboas and Cortéses and other young blades while away the weary hours of their camp-life. Glad enough was Cortés out of such a tale to get the noble name of his great discovery.

The romance now proceeds to bring the different princes of chivalry from the West, as it has brought Calafia from the East. As soon as Amadis arrives at Constantinople, he sends for his son Esplandian, who was already in alliance with the Emperor of Greece. The Pagan Sultan of Liquia, and the Queen Calafia, hearing of their arrival, send them the following challenge: —

"Radiaro, Sultan of Liquia, shield and rampart of the Pagan Law, destroyer of Christians, cruel enemy of the enemies of the Gods, and the very Mighty Queen Calafia, Lady of the great island of California, famous for its great abundance of gold and precious stones: we have to announce to you, Amadis of Gaul, King of Great Britain, and you his son, Knight of the Great Serpent, that we are come into these parts with the intention of destroying this city of Constantinople, on account of the injury and loss which the much honored King Amato of Persia, our

cousin and friend, has received from this bad Emperor, giving him favor and aid, because a part of his territory has been taken away from him by fraud. And as our desire in this thing is also to gain glory and fame in it, so also has fortune treated us favorably in that regard, for we know the great news, which has gone through all the world, of your great chivalry. We have agreed, therefore, if it is agreeable to you, or if your might is sufficient for it, to attempt a battle of our persons against yours in presence of this great company of the nations, the conquered to submit to the will of the conquerors, or to go to any place where they may order. And if you refuse this, we shall be able, with much cause, to join all your past glories to our own, counting them as being gained by us, whence it will clearly be seen in the future how the victory will be on our side."

This challenge was taken to the Christian camp by a black and beautiful damsel, richly attired, and was discussed there in council. Amadis put an end to the discussion by saying, —

"My good lords, as the affairs of men, like those of nations, are in the hands and will of God, whence no one can escape but as He wills, if we should in any way withdraw from this demand, it would give great courage to our enemies, and, more than this, great injury to our honor; especially so in this country, where we are strangers, and no one has seen what our power is, which in our own land is notorious, so that, while there we may be esteemed for courage, here we should be judged the greatest of cowards. Thus, placing confidence in the mercy of the Lord, I determine that the battle shall take place without delay."

"If this is your wish," said King Lisuarte and King Perion, "so may it be, and may God help you with His grace!"

"Then the King Amadis said to the damsel, —

"Friend, tell your lord and the Queen Calafia that we desire the battle with those arms that are most agreeable

to them; that the field shall be this field, divided in the middle, — I giving my word that for nothing which may happen will we be succored by our own. And let them give the same order to their own; and if they wish the battle now, now it shall be."

"The damsel departed with this reply, which she repeated to those two princes. And the Queen Calafia asked her how the Christians appeared.

"Very nobly," replied she, "for they are all handsome and well armed. Yet I tell you, Queen, that, among them, this Knight of the Serpent [Esplandian, son of Amadis] is such as neither the past nor the present, nor, I believe, any who are to come, have ever seen one so handsome and so elegant, nor will see in the days which are to be. O Queen, what shall I say to you, but that, if he were of our faith, we might believe that our Gods had made him with their own hands, with all their power and wisdom, so that he lacks in nothing?"

"The Queen, who heard her, said, —

"Damsel, my friend, your words are too great."

"It is not so," said she; "for, excepting the sight of him, there is nothing else which can give account of his great excellence."

"Then I say to you," said the Queen, "that I will not fight with such a man until I have first seen and talked with him; and I make this request to the Sultan, that he will gratify me in this thing, and arrange that I may see him."

"The Sultan said, —

"I will do everything, O Queen, agreeably to your wish."

"Then," said the damsel, "I will go and obtain that which you ask for, according to your desire."

"And turning her horse, she approached the camp again, so that all thought that she brought the agreement for the battle. But as she approached, she called the Kings to the door of the tent, and said, —

"King Amadis, the Queen Calafia demands of you that you give order for

her safe conduct, that she may come to-morrow morning and see your son.'

"Amadis began to laugh, and said to the Kings, —

"How does this demand seem to you?'

"I say, let her come,' said King Lisuarte; 'it is a very good thing to see the most distinguished woman in the world.'

"Take this for your reply,' said Amadis to the damsel; 'and say that she shall be treated with all truth and honor.'

The damsel, having received this message, returned with great pleasure to the Queen, and told her what it was. The Queen said to the Sultan, —

"Wait and prosper, then, till I have seen him; and charge your people that in the mean time there may be no outbreak.'

"Of that,' he said, 'you may be secure.'

"At once she returned to her ships; and she spent the whole night thinking whether she would go with arms or without them. But at last she determined that it would be more dignified to go in the dress of a woman. And when the morning came, she rose and directed them to bring one of her dresses, all of gold, with many precious stones, and a turban wrought with great art. It had a volume of many folds, in the manner of a *toca*, and she placed it upon her head as if it had been a hood [*capellina*]; it was all of gold, embroidered with stones of great value. They brought out an animal which she rode, the strangest that ever was seen. It had ears as large as two shields; a broad forehead which had but one eye, like a mirror; the openings of its nostrils were very large, but its nose was short and blunt. From its mouth turned up two tusks, each of them two palms long. Its color was yellow, and it had many violet spots upon its skin, like an ounce. It was larger than a dromedary, had its feet cleft like those of an ox, and ran as swiftly as the wind, and skipped over the rocks as lightly, and held itself erect

on any part of them, as do the mountain-goats. Its food was dates and figs and peas, and nothing else. Its flank and haunches and breast were very beautiful. On this animal, of which you have thus heard, mounted this beautiful Queen, and there rode behind her two thousand women of her train, dressed in the very richest clothes. There brought up the rear twenty damsels clothed in uniform, the trains of whose dresses extended so far, that, falling from each beast, they dragged four fathoms on the ground.

"With this equipment and ornament the Queen proceeded to the Emperor's camp, where she saw all the Kings, who had come out upon the plain. They had seated themselves on very rich chairs, upon cloth of gold, and they themselves were armed, because they had not much confidence in the promises of the Pagans. So they sallied out to receive her at the door of the tent, where she was dismounted into the arms of Don Quadragante;* and the two Kings, Lisuarte and Perion, took her by the hands, and placed her between them in a chair. When she was seated, looking from one side to the other, she saw Esplandian next to King Lisuarte, who held him by the hand; and from the superiority of his beauty to that of all the others, she knew at once who he was, and said to herself, 'Oh, my Gods! what is this? I declare to you, I have never seen any one who can be compared to him, nor shall I ever see any one.' And he turning his beautiful eyes upon her beautiful face, she perceived that the rays which leaped out from his resplendent beauty, entering in at her eyes, penetrated to her heart in such a way, that, if she were not conquered yet by the great force of arms, or by the great attacks of her enemies, she was softened and broken by that sight and by her amorous passion, as if she had passed between mallets of iron. And as she saw this, she reflected, that, if she stayed longer, the great fame

* Quadragante was a distinguished giant, who had been conquered by Amadis, and was now his sure friend.

which she had acquired as a manly cavalier, by so many dangers and labors, would be greatly hazarded. She saw that by any delay she should expose herself to the risk of dishonor, by being turned to that native softness which women of nature consider to be an ornament; and therefore resisting, with great pain, the feelings which she had subjected to her will, she rose from her seat and said,—

“Knight of the Great Serpent, for two excellences which distinguish you above all mortals I have made inquiry. The first, that of your great beauty, which, if one has not seen, no relation is enough to tell the greatness of; the other, the valor and force of your brave heart. The one of these I have seen, which is such as I have never seen nor could hope to see, though many years of searching should be granted me. The other shall be made manifest on the field, against this valiant Radiaro, Sultan of Liquia. Mine shall be shown against this mighty king your father; and if fortune grant that we come alive from this battle, as we hope to come from other battles, then I will talk with you, before I return to my home, of some things of my own affairs.”

“Then, turning towards the Kings, she said to them,—

“Kings, rest in good health. I go hence to that place where you shall see me with very different dress from this which I now wear, hoping that in that field the King Amadis, who trusts in fickle fortune that he may never be conquered by any knight, however valiant, nor by any beast, however terrible, may there be conquered by a woman.”

“Then taking the two older Kings by the hand, she permitted them to help her mount upon her strange steed.”

At this point the novel assumes a tone of high virtue (*virtus*, mannishness, prejudice of the more brutal sex) on the subject of woman's rights, in especial of woman's right to fight in the field with gold armor, lance in rest, and casque closed. We will show the reader, as she

follows us, how careful she must be, if, in any island of the sea which has been slipped by unknown by the last five centuries, she ever happen to meet a cavalier of the true school of chivalry.

Esplandian himself would not in any way salute the Queen Calafia, as she left him. Nor was this a copperhead prejudice of color; for that prejudice was not yet known.

“He made no reply to her, both because he looked at her as something strange, however beautiful she appeared to him, and because he saw her come thus in arms, so different from the style in which a woman should have come. For he considered it as very dishonorable that she should attempt anything so different from what the word of God commanded her, that the woman should be in subjection to the man, but rather should prefer to be the ruler of all men, not by her courtesy, but by force of arms, and, above all, because he hated to place himself in relations with her, because she was one of the infidels, whom he mortally despised and had taken a vow to destroy.”

The romance then goes into an account of the preparations for the contest on both sides.

After all the preliminaries were arranged, “they separated for a little and rode together furiously in full career. The Sultan struck Esplandian in the shield with so hard a blow that a part of the lance passed through it for as much as an ell, so that all who saw it thought that it had passed through the body. But it was not so, but the lance passed under the arm next the body, and went out on the other side without touching him. But Esplandian, who knew that his much-loved lady was looking on, [Leonorina, the daughter of the Emperor of Constantinople,] so struck the Sultan's shield, that the iron passed through it and struck him on some of the strongest plates of his armor, upon which the spear turned. But, with the force of the encounter, it shook him so roughly from the saddle that it rolled him upon the ground,

and so shook the helmet as to tear it off from his head, and thus Esplandian passed by him very handsomely, without receiving any stroke himself. The Queen rushed upon Amadis, and he upon her, and, before they met, each pointed lance at the other, and they received the blows upon their shields in such guise, that her spear flew in pieces, while that of Amadis slipped off and was thrown on one side. Then they both met, shield to shield, with such force that the Queen was thrown upon the ground, and the horse of Amadis was so wounded that he fell with his head cut in two, and held Amadis with one leg under him. When Esplandian saw this, he leaped from his horse and saved him from that peril. Meanwhile, the Queen, being put to her defence, put hand to her sword, and joined herself to the Sultan, who had raised himself with great difficulty, because his fall was very heavy, and stood there with his sword and helmet in his hand. They came on to fight very bravely, but Esplandian, standing, as I told you, in presence of the Infanta, whom he prized so much, gave the Sultan such hard pressure with such heavy blows, that, although he was one of the bravest knights of the Pagans, and by his own prowess had won many dangerous battles, and was very dexterous in that art, yet all this served him for nothing; he could neither give nor parry blows, and constantly lost ground. The Queen, who had joined fight with Amadis, began giving him many fierce blows, some of which he received upon his shield, while he let others be lost; yet he would not put his hand upon his sword, but, instead of that, took a fragment of the lance which she had driven through his shield, and struck her on the top of the helmet with it, so that in a little while he had knocked the crest away."

We warned those of our fair readers who may have occasion to defend their rights at the point of the lance, that the days of chivalry or the cavaliers of chivalry will be very unhandsome in applying to them the rules of the tourney. Ama-

dis, it will be observed here, does not condescend to use his sword against a woman. And this is not from tenderness, but from contempt. For when the Queen saw that he only took the broken truncheon of his lance to her, she fairly asked him why.

"How is this, Amadis?" she said; "do you consider my force so slight that you think to conquer me with sticks?"

"And he said to her, —

"Queen, I have always been in the habit of serving women and aiding them; and as you are a woman, if I should use any weapon against you, I should deserve to lose all the honors I have ever gained."

"What, then!" said the Queen, "do you rank me among them? You shall see!"

"And taking her sword in both her hands, she struck him with great rage. Amadis raised his shield and received the blow upon it, which was so brave and strong that the shield was cut in two. Then, seeing her joined to him so closely, he passed the stick into his left hand, seized her by the rim of her shield, and pulled her so forcibly, that, breaking the great thongs by which she held upon it, he took it from her, lifting it up in one hand, and forced her to kneel with one knee on the ground; and when she lightly sprang up, Amadis threw away his own shield, and, seizing the other, took the stick and sprang to her, saying, —

"Queen, yield yourself my prisoner, now that your Sultan is conquered."

"She turned her head, and saw that Esplandian had the Sultan already surrendered as his prize. But she said, 'Let me try fortune yet one more turn'; and then, raising her sword with both her hands, she struck upon the crest of his helmet, thinking she could cut it and his head in two. But Amadis warded the blow very lightly and turned it off, and struck her so heavy a stroke with that fragment of the lance upon the crest of her helmet, that he stunned her and made her sword fall from her hands. Amadis seized the sword, and, when she was thus disarmed, caught at her helmet

so strongly that he dragged it from her head, and said, —

“‘Now are you my prisoner?’

“‘Yes,’ replied she; ‘for there is nothing left for me to do.’

“At this moment Esplandian came to them with the Sultan, who had surrendered himself, and, in sight of all the army, they repaired to the royal encampment, where they were received with great pleasure, not only on account of the great victory in battle, which, after the great deeds in arms which they had wrought before, as this history has shown, they did not regard as very remarkable, but because they took this success as a good omen for the future. The King Amadis asked the Count Gandalin to lead their prisoners to the Infanta Leonorina, in his behalf and that of his son Esplandian, and to say to her that he begged her to do honor to the Sultan, because he was so great a prince and so strong a knight, and, withal, very noble; and to do honor to the Queen, *because she was a woman*; and to say that he trusted in God that thus they should send to her all those whom they took captive alive in the battles which awaited them.

“The Count took them in charge, and, as the city was very near, they soon arrived at the palace. Then, coming into the presence of the Infanta, he delivered to her the prisoners, and gave the message with which he was intrusted. The Infanta replied to him, —

“‘Tell King Amadis that I thank him greatly for this present which he sends me, — that I am sure that the good fortune and great courage which appear in this adventure will appear in those which await us, — and that we are very desirous to see him here, that, when we discharge our obligation to his son, we may have him as a judge between us.’

“The Count kissed her hand, and returned to the royal camp. Then the Infanta sent to the Empress, her mother, for a rich robe and head-dress, and, having disarmed the Queen, made her array herself in them; and she did the same for the Sultan, having sent for other robes

from the Emperor, her father, and having dressed their wounds with certain preparations made by Master Helisabat. Then the Queen, though of so great fortune, was much astonished to see the great beauty of Leonorina, and said, —

“‘I tell you, Infanta, that in the same measure in which I was astonished to see the beauty of your cavalier, Esplandian, am I now overwhelmed, beholding yours. If your deeds correspond to your appearance, I hold it no dishonor to be your prisoner.’

“‘Queen,’ said the Infanta, ‘I hope the God in whom I trust will so direct events that I shall be able to fulfil every obligation which conquerors acknowledge toward those who submit to them.’”

With this chivalrous little conversation the Queen of California disappears from the romance, and consequently from all written history, till the very *dénouement* of the whole story, where, when the rest is “wound up,” she is wound up also, to be set a-going again in her own land of California. And if the chroniclers of California find no records of her in any of the griffin caves of the Black Cañon, it is not our fault, but theirs. Or, possibly, did she and her party suffer shipwreck on the return passage from Constantinople to the Golden Gate? Their probable route must have been through the Ægean, over Lebanon and Anti-Lebanon to the Euphrates, (“I will sail a fleet over the Alps,” said Cromwell,) down Chesney’s route to the Persian Gulf, and so home.

After the Sultan and the Queen are taken prisoners, there are reams of terrific fighting, in which King Lisuarte and King Perion and a great many other people are killed; but finally the “Pagans” are all routed, and the Emperor of Greece retires into a monastery, having united Esplandian with his daughter Leonorina, and abdicated the throne in their favor. Among the first acts of their new administration is the disposal of Calafia.

“As soon as the Queen Calafia saw these nuptials, having no more hope of him whom she so much loved, [Esplan-

dian,] for a moment her courage left her; and coming before the new Emperor and these great lords, she thus spoke to them:—

“I am a queen of a great kingdom, in which there is the greatest abundance of all that is most valued in the world, such as gold and precious stones. My lineage is very old,—for it comes from royal blood so far back that there is no memory of the beginnings of it,—and my honor is as perfect as it was at my birth. My fortune has brought me into these countries, whence I hoped to bring away many captives, but where I am myself a captive. I do not say of this captivity in which you see me, that, after all the great experiences of my life, favorable and adverse, I had believed that I was strong enough to parry the thrusts of fortune; but I have found that my heart was tried and afflicted in my imprisonment, because the great beauty of this new Emperor overwhelmed me in the moment that my eyes looked upon him. I trusted in my greatness, and that immense wealth which excites and unites so many, that, if I would turn to your religion, I might gain him for a husband; but when I came into the presence of this lovely Empress, I regarded it as certain that they belonged to each other by their equal rank; and that argument, which showed the vanity of my thoughts, brought me to the determination in which I now stand. And since Eternal Fortune has taken the direction of my passion, I, throwing all my own strength into oblivion, as the wise do in those affairs which have no remedy, seek, if it please you, to take for my husband some other man, who may be the son of a king, to be of such power as a good knight ought to have; and I will become a Christian. For, as I have seen the ordered order of your religion, and the great disorder of all others, I have seen that it is clear that the law which you follow must be the truth, while that which we follow is lying and falsehood.”

“When the Emperor had heard all this, embracing her with a smile, he said, ‘Queen Calafia, my good friend, till now

you have had from me neither word nor argument; for my condition is such that I cannot permit my eyes to look, without terrible hatred, upon any but those who are in the holy law of truth, nor wish well to such as are out of it. But now that the Omnipotent Lord has had such mercy on you as to give you such knowledge that you become His servant, you excite in me at once the same love as if the King, my father, had begotten us both. And as for this you ask, I will give you, by my troth, a knight who is even more complete in valor and in lineage than you have demanded.’

“Then, taking by the hand Talanque, his cousin, the son of the King of Sobradisa,—very large he was of person, and very handsome withal,—he said,—

“‘Queen, here you see one of my cousins, son of the King whom you here see,—the brother of the King my father,—take him to yourself, that I may secure to you the good fortune which you will bring to him.’

“The Queen looked at him, and finding his appearance good, said,—

“‘I am content with his presence, and well satisfied with his lineage and person, since you assure me of them. Be pleased to summon for me Liota, my sister, who is with my fleet in the harbor, that I may send orders to her that there shall be no movement among my people.’

“The Emperor sent the Admiral Tartarie for her immediately, and he, having found her, brought her with him, and placed her before the Emperor. The Queen Calafia told her all her wish, commanding her and entreating her to confirm it. Her sister, Liota, kneeling upon the ground, kissed her hands, and said that there was no reason why she should make any explanation of her will to those who were in her service. The Queen raised her and embraced her, with the tears in her eyes, and led her by the hand to Talanque, saying,—

“‘Thou shalt be my lord, and the lord of my land, which is a very great kingdom; and, for thy sake, this island shall change the custom which for a very long

time it has preserved, so that the natural generations of men and women shall succeed henceforth, in place of the order in which the men have been separated so long. And if you have here any friend whom you greatly love, who is of the same rank with you, let him be betrothed to my sister here, and no long time shall pass, before, with thy help, she shall be queen of a great land.'

"Talanque greatly loved Maneli the Prudent, both because they were brothers by birth and because they held the same faith. He led him forth, and said to her, —

"My Queen, since the Emperor, my lord, loves this knight as much as he loves me, and as much as I love thee, take him, and do with him as you would do by me.'

"Then, I ask,' said she, 'that we, accepting your religion, may become your wives.'

"Then the Emperor Esplandian and the several Kings, seeing their wishes thus confirmed, took the Queen and her sister to the chapel, turned them into Christians, and espoused them to those two so famous knights, — and thus they converted all who were in the fleet. And immediately they gave order, so that Talanque, taking the fleet of Don Galaor, his father, and Maneli that of King Cildadan, with all their people, garnished and furnished with all things necessary, set sail with their wives, plighting their faith to the Emperor, that, if he should need any help from them, they would give it as to their own brother.

"What happened to them afterwards, I must be excused from telling; for they passed through many very strange achievements of the greatest valor, they fought many battles, and gained many kingdoms, of which if we should give the story, there would be danger that we should never have done."

With this tantalizing statement, California and the Queen of California pass from romance and from history. But, some twenty-five years after these words were written and published by Garcia Ordoñez de Montalvo, Cortés and his braves happened upon the peninsula, which they thought an island, which stretches down between the Gulf of California and the sea. This romance of Esplandian was the yellow-covered novel of their day; Talanque and Maneli were their Aramis and Athos. "Come," said some one, "let us name the new island California: perhaps some one will find gold here yet, and precious stones." And so, from the romance, the peninsula, and the gulf, and afterwards the State, got their name. And they have rewarded the romance by giving to it in these later days the fame of being godmother of a great republic.

The antiquarians of California have universally, we believe, recognized this as the origin of her name, since Mr. Hale called attention to this rare romance. As, even now, there are not perhaps half a dozen copies of it in America, we have transferred to our pages every word which belongs to that primeval history of California and her Queen.

THE BROTHER OF MERCY.

PIERO LUCA, known of all the town
As the gray porter by the Pitti wall
Where the noon shadows of the gardens fall,
Sick and in dolor, waited to lay down
His last sad burden, and beside his mat
The barefoot monk of La Certosa sat.

Unseen, in square and blossoming garden drifted,
Soft sunset lights through green Val d' Arno sifted;
Unheard, below the living shuttles shifted
Backward and forth, and wove, in love or strife,
In mirth or pain, the mottled web of life:
But when at last came upward from the street
Tinkle of bell and tread of measured feet,
The sick man started, strove to rise in vain,
Sinking back heavily with a moan of pain.
And the monk said, "'T is but the Brotherhood
Of Mercy going on some errand good:
Their black masks by the palace-wall I see." —
Piero answered faintly, "Woe is me!
This day for the first time in forty years
In vain the bell hath sounded in my ears,
Calling me with my brethren of the mask,
Beggar and prince alike, to some new task
Of love or pity, — haply from the street
To bear a wretch plague-stricken, or, with feet
Hushed to the quickened ear and feverish brain,
To tread the crowded lazaretto's floors,
Down the long twilight of the corridors,
'Midst tossing arms and faces full of pain.
I loved the work: it was its own reward.
I never counted on it to offset
My sins, which are many, or make less my debt
To the free grace and mercy of our Lord;
But somehow, father, it has come to be
In these long years so much a part of me,
I should not know myself, if lacking it,
But with the work the worker too would die,
And in my place some other self would sit
Joyful or sad, — what matters, if not I?
And now all 's over. Woe is me!" — "My son;
The monk said soothingly, "thy work is done;
And no more as a servant, but the guest
Of God thou enterest thy eternal rest.
No toil, no tears, no sorrow for the lost
Shall mar thy perfect bliss. Thou shalt sit down
Clad in white robes, and wear a golden crown
Forever and forever." — Piero tossed

On his sick pillow : " Miserable me !
 I am too poor for such grand company ;
 The crown would be too heavy for this gray
 Old head ; and God forgive me, if I say
 It would be hard to sit there night and day,
 Like an image in the Tribune, doing nought
 With these hard hands, that all my life have wrought,
 Not for bread only, but for pity's sake.
 I 'm dull at prayers : I could not keep awake,
 Counting my beads. Mine 's but a crazy head,
 Scarce worth the saving, if all else be dead.
 And if one goes to heaven without a heart,
 God knows he leaves behind his better part.
 I love my fellow-men ; the worst I know
 I would do good to. Will death change me so
 That I shall sit among the lazy saints,
 Turning a deaf ear to the sore complaints
 Of souls that suffer ? Why, I never yet
 Left a poor dog in the *strada* hard beset,
 Or ass o'erladen ! Must I rate man less
 Than dog or ass, in holy selfishness ?
 Methinks (Lord, pardon, if the thought be sin !)
 The world of pain were better, if therein
 One's heart might still be human, and desires
 Of natural pity drop, upon its fires
 Some cooling tears."

Thereat the pale monk crossed
 His brow, and muttering, " Madman ! thou art lost !"
 Took up his pyx and fled ; and, left alone,
 The sick man closed his eyes with a great groan
 That sank into a prayer, " Thy will be done ! "

Then was he made aware, by soul or ear,
 Of somewhat pure and holy bending o'er him,
 And of a voice like that of her who bore him,
 Tender and most compassionate : " Be of cheer !
 For heaven is love, as God himself is love ;
 Thy work below shall be thy work above."
 And when he looked, lo ! in the stern monk's place
 He saw the shining of an angel's face !

AMBASSADORS IN BONDS.

I.

MR. DEANE walked into church on Easter Sunday, followed by a trophy. This trophy had once been a chattel, but was now, as Mr. Deane assured him, a man. Scarcely a shade darker than Mr. Deane himself as to complexion, in figure quite as prepossessing, in bearing not less erect, he passed up the north aisle of St. Peter's to the square pew of the most influential of the wardens, who was also the first man of the Church Musical Committee.

The old church was beautiful with its floral decorations on this festival. The altar shone with sacramental silver, and rare was the music that quickened the hearts of the great congregation to harmonious tunefulness. The boys in their choral, Miss Ives in her solos, above all, the organist, in voluntary, prelude, and accompaniment, how glorious! If a soul in the church escaped thankfulness in presence of those flowers, in hearing of that music, I know not by what force it could have been conducted that bright morning to the feet of Love. It was "a day of days."

To the trophy of Deane this scene must have been strangely new. No doubt, he had before now sat in a church, a decorated church, a church where music had much to do with the service. But never under such circumstances had he stood, sat, knelt, taking part in the worship, a man among men. Of this Mr. Deane was thinking; and his brain, not very imaginative, was taxed to conceive the conception of freedom a man must obtain under precisely these circumstances.

But the man in question was thinking thoughts as widely diverse from these attributed to him as one could easily imagine. Of himself, and his position, scarcely at all. And when he thought, he smiled; but the gravity, the abstraction into which he repeatedly lapsed,

seemed to say for him that freedom was to him more than he knew what to do with. No volubility of joy, no laughter, no manifested exultation in deliverance from bondage: 't was a rare case; must one believe his eyes?

Probably the constraint of habit was upon the fugitive, the contraband. Home-sickness in spite of him, it might be. Oh, surely freedom was not bare to him as a winter-rifled tree? Not a bud of promise swelling along the dreary waste of tortuous branches? Possibly some ties had been ruptured in making his escape, which must be knit again before he could enter into the joy he had so fairly won. For you and me it would hardly be perfect happiness to feast at great men's tables, while the faces we love best, the dear, the sacred faces, grow gaunt from starvation.

Mr. Deane took to himself some glory in consequence of his late achievements. He was a practical man, and his theories were now being put to a test that gave him some proud satisfaction. The attitude he assumed not many hours ago in reference to the organist has added to his consciousness of weight, and to-day he has taken as little pleasure as became him in the choir's performance. Now and then a strain besieged him, but none could carry that stout heart, or overthrow that nature, the wonder of pachydermata. Generally through the choral service he retained his seat; a significant glance now and then, that involved the man beside him, was the only evidence he gave that the music much impressed him; but this evidence, to one who should understand, was all-sufficient.

Meanwhile the object of these glances sat apparently lost in vacuity, or patiently waiting the end of the services,—when all at once, during the hymn, he sprang to his feet; at the same moment two or three beside him felt as if they had experienced an electric shock. What was

it? A voice joined the soprano singer in one single strain, brief as the best joy, but also as decisive. Ninety-nine hundredths of the congregation never heard it, and the majority of those that did could hardly have felt assured of the hearing; there were, in fact, but three persons among them all who were absolutely certain of their ears. One was this contraband; another an artist who stood at the foot of one of the aisles, leaning against a great stone pillar; the third was, of course, Sybella Ives.

She, the soprano, sang from that moment in a seeming rapture. The artist listened in a sort of maze,—interpreting aright what he had heard, disappointed at its brevity, but waiting on in a kind of wonder through canticle, hymn, and gloria, in a deep abasement that had struck the singer dumb, could she above there have known what was going on here below.

When the singing was over he went away as he had purposed, but it was only to the steps of the church. There he sat until he heard a stir within announcing that the services were ended, when he walked away. But the first person who had heard and understood that voice heard nothing after. He was continually waiting for it, but he had no further sign. Once his attention was for a moment turned towards the preacher, who was dwelling on St. Paul's allusion to himself as an ambassador in bonds; he looked at that instant towards Mr. Deane, who, it happened, was at the same moment gazing uneasily at him. After that his eyes did not wander any more, and from his impassive face it was impossible to discover what his thoughts might be.

To go back now a day or two.

II.

A PLEASANT sound of young voices, that became subdued as the children passed from street to church-yard, rose from the shadowy elm-walk and floated up through the branches towards the window of the organist, who seemed to

have been waiting some such summons, for she now threw aside the manuscript music she had been studying, arrayed herself in her shawl, threw a scarf around her head, and looked at the clock. Straight she gazed at it, a moment full, before she seemed instructed in the fact represented on the dial-plate, thinking still, most likely, of the score she had been revising. Some thought at least as profound, as unfathomable, and as immeasurable as was thereon represented, possessed her, as she now, with a glance around the room, retired from it.

With herself in the apartment it was another sort of place from what it looked when she had left it.

There were three pictures on the wall,—three, and no more. One was a copy of the lovely portraiture of Milton's musical inspired youth; the wonderful eyes, the "breezy hair," the impassioned purity of the countenance, looked down on the place where the musician might be found three-fourths of her waking hours, at her piano. In other parts of the room, opposite each other, were pictures of the Virgin ever-blessed! conquering, crowned.

In the first she stood with foot upon the Serpent, that lay coiled on the apex of the globe. She had crushed the Destroyer; the world was free of its monster. Beneath her shone the crescent moon, whose horns were sharp as swords. Rays of blessing, streaming from her hands, revealed the Mother of grace and of all benefaction.

Opposite, her apotheosis. A chariot of clouds was bearing her to her throne in heaven; the loving head was shining with a light that paled the stars above her; far down were the crags of earth, the fearful precipices that lead the weary and adventurous toiler to at last but narrow prospects. Far away now the conquered Devil, and the conquered world,—the foot was withdrawn from destructions,—the writhing of the Enemy was felt now no more.

The organist had bought these pictures for her wall when she had paid her first

month's board in this her present abiding-place.

Towards the centre of the room stood her piano, an instrument of finest tone, whose incasing you would not be likely to admire or observe.

White matting covered the floor. Heaps of music were upon the table and the piano. There were few books to indicate the taste or studies of the owner beside these sheets and volumes of music, and they were everywhere. All that ever was written for organ or piano seemed to have found its way in at the door of that chamber.

On a pedestal in the window stood an orange-tree, whose blossoms filled the room with their bright, soft sweetness; a Parian vase held a bouquet of flowers, gathered, none could question whether for the woman whose room they decorated.

One window of this room looked out on a busy street, another into the church-yard, a third upon the sea: not so remote the sea but one could hear the breaking of its waves, and watch its changing glory.

Thus she had for "influences" the loneliness of the grave,—for the church-yard was filled with monuments of a past generation,—the solitude of the ocean, and the busy street. Was she so involved in duties, or in cares, as to be unmindful of all these diverse tongues that told their various story in that lofty and lonely apartment of the old stone house?

Into the church, equally old and gray, covered with ivy, shadowed even to the roof by the vast branching and venerable trees, she now went,—and was not too early. The boys were growing restless, though it needed but the sound of her coming to reduce them all to silence: when they saw her enter the church-door, they all went down quietly to their places, opened their books, and no one could mistake their aspect for constraint. Here was the bright, beautiful enthusiasm and blissful confidence of youth.

A few words, and all were in working order. The organist touched the keys. Then a solemn softness, beautiful to see, overspread the young faces. It had

never been otherwise since she began to teach them. If she controlled, it was not by exhibition of authority.

"Begin."

At that word, with one consent, the voices struck the first notes of the carol,—

"Let the merry church-bells ring,
Hence with tears and sighing;
Frost and cold have fled from spring,
Life hath conquered dying;
Flowers are smiling, fields are gay,
Sunny is the weather;
With our rising Lord to-day
All things rise together."

From strain to strain they bore it along till the old church was glad. How must the birds in the nests of the great elm-branches have rejoiced! And the ivy-vines, did they not cling more closely to the gray stone walls, as if they, too, had something at stake in the music? for they were the children of the church who sang those strains. Among the wonder-working little company within there was no loitering, no laughing, no twitching of coat-sleeves on the sly, no malicious interruptions: all were alert, earnest, conscientious. They sang with a zeal that brought smiles to the face of the organist.

Two or three songs, carols, anthems, and the lesson was over. Now for the reward. It came promptly, and was worth more than the gifts of others.

"You have all done excellently well. I knew you would. If I had found myself mistaken, it would have been a great disappointment. 'T is a great thing to be able to sing such verses as if you were eye-witnesses of what you repeat. That is precisely what you do. Now you may go. Go quietly."

She looked at them all as she spoke; it was a broad, comprehensive glance, but they all felt individualized by it. Then they came, the six lads, with their bright, handsome faces, pride of a mother's heart every one, and took her hand, and carried away, each one, her kiss upon his forehead. Not one of them but had been blest beyond expression in the few half-hours they had been gathered under

the instruction of the organist. So they went off, carrying her precious praise with them.

They had scarcely gone, and the organist was yet searching for a sheet of music, when a step was in the aisle, noiseless, rapid, and a young girl came into the singers' seat.

"Am I too early?" she asked,—for her welcome was not immediate, and her courtesy was not just now of the quality that overlooked a seeming lack of it in others. Miss Ives was slightly out of tune.

"Not at all," was the answer. Still it was spoken in a very preoccupied way that might have been provoking,—that would depend on the mood of the person addressed; and that mood, as we know, was not sun-clear or marble-smooth. The organist had now found the music she was looking for, and proceeded to play it from the first page to the last, without vouchsafing an instant's recognition of the singer's presence.

When she had finished, she sat a moment silent; then she turned straight toward Miss Ives, and smiled, and it was a smile that could atone for any amount of seeming incivility.

But not even David, by mere sweep of harp-string, soothed self-beleaguered Saul.

Teacher and pupil did not seem to understand each other as it was best such women should. For, let the swaying, surging hosts throughout the valley deliver themselves as they can from the confusion of tongues, the wanderers among the mountains *ought* to understand the signals *they* see flaring from crag and gorge and pinnacle.

Too many shadowy folds were in the mystery that hung about each of these women to satisfy the other: reticence too cold, independence too extreme, self-possession too entire. Why was neither summoned, in a frank, impulsive way, to take up the burden of the other? Was nothing ever to penetrate the seven-walled solitude in which the organist chose to intrench herself? Was nobody ever

to bid roses bloom on the colorless face of the singer, and bring smiles, the veritable smiles of youth, and of happiness, into those large, steady, joyless eyes?

But now, while the organist played, and Sybella sat down, supposing she was not wanted yet, she found herself not withdrawn into the indifference she supposed. Presently far more was given than she either looked for or desired.

The music that was being played was indeed wonderful. This was not for the delight of children: no happy sprite with dancing feet could maintain this measure. It was music for the most advanced, enlightened intelligence,—for the soul that music had quickened to far depths,—for the heart that had suffered, triumphed, and gained the kingdom of calm,—for a wisdom riper even than Sybella's.

An audience of a hundred souls would infallibly have gabbled their way through the silence that would *naturally* gather round those tones. Put Sybella in the midst of such an audience, and you would understand her better than I hope now to make her understood; for the torture of the moment would have been of the quality that has demonstration.

As it was, she now sat silently, as silently as the organist sat in her place; but when all was over, she turned to look at the magician. Sybella had passed through fearful agitation in the beginning and throughout the greater part of the performance, but now she quietly said,—

"That is the one sole composition of its author."

"Why do you say so?" asked the organist, whom people in general called Miss Edgar.

"Because, of course, everything is in it,—I mean the best of everything that could be in one soul. If the composer wrote more, it was fragmentary and repetitious. If you played it, Miss Edgar, to put me in a better voice for singing than I had when I came in, I think you have succeeded. I can almost imagine how Jenny Lind felt, when her voice came back to her."

"We shall soon see that. I don't know that the music has ever been played on an organ before. But you see it is a rare production,—little known,—a book of the Law not read out of the sacred place. Let us try that prayer again. You will sing it differently to-day,—I see it in your face."

"Thou that takest away the sins of the world, have mercy upon us!"

Something *had* happened to the voice that sang. Never had the organist heard such tones from it before; there was volume, depth, purity, such as had been unheard by those who thought they knew the quality and compass of Sybella's voice.

The organist could not forbear turning and looking at her as she sang. Great, evidently, was her emotion. This nature that had been in bonds manifestly had eschewed the bondage. Was the organist glad thereof? Whose praise would be on everybody's lips on Sunday, if Sybella sang like this? Are women and men generally pleased to hear the praises of a rival? You have had full hearing, generous, more than patient; do you feel a thrill of the old rapture, a kindling of the old enthusiasm, when you hear the praises of the young new-comer, who has reached you with a stride, and will pass you at a bound? Since this may be in human nature, say "Yes" to the catechist. For the organist returned to her duties with a brightened face, she touched the keys with new power. Then, again,—

"Thou that sittest at the right hand of God the Father!"

Had this girl the vision—"Not far from any one of us"?

"I thought so," said the organist. "You come forth at last. This is what I expected, when I overheard you instructing the children in the Sunday-school. Now all that is justified, but you have been a long while about it,—or I have. It seems the right chord was n't struck. I made these adaptations on purpose for the voice I expected of you."

"Is not the arrangement a new one,

Mrs. Edgar?" asked a voice from one of the aisles. "It is perfect."

"It is a new adaptation, Mr. Muir, and I think Miss Ives will hardly improve on her first rendering. It is getting late also. It is time to look at the hymn."

Mr. Muir, who was the rector of the church, now passed along the aisle until he was beyond the voices of the ladies in the choir, and then he stood, during the rehearsal of the Easter hymn,—

"Christ the Lord is risen to-day."

One repetition of these verses, and the rehearsal was at an end. Never was such before in that place. Never before in reality had organist of St. Peter's attempted so much. When the choir came together for an hour's practice, this would be understood. Miss Ives already understood it.

"Now indulge me," she said, "if I have been so fortunate as to satisfy—satisfy you."

In consequence of this request the organist kept her place till night had actually descended. Out of all oratorios, and from many an opera, she brought the immortal graces, and all conceivable renderings of passions, fears, and aspirations of men. At last, and as it seemed quite suddenly, she broke off, closed the organ-doors and locked them, then rose from her place.

A dark figure at the same moment passed up the aisle from the church to the vestry-room in the rear, and organist and singer left the church.

III.

"I BELIEVE," said Sybella, as they went, venturing now, while aglow with the music, on what heretofore had been forbidden ground to her,—*"I believe, if you would sing, I should be struck dumb, just as now, when you play, I feel as if I could do anything in song. Why do you never show me how a thing should be done by singing it? I've had teachers with voices hoarse as crows', who did it; and I profited, for I understood better what*

they meant. It seems to me to be the natural impulse, and I don't know how you control it; for of course you do control it."

That was a venture, felt in all its venturesomeness, answered not with encouragement.

"It is all nonsense," said Miss Edgar.

"I expected you to say so; but 't is a scant covering for the truth. For *have* I never heard you sing? When I was a little girl, my brothers and I were sent to some springs in the mountains. While we were there, one day a party of people came on horseback. They were very gay, and one of them sang. It has come back to me so often, that day! So still, bright, and cool! Did you ever hear singing in the Highland solitudes? When I sing my best, I always seem to hear that voice again. Do you think I never shall?"

"Do *you* think it possible that such an effect as you describe should be repeated? Evidently the outcome of some high-wrought, rapt state of your own, rather than the result of any singer's skill. It may happen you will never hear a voice like that again. But you may make far better melody yourself. If you like my organ-music, don't ask me for better. A little instrumental performance is all I have to give."

"But," said Sybella, holding to the point with a persistence that showed she would not be lightly baffled, "her face haunted me, too. And I have seen it since then,—engraved, I am sure. Sometimes, when I look at you suddenly, I seem to take hold upon my childhood again."

They had passed from the yard, and walked, neither of them knew exactly whither; but now said the organist abruptly,—

"Why have you never shown me where you live?"

A light that had warmth in it flashed over the pale face of Sybella.

"I will show you now," she said.

And so they walked on together, with a distinct aim,—Sybella the guide. She seemed tranquilly happy at this moment,

and fain would she lay her heart in the hand of the organist; for a great trust had composed the heart that long since withdrew its riches from the world, and hid them for the coming of one who should take usury. How long he was in coming! how strangely long! rare worldliness! almost it seemed that now she would wait no longer, for the gold must be given away.

"Why do you sing, Sybella?" asked Miss Edgar, as they went.

"Why did I stop singing?" asked the young lady in turn; this stiff, shy, proud creature, what flame might one soon see flaring out of those blue eyes!

"I knew there had been a break,—that there must have been."

"For two years I did nothing but wait in silence."

"What,—for the voice to come back? overwork? paying a penalty?"

"No,—not the penalty of overwork, at least. I lost everything in a moment. That was penalty, perhaps, for having risked everything. I have only recently been getting back a little: no, getting *back* nothing,—but some new life, out of a new world, I think. A different world from what I ever thought to inhabit. New to me as the earth was to Noah after the Flood. He could n't turn a spade but he laid open graves, nor pull a flower but it broke his heart. I should never have been in the church-choir but for you. Of that I am satisfied. When you came and asked me, you saw, perhaps, that I was excited more than so slight a matter warranted. It was, indeed, a simple enough request. Not surprising that you should discover, one way or another, I could sing. And there was need enough of a singer with such an organist. But you never could guess what I went through after I had promised, till the Sunday came. You remember how astonished you were when I came into the choir. I was afraid you were going to excuse me from my part. But you at least understood something of it; you did not even ask if I were not ill. It seems a long time since then."

A little to the organist's surprise, it was into a broad and handsome street that Sybella now led the way, and before the door of a very handsome house she stopped.

"Will you not come in and discover where I live, and how? It will be too late in a moment for you to go back alone. I shall find somebody to attend you."

"In the ten months I have played the organ of St. Peter's Church I have not entered another person's dwelling than my own. I set aside a purpose that must still be rigidly held, for you. Possibly you may incur some danger in receiving me."

"Come in," said Sybella; and she led the way into the house. For one instant she had looked her surprise at Miss Edgar's last words, but not for half an instant did she look the hesitation such words might have occasioned.

The house into which they passed did not, in truth, look like one to suffer in. Walls lined with pictures, ceilings hung with costly chandeliers, floors covered with softest, finest carpets of most brilliant patterns, this seemed like a place for enjoyment, designed by happy hearts. It was: all this wealth, and elaboration of its evidences, — this covering of what might have looked like display by the careful veil of taste. But the house was the home of orphaned children, — of this girl, and three brothers, who were united in their love for Sybella, but on few other points. And curious was the revelation their love had. For they were worldly men, absorbed in various ways by the world, and Sybella lived alone here, as she said, though the house was the home of all; for one was now abroad, and one was in the army, and one was — who knew where?

In the drawing-room it was about the piano that the evidences of real life and actual enjoyment were gathered. Flowers filled a dozen vases grouped on tables, ornamenting brackets, flower-stands, and pedestals of various kinds. The grand piano seemed the base of a glowing and

fragrant pyramid; and there, it was easy to see, musical studies by day and by night went on.

Straight toward the piano both ladies went.

"Now, for once," said the organist.

Sybella stood a moment doubting, then she turned to a book-rack and began to look over some loose sheets of music. Presently desisting, she came back. One steady purpose had been in her mind all the while. She now sat down and produced from the piano what the organist had astonished her by executing in the church. But it seemed a variation.

The work of a moment? an effort of memory? a wonderful recall of what she had just now heard? The organist did not imagine such a thing. There was, there could be, only one solution to anything so mysterious. She came nearer to Sybella; invisible arms of succor seemed flung about the girl, who played as she had never played before, — as weeping mortals smile, when they are safe in heaven.

When she had finished, many minutes passed before either spoke a word. At last Sybella said, —

"He told me there was no written copy of this thing he could secure for me, but that I must have it; so he wrote it from memory, and I elaborated the idea I had from his description, making some mistakes, I find. I am speaking," she added, with a resolution so determined that it had almost the sound of defiance, — "I am speaking of Adam von Gelhorn."

"When was this?"

"In our last days."

"He is dead, then?"

"Yes."

"How long?"

"Three years."

Whether the organist remained here after this, or if other words were added to these by the hostess or the guest, there is no report. But I can imagine that in such an hour, even between these two, little could be said. Yesterday I



saw on a monument a little bird perched, quite content, and still, so far as song went, as the dead beneath him and around me. He was throbbing from far flight; silence and rest were all he could now endure. But by-and-by he shook his wings and was off again, and nobody that saw him could tell where in the sea of air the voyager found his last island of refreshment.

IV.

ON Miss Edgar's return to her room, as she opened the door, a flood of fragrance rolled upon her. She put up her hand in hasty gesture, as if to rebuke or resist it, while a shade of displeasure crossed her face. On the piano lay a bouquet of flowers, richest in hue and fragrance that garden or hot-house knows. All the season's splendor seemed concentrated within those narrow bounds.

The gas was already burning from a single jet, which she approached without observing the unusual fact, for the organist was accustomed in this room herself to control light and darkness.

One glance only was needed to convince her through what avenue this flowery gift had come.

Such gifts were offerings of more than common significance. Their renewal at this day seemed to disturb the organist as she turned the bouquet slowly in her hand and perceived how the old arrangement had been adhered to, from passion-flower to camellia, whitest white lily, and most delicate of roses; moss and vine-tendrils, jessamine, heliotrope, violet, ivy: it was a work of Art consummating that of Nature, and complete.

With the bouquet in her hand, she went and sat down at the window. It was easy to see, by the changes of countenance, that she was fast assuming the reins of a resolution. Would the door of the organist of St. Peter's never open but to guests ethereal as these? The question was somehow asked, and she could not choose but hear it.

If he who sent the gift had pondered

it, no less did she. And for result, at an early hour the next morning, the lady who had lived her life in sovereign independence and an almost absolute solitude, week after week these many months here in H——, was on her way to the studio of Adam von Gelhorn.

As to the lady, what image has the reader conjured up to fancy? Any vision? She was the shadow of a woman. Rachel, in her last days, not *more* ethereal. Two pale-faced, blue-eyed women could not be more dissimilar than the organist and her soprano. For the organist plainly was herself, with merely an abatement, that might have risen from anxiety, work, or study; whatever her disturbance, she made no exhibition of it; it was always a tranquil face, and no storms or wrecks were discoverable in those deep blue eyes. What those few faint lines on her countenance might mean she does not choose you shall interpret; therefore attempt it not. But when you look at Sybella, it is sorrow you see; and she says as plainly as if you heard her voice, —

"I have come to the great state where I expect nothing and am content."

Yet *content!* Is it content you read in her face, in her smile? Is it satisfaction that can gaze out thus upon the world?

It is sorrow rather, — and sorrow, with a questioning thereat, that seems prophetic of an answer that shall yet overthrow all the grim deductions, and restore the early imaginings, pure hopes, desires, and loving aims.

You will choose to gaze rather after this shadowy vision of the fair, golden hair that lies tranquilly on the high and beautiful forehead; the face, pale as pallor itself, which seems to have no color, except in eyes and lips: the eyes so large and blue; the lips with their story of firm courage and true genius, so grand in calm. A figure, however, not likely to attract the many, but whom it held for once it held forever.

So the organist came to the room of Adam von Gelhorn.

She knew his working hours and habits, it seemed; at least, she did not fail to find him, and at work.

As she stepped forward into the apartment, before whose door she had paused a moment, no trace of embarrassment or of irresolution was to be seen in face, eye, or movement.

But the artist, who arose from his work, was taken by surprise.

The armor of the world did not suffice to protect him at this moment. He was at the mercy of the woman who was here.

"Mrs. Edgar!"

"Adam."

"Here!"

"To thank you for the flowers, and to warn you that setting them in deserts is neither safe nor providential."

And now her eyes ran round the room, — a flash in which was sheathed a smile of satisfaction and of friendly pride. She had come here full of reproaches, but surely there was some enchantment against her.

"You will order a picture, perhaps?" said the artist, restored to at least an appearance of ease.

But his eyes did not follow hers. They stopped with her: with some misgiving, some doubt, some perplexity, for he knew not perfectly the ground on which he stood.

"You have been twice to see me, and both times have missed me," she said. "I was sorry for that. I did not know until then that you were living here."

"But what does it mean, that nobody in H—— has heard the voice yet? It has distracted me to think, perhaps, some harm has come to it."

"Let that fear rest. The voice has had its day. I left it behind me at Havre. Any repetition of what we used to imagine were triumphs in the wonderful Düsseldorf days would now seem absurd, to the painter of these pictures, as to me."

"They were triumphs! Besides, have you forgotten? Was it not in New York, in '58, that you imported the voice

from Havre, left behind by mistake? What more could be asked than to inspire a town with enthusiasm, so that the dullest should feel the contagion? They were triumphs such as women have seldom achieved. If you disdain them, recollect that human nature is still the same, and all that I have done is under the inspiration of a voice that broke on me in Düsseldorf, and opened heaven. And people find some pleasure in my pictures."

"Well may they! You, also. You have kept that power separate from sinners, unless I mistake. If it be my music, or the face yonder, that has helped you, or something else, unconfessed, perhaps unknown, you can, I perceive, at least love Art worthily, and be constant. As for St. Peter's, and myself, I find the fine organ there quite enough, with the boys to train and Miss Sybella Ives to instruct. It is n't much I can do for her, though; she is already a great and wonderful artist."

"Is it possible you think so!"

Was it really wonder at the judgment she heard in that exclamation? The voice sounded void of all except wonder, — yet wonder, perhaps, least of all was paramount in the pavilion of his secret thoughts.

"Decidedly. But I only engaged there as organist. I find sufficient pleasure instructing the young lady, without feeling ambitious to appear there as her rival."

"But you know she is not a professional singer": these words escaped the artist in spite of him. "She is an heiress of one of the wealthiest old families of this old town."

"Nevertheless, she is growing so rarely in these days I would not for the world check that growth, as I see I might. Besides, I am selfish; it's best for me to keep to my engagement, and not volunteer anything."

"And so we who have memories must rest content with them. I am glad you tell me, if it must be so. I have not haunted you, and I feel as if I almost de-

served your thanks on that account. I've haunted the church, though, but"——

"Well."

"Miss Ives sings better than she did, — too well for such a girl in such a place."

"Why?"

"Because, as I said before, neither Art nor fortune justifies her, and what she gets will spoil her."

He ended in confusion; some thought unexpressed overthrew him just here, and he could not instantly gather himself up again.

"Do not fear," was the calm answer. "She is sacredly safe from that, — as safe as I am. For so young a person, she is rich in safeguards, though she seems to be alone; and she is brave enough to use them. If you come to the church to-morrow, you will be converted from the error of some of your worst thoughts."

"I told you in secret once; Heaven knows under what insane infatuation, what I could tell you now with husband or child for audience, — there is, there has ever been, but one voice for me."

For answer the organist lifted the lid of the artist's piano, touched a few notes, and sang.

Was that the voice that once brought out the applause of the people, rushing and roaring like the waves of the sea?

The same, etherealized, strengthened, — meeting the desire of the trained and cultured man, as once it had the impassioned aspiration of youth.

He stood there, as of old, completely subject to her will; and of old she had worked for good, as one of God's accredited angels. Every evil passion in those days had stood rebuked before the charmed circle of her influences: a voice to long for as the hart longs for the water-brooks; a spirit to trust for work, or for love, or for truth, — "truest truth," and stanchest loyalty, as one might trust those who are delivered forever from the power of temptation.

When she had ended the song, she had indeed ended. Not one note more. Closing the piano, she walked about the

room, looking at his pictures one after another, pausing long before some, but the silence in which she made the circuit was unbroken.

At last she came to the last-painted picture, where a soldier lay dying, with glory on his face, victory in his eyes. Beside this she remained.

"There's many a realization of that dream," she said.

The words seemed to sting the artist as though she had said instead, "Here's one who is in no danger of realizing it."

"I thought," said he, "I might one day prove for myself the emotions attributed to that soldier."

She hesitated before answering. A vision rose before her, — a vision of fields covered with the slain, unburied dead. Here the paths of honor were cut short by the grave. She looked at Adam von Gelhorn. Here was no warrior except for courage, no knight but for chivalry. Yet how proudly his eyes met hers! What was this glance that seemed suddenly to fall upon her from some unbroken, awful height? It was a great thing to say, with the knowledge that came with that glance, —

"Do you no longer think so? Patriotism has its tests. This war will be long enough to sift enthusiasms."

Humbly he answered, —

"I wait my time."

Then, urged on by two motives, distinct, yet confluent, and so all-powerful, —

"Strange army, Adam, if all the soldiers waited for it."

He answered her as mildly as before, but with quite as deep assurance, —

"Not a man of them but has heard his name called. The time of a man is his own. The trumpet sounds, and though he were dead, yet shall he live."

"And do you wait that sound? Then verily you may remain here safely, and paint fine pictures of wounded men on awful battle-fields."

The artist looked at the woman. Did she speak to test his patience, or his courage, or his loyalty? Gravely he

answered, true to himself, though baffled in his endeavor to read what she chose to conceal, —

"Once I took everything you said as if you were inspired, for I believed you were. For years I have been accustomed to think of your approval, and wait for it, and long for it; for I always knew you would finally stand here in the midst of my work as the one thing that should prove to me it was good. If you could only know what sort of value I have set on the praise of critics while waiting for yours, you would deem me ungrateful. But I knew you would come. You are here, then, — and I perceive, though you do not say so, that I have not wasted time; often, while I was painting that hero yonder, I said to myself, 'Better die than hold on to life or self a moment after the voice calls!' Julia, it has called!"

This was spoken quietly enough, but with the deep feeling that seeks neither outlet nor consolation in sound. Having spoken, he went up to his easel, cut away the canvas with long, even knife-strokes, set aside the frame. He was ready. And now he waited further orders, — looking at the woman who had accomplished so much.

She did not, by gesture or word, interrupt him; but when he stood absolutely motionless and silent, as if more were to be said, and by her, she evidently faltered.

"Give me the canvas," she said.

"Your trophy."

He gave it her with a smile.

"No; but if a trophy, worth more than could be told. There's nobler work for you to do than painting pictures. Atonement, — reconciliation, — sacrifice."

"Where? when? how?"

He put these questions with a distinctness that required answer.

"Your heart will tell you."

He had his answer.

"And the portrait yonder, that will tell you. It is not hers, you will say. But it is not mine, nor a vision, except as you have glorified her. In spite of

yourself, you are true. And in spite of herself, Sybella believes in you."

"Such a collection of incoherent fragments from the lips of an artist accustomed to treat of unities, — it is incomprehensible."

So the painter began; but he ended, —

"When I come back from battle, I will think of what you say. I do believe in my own integrity as firmly as I trust my loyalty."

There was a rare gentleness in the man's voice that seemed to say that mists were rising to envelop the summits of the mountains, and he looked forth, not to the bald heights, but along the purple heather-reaches, where any human feet might walk, finding pleasant paths, fair flowers, cool shades, and blessed reflections of heaven.

V.

THE rector of St. Peter's sat in the vestry-room, which he used for his study, when there came an interruption to the even tenor of his orthodox thinking.

Whoever sought him did so with a determination that carried the various doors between him and the study, and at last came the knock, of which he sat in momentary dread. It expressed the outsider so imperatively, that the minister at once laid aside his pen, and opened the door. And, alas! it was Saturday, P. M., — Easter at hand!

He should have been glad, of course, of the cordial hand-grasp with which his staunch supporter, Gerald Deane, saluted him; but he had been interrupted in necessary work, and his face betrayed him. It told unqualified surprise, that, at such an hour, he had the honor of a visit from the warden.

The warden, however, was absorbed in his own business to an extent that prevented him from seeing what the minister's mood might be. He began to speak the moment he had thrown himself into the arm-chair opposite Mr. Muir.

"Do you know," said he, "what sort of person we've got here in our organist?"

Indignant was the speaker's voice, and indignant were his eyes; he spoke quick, breathed hard, showed all the signs of violent emotion.

The minister's bland face had a puzzled expression, as he answered, —

"A first-rate musician, Deane, — and a lady. That 's about the extent of my information."

"A Rebel! and the wife of a Rebel!" was Deane's wrathful answer.

Hitherto, what had he not said or done in the way of supporting the organist?

"A Rebel?" exclaimed the minister, thrown suddenly off his guard.

He might have heard calumny uttered against one under his tender care by the way that single word burst from him.

"The wife of a Rebel general, and a spy!"

Deane's voice made one think of the Inquisition, and of inevitable forfeitures, unfailing executions of unrelenting judgments.

"For a spy, she makes poor use of her advantages," said the minister. "She 's never anywhere, that I can learn, except in the church and her own room."

"I dare say anybody will believe that whom she chooses to *have* believe it. How do you or I know what she is? or where? or what she does? We 're not the kind of men for her to take into confidence. She is evidently shrewd enough to see that it would n't be safe to tamper with us! But we must get rid of her, or we shall have the organ demolished and the church about our ears. Let the mob once suspect that we employ a spy here to do our music for us, and see what our chance would be! There 's no use asking for proof. There 's a young man in my storehouse, a contraband, who recognized her somewhere in the street this morning, and *he* says she is the wife of the Rebel General Edgar; and if it 's true, and there 's no question about that, *I* say she ought to be arrested."

"Pooh! pooh!" — the minister was thrown off his guard, and failed to estimate aright the kind of patriotism he

bluffed off with so little ceremony; — "the negro" —

"Negro! face as white as mine, Sir! Well, yes, negro, I suppose, — slave, any way, — do you want him summoned in here? Do you want to see him? He gives his testimony intelligently enough. Or shall we send for Mrs. Edgar? For it 's high time *she* were thrown on her own resources, instead of being maintained at our expense for the benefit of the enemy."

Precisely as he finished speaking sounded a peal from the great organ, and Mr. Deane just half understood the look on the minister's face as he turned from him to listen.

A better understanding would have kept him silent longer; but, unable to control himself, he said, —

"We 're buying that at too high a price. Better go back to drunken Mallard, — a great sight better. McClellan would tell us so; so would Jeff Davis."

"What can be done?" asked the minister.

Never had that good man looked and felt so helpless as at this moment. His words, and still more his look, vexed and surprised the ever-ready Deane.

"Exactly what would be done, if the woman played fifty times worse, and looked like a beggar. A medium performer with an ugly visage would not find us stumbling against duty. No respect should be shown to persons, when such a charge is brought up. The facts must be tested, and Miss Edgar — What 's the reason she never owned she was a Mrs.?"

"Why, Deane, did you ever hear me address her or speak of her in any other way? I knew she was a married woman."

"Did you know she had a husband living, too?"

"No."

Mr. Muir spoke as if it were beneath him to suppose that use was to be made, to the damage of the woman, of such acknowledgment.

"It don't look well that people in general are ignorant of the fact. I tell you

it's suspicious. It strikes me I never heard *anybody* call her anything but Miss Edgar. Excuse me; of course you knew better."

"Yes, and some beside myself. She told me she was a married woman. But really, Deane, we could n't expect, especially of a woman who has been living for months, as it seems to me, in absolute retirement, that she should go about making explanations in regard to her private affairs. I have inferred, I confess, that she had in some unfortunate manner terminated her union with her husband; and I have always hoped that her coming here might prove a providential, happy thing,—that somehow she might find her way out of trouble, and resume, what has evidently been broken off, a peaceful and happy life. She is familiar with happiness."

"Well, Sir!" Deane exploded on the preacher's mildness, of which he had grown in the last few seconds terribly impatient, "I don't know how far Christian charity may go,—a great way farther, it seems, than it need to, if it will submit to the impertinence of a traitor's coming among us and accepting our support, at the same time that she takes advantage of her sex and position to betray us. For *that* business stands just where it did before. There is n't the slightest doubt that she will find abettors enough who are as false and daring and impudent as herself. Whether we shall suffer them is a question, it seems. Excuse my plain speaking, but I am surprised all round."

"No more than I am, Mr. Deane. It is, as you say, our duty immediately to examine into this business; but we cannot, look at it as you will, we cannot do so with too much caution. It is a disagreeable errand for a man to undertake. Let us at least defer judgment for the present. I will speak to Mrs. Edgar about it myself, and communicate the result immediately to you. Do you prefer to remain here till I return?"

He arose as he spoke, but Deane rose also. It had at last penetrated the brain

of this most shrewd, but also very dull man, that the business might be conducted with courtesy, and that a little skill might manage it as effectually as a good deal of courage.

"No, no," he said; "he could trust the business to the minister. Liked to do so, of course. If there was any shame or remorse in the woman, Mr. Muir was the proper person to deal with it."

And so Deane retired.

But when he was gone, the minister stood listening to his departing steps as long as they could be heard; then he sat down in his study-chair, and seemed in no haste to go about the business with which he stood commissioned.

Still the organ-music wandered through the church. Prayer of Moses, Miserere, De Profundis, the Voice of One crying in the Wilderness, a Song in the Night, the darkness of desolation rifted only by the cry for deliverance, tragic human experience, exhausted human hope, and dying faith,—he seemed to interpret the sounds as they swept from the organ-loft and wandered darkly down the nave among the great stone pillars, till they stood, a dismal congregation, at the low door of the vestry-room, pleading with him for her who sent them thither, and astounding him by the hot calumny that preceded them.

At last, for he was a man to *do* his duty, in spite of whatsoever shrinking,—and if this accusation were true, it would be indeed hard to forgive, impossible to overlook the offence,—the minister walked out from the vestry into the church.

The organist must have heard him coming, for she broke off suddenly, and dismissed the boy who worked the bellows, at the same moment herself rising to depart.

Just then the minister ascended the steps that led into the choir.

She had no purpose to remain a moment, and merely paused for civil speech, choosing, however, that he should see she was detained.

He did not accept the signs, and, with his usual grave deference to the will of

others in things trivial, allow her to pass. He said, instead, —

“Mrs. Edgar, I wish you might give me a moment, though I do not see how what I have undertaken can be said in that length of time. I choose that you should hear from one who wishes you nothing but good the strange story that troubles me.”

“I remain, Mr. Muir,” was the answer; and she sat down.

The subject was too disagreeable for him to dally with it. If the charge were a true one, no consideration was due; if untrue, the sooner that was made apparent, the better.

“It is said that the organist of St. Peter’s is not as loyal a citizen of the United States as might be hoped by those who admire and trust her most; and not only so, but that she is the wife of a Rebel leader, and in communication with Rebels. It sounds harsh, but I speak as a friend. I do not credit these things; but they’re said, and I repeat them to relieve others of what they might deem a duty.”

Swiftly on his words came her answer.

“You have not believed it, Sir?”

Looking at her, it was the easiest thing for the minister to feel and say, — and, oh, how he wished for Deane! —

“Not one word of it, Madam.”

“That is sufficient, — sufficient, at least, for me. But do they, does any one, desire that I should take the oath of fealty to the Constitution and to the Government? I am ready to do either, or both. I hardly reverence the Constitution more than I do the man who is at the head of our affairs. To me he is the hero of this age.”

The minister smiled, — a cordial smile, right trustful, cordial, glad.

“It may be well,” said he. “These are strange days to live in, and we all abhor suspicion of our loyalty. Besides, it may be necessary; for suspicion of this character is an ungovernable passion now. For myself, I should never have asked these questions; but it is merely right that you should know the whole truth.

A person who reports of himself that he has escaped from Charleston avers that he has recognized in the organist of St. Peter’s the wife of General Edgar. I don’t know the man’s name. But his statement has reached me directly. I give you information I might have withheld, because I perfectly trust both the citizen and the lady who has rendered us such noble service here.”

“And such trust, I may say, is my right. I shall not forfeit it,” said the organist, rising. “I am ready, at any time, to take the oath, and to bear my own responsibilities, Mr. Muir. I have neither fellowship nor communication with Rebels, and I deem it a strange insult to be called a spy. ’T is a great pity one should stay here to vex himself with puerile gossip.”

She pointed to the stained windows emblazoned with sacred symbols, glorious now with sunlight, bowed, and was gone.

VI.

THERE came, on Easter night, to the door of the organist’s apartment, the “contraband” who at present was sojourning under the protection of Mr. Gerald Deane.

The hour was not early. Evening service was over, and Julius had waited a reasonable length of time, that his errand might be delivered when she should be at leisure. He might safely have gone at once; for guests never came at night, and rarely by day, — the organist’s wish being perfectly understood among the very few with whom she came in contact, and she being consequently “let alone” with what some might have deemed “a vengeance.” But it satisfied her, and no other dealing would.

Either this man — Julius Hopkins was his name — had not so recently come to H — as to be a stranger in any quarter of the town, or he had made use of his time here; for he seemed familiar with the streets and alleys as an old resident.

To find the organist was not difficult, when one had come within sight of the lofty spire of the church, for it was under

its shadow she lived ; but if he had been accustomed to carry messages to her door for years, he could not now have presented himself with fuller confidence as to what he should find.

When Mrs. Edgar opened the door, not a word was needed, as if these were strangers who stood face to face. In her countenance, indeed, was emotion,—unmeasured surprise ; in her manner, momentary indecision. But the surprise passed into a lofty kindness of manner, and the indecision gave place to the most entire freedom from embarrassment. She cut short the words he began to speak with an authoritative, though most quiet,—

“Julius, come in.”

It was not as one addresses the servant of a friend, but spoken with an authority which the man instantly acknowledged by obedience. He came into the room, closed the door, and waited till she should speak. She asked,—

“Why are you here ?”

He answered as if unaware that any great change had taken place in their relations.

“My master sent me. At last I have found my mistress. It took me a great while.”

“Is your master still in arms ?”

The man bowed.

“Against the Government ?”

“*He says, for the Government.*”

“Of Rebels ?”

He bowed again.

“Then, there is no answer,—can be none. Did he not foresee it ?”

The slave did not answer. What words that he came commissioned to speak could respond to the anguish her voice betrayed ? She spoke again ; she had recovered from the surprise of her distress, and, looking now at Julius, said,—

“You are excused from replying ; but—you do not, in any event, propose to return home ?”

“Yes, Madam, yes,—immediately, immediately.”

It was the first time he had discovered this purpose, and he did so with a vehemence expressive of desire to vindicate

himself where he should be understood. She answered slowly, but she did not seem amazed, as Deane would infallibly have been, as you and I had been,—such doubting worshippers, after all, of the great heroic.

“Do you not hear, Julius, everywhere, that you are a freeman ? Is it possible no one has told you so ? Do you not know it for yourself ? It is likely.”

“It don’t signify. I tended him through one course,—he got a bad cut, Master did,—and I’ll take care of him again. I a’n’t through till he is.”

“Is he well ?”

“Thanks to me, and the Lord, he is well of the wound again, and gone to work.”

At the pause that now ensued, as if he had only been waiting for this, the slave approached nearer to his mistress ; but he did not lift his eyes,—he desired but to serve. She was so proud, he thought,—always was ; if he could only get *himself* out of the way, and let this ugly, cruel business right itself without a witness ! Master knew how to plead better than any one could for him. He produced a tiny case of chamois-leather.

“Master sent you this,” he said ; and it seemed as if he would have given it into her very hands ; but they were folded ; so he laid it on the edge of the piano, and stepped back a pace. He knew there was no need for him to explain.

Well she understood. Her husband had done his utmost to secure a reconciliation. Love had its rights, its sacrifices ; with these she had to do, and not with his official conduct and public acts.

She knew well what that trifle of a chamois case contained. It was the miniature of their child, the little one of earth no more, but heaven-born : the winged child, with the flame above its head,—symbols with which, of old, they loved to represent Genius. This miniature was set in diamonds ; it was the mother’s gift to the father of the child : this woman’s gift to the man whom loyal men to-day call traitor, rebel, alien, enemy.

And thus he appealed to her. Oh, tender was the voice! This love that called had in its utterances proof that it held by its immortality. The love that pleaded with her appealed to recollections the most sacred, the most dear, the perpetual, — knowing what was in her heart, knowing how *it* would respond.

But there, where Julius left the miniature, it lay; a letter beside it now, and a purse of gold, — pure gold, — not a Confederate note among it.

Poor Julia Edgar! she need not open the case that shone with such starry splendor. Never could be hidden from her eyes the face of the child. How should she not see again, in all its beauty, the garden where her darling had played, little hands filled full of blooms, little face whose smiling was as that of angels, butterflies sporting around her as the wonderful one of old flitted about St. Rose, — alas! with as sure a prophecy as that black and golden one? How clearly she saw again, through heavy clouds of tears that never broke, the garden's glory, all its peace, its happiness, its pride, and love!

No argument, no word, could have pleaded for the father of the child like this. But it was love pleading against love, — Earth's beseeching and need, against Heaven's warning and sufficiency.

At last she spoke again.

"What is your reward, Julius, for all this danger you've incurred for him, and for me?"

"He said it should be my liberty."

How he spoke those words! **LIBERTY!** it was the golden dream of the man's life, yet he named it with a self-control that commanded her admiration and reverence.

"I give it to you at this moment, here!" she said.

For an instant the slave seemed to hesitate; but the hesitation was of utterance merely, not of will.

"My errand is n't half done, Madam. I never broke my word yet. I'll go back."

"Tell him, then, that I gave you your freedom, and you would not accept it. And — go back! 't is a noble resolve,

worthy of you. Take the purse. I do not need it. Say that I have no need of it. And you will, perhaps."

No other message for him? Not one word from herself to him! For she knew where safety lay.

The slave looked at her, helpless, hopeless, with indecision. The woman was incomprehensible. He had set out on his errand, had persevered through difficulties, and had withstood temptations too many to be written here, with not a doubt as to the success that would attend him. He remembered the wife of General Edgar in her home; to that home of happy love and noble hospitality, and of all social dignities, he had no doubt he should restore her. But now, humbled by defeat, he said, —

"I've looked a great while for you, Madam. I would never 'a' give up, though, if I'd gone to Maine or Labrador, and round by the Rocky Mountains, hunting for you. I heard you singing in the church this morning, and I knew your voice. Though it did n't sound natural right, — but I knew it was nobody else's voice, — as if the North mostly had n't agreed with it. And I heard it yesterday somewhere, — that 's what 'sured me. I was going along the street, when I heard it; but it was not this house you were in."

"And it was you, then, Julius, who betrayed me to the person who supposes himself to be your protector, — and this because you thought surely I must be glad to return, when I had lost my friends here through ill report! Is that the way your war is carried on?"

"My war, Madam?"

But Julius did not look at his mistress; he looked away, and shrugged his shoulders. The device of which he was convicted had seemed to him so good, so sure, nevertheless had failed.

She had scarcely finished speaking, when a note was brought to the door. It was from Adam von Gelhorn.

"I am making my preparations to go at nine to-morrow," said the note. "Will

you come to the church before? I would like to remember having seen you there last, at the organ. There's a bit of news just reached me, said to be a secret. General Edgar's command aims at preventing the junction of our forces before Y—. He is strong enough, numerically, to overthrow either division in separate conflict, and this is his Napoleonic strategy. But he will be outwitted. There's no doubt of it. Do not despair of our cause, whatever you hear during the coming fortnight. I shall report myself immediately to McClellan, and he may make a drummer-boy of me, if he will. Henceforth I am at his service till the war ends.

"VON G——."

Thrice she read this note; when her eyes lifted at last, Julius was still standing where she had left him. She started, seeing him, as if his presence there at the moment took a new significance; her heart fainted within her.

Had *he* heard this secret of which Von Gelhorn spoke? It was her husband's life that was in jeopardy!

"When are you going, Julius?" she asked.

"To-morrow. Oh, Madam, give me some word for him!"

Red horror of death, how it rises before her sight! She shuddered, cowered, sank before the blackness of darkness that followed fast on that terrific spectacle of carnage, before which a whirlwind seemed to have planted her. She heard the cries and yells, the groans and curses of bleeding, dying men; saw banners in the dust, horsemen and horses crushed under the great guns, mortality in fragments, heaps upon heaps of ruin on the field Acedama.

Where was he? Who would search among the slain for him? Who from among the dying would rescue him? Who will stanch his bleeding wounds? Who will moisten his parched lips? Whose voice sound in the ears that have heard the roar of guns amid the crash of battle? What hand shall bathe and

fan that brow? What eyes shall watch till those eyelids unlock, and catch the whisper of those lips? Nay, who will save his life from the needless sacrifice? tell him that his plans are known, warn him back, warn *him* of spies and of treachery? Has Julius betrayed him?

She looked at the slave. But before she looked, her heart reproached her for having doubted him.

"You will need this gold," she said. "Take it. Restore the miniature to your master. And go, — go at once. If success be in store for *him*, I share not the shame of it. If defeat, adversity, sickness, — your master knows his wife fears but one thing, has fled but from one thing. Her heart is with him, but she abhors the cause to which he has given himself. She will not share his crime."

Difficult as these words were to speak, she spoke them without faltering, and they admitted no discussion.

The slave lingered yet longer, but there was no more that she would say.

Assured at last of that, he said, —

"I obey you," and was gone.

He was gone, — gone! and she had betrayed nothing, — had given no warning, — had uttered not a word by which the life that was of all lives most precious to her might have been saved!

VII.

By eight o'clock next morning Mrs. Edgar was in the church. Von Gelhorn preceded her by five minutes; he was walking up the aisle when she entered, impatient for her appearing, eager to be gone, — wondering, boy-like, that she came not.

He has performed a prodigious amount of labor since they last met. His pictures were all removed to the Odeon, he said. His studio, haunt of dreams, beloved of fame so long, stripped and barren, looked like any other four-walled room, — and he, a freeman, stood equipped for service.

Yes, an hour would see him speeding to the capital. In less time than it had

taken him to perfect his arrangements he should be at the head-quarters of the commander-in-chief,—to be made a drummer-boy of, as he said before, or serve wherever there should be room for him.

He stood there so bright, so ready, eager, daring, was capable of so much! What had *she* done to usurp the functions of conscience, and assume the voice of duty? She had done what she could not revoke, and yet could not contemplate without a sort of terror,—as if to atone, to make amends for disloyalty, which, coming even as from herself, a crime in which she had chief concernment, was not to be atoned for by repentance merely, nor by any sacrifices less than the costliest. She had sought her husband's peer,—deemed that she had found him,—therefore would despatch him to the battle-field, by valor to meet the valiant. But now the light by which she had hurried forward to that deed was gone, and she stood as a prophetess may, who, deserted of the divinity, doubts the testimony of her hour of exaltation.

While they talked, — both apparently standing at an elevation of serene courage above the level of even warring men and heroic women, but one causing such misgiving in her heart as to fix her in that mood, and forbid an extrication, — Fate led a lady down the street, who, passing by the church and seeing the door ajar, went in. She should find in the choir some written music, used in yesterday's services, which she had forgotten to bring away. Out of the pure, bright sunshine she stepped into the dark, cold shadows, and had come to the choir before she heard the voices speaking there. Shrined saints that hold your throne-like niches in the old stone walls! gilded cherubim that hover round the organ's burnished pipes! what sight do you look down upon? She walked up quietly,—it was her way, a noiseless, gliding way,—there stood the organist and Adam von Gelhorn! As if hell had made a revelation, she stood looking at those two. And both saw her, and neither of the three uttered one word, or

essayd a motion, till she, quietly, it seemed, though it was with utmost violence, turned to go again.

Then — soft the voice sounded, but to her who spoke there was thunder in it—the organist called after her, "Sybella!"

She, however, did not turn to answer, neither did she falter in going. Departure was the one thing of which she was capable,—and what could have hindered her going? What checks Vesuvius, when the flood says, "Lo, I come!"? Or shall the little bird that perches and sings on a post in the Dismal Swamp prevent the message that sweeps along the wire for a thousand miles?

Von Gelhorn, disturbed by her coming and departure, in that so slight vibration of air caused by her advance and her retreat, swayed as a reed in the wind, stood for a moment seeking equipoise. Vain endeavor!

Not with inquiry, neither for direction, his eyes fell on Julia Edgar.

"Go," she said.

She said it aloud; no utterance could have been more distinct. He strode after Sybella.

She heard him come, but did not pause, or turn, or falter. He came faster, gained upon, and overtook her. It was just there by the church-door. And then he spoke. But not like a warrior. It was a hoarse whisper she heard, and her name in it. At *that* call she turned. When she saw his face, she stood.

Why avert her face, indeed, or why go on?

"I am going away,—in search of death, perhaps. I don't know. But to battle. Will you not come back and listen one moment?"

She stood as if she could stand. Why did he plead but for one moment? Battle! before that word she laid down her weapons. Under that glare of awful fire the walls of ice melted, as never iceberg under tropic sun.

Battle! One out of the world who had been so long out of *her* world! Out of her world? So is beauty dead and past all resurrection of a surety, when the dis-

mal winds of March howl over land and sea!

"Yesterday," he said, "I came to church. Not to hear you, but I heard you. You conquered me. I was giving a word for you to your friend and mine, when God led you in here. Do not try to thwart Him. We have tried it long enough. If you should go into my studio,—no, there's no such place now, but if you went into the Odeon, you would see some faces there that would tell you who has haunted my dreams and my heart these years. Forgive me now that I'm going away. Let me hear you speak the very word, Sybella."

How long must sinner call on God before he sees the smile of Love making bright the heavens, glad the earth, possible all holiness, probable all blessing? For He has built no walls, fastened no bars and bolts, blasted no present, cursed no future. If Love be large, rich, free, strong enough, it brings itself with one swift bound into the Heavenly Kingdom where the Powers of Darkness have almost prevailed.

When Mrs. Edgar saw these two coming up the aisle together, she understood, and, turning full towards them, sang a song such as was never heard before within those old gray walls.

VIII.

MR. MUIR was but a man. Powerful indeed in his way, but it was behind his pulpit-desk, with a sermon in his hands, his congregation before him,—or in carrying out any charitable project, or in managing the business specially devolving on him. He was nobody when he emerged from his own distinct path,—at least, such was his opinion; and being so, he would not be likely to attempt the enforcement of another view of his power on other men. He was afraid of himself now,—afraid that his own preferences had made him obtuse where loyalty would have given him a clearer vision.

Pity him, therefore, when Mr. Deane learned that the son of bondage in whose

deliverance he took such proud delight, as surely became a good man who greatly valued freedom, aye, valued it as the pearl beyond all price,—when he learned that the slave had been seen going to the organist's room, and returning from it, and had not since been seen in H—.

Mr. Muir reflected on these tidings with perplexity, constrained, in spite of him, to believe that the slave had actually come on a secret errand, which he had fulfilled, and that not without enlightenment he had returned to his master.

The indignation a man feels, a man of the Deane order especially, when he finds that he has been imposed upon, though the deception has been in this instance of his own furtherance and establishment,—this kind and degree of indignation brought Mr. Deane like a firebrand into the next vestry-meeting. An end must be made of this matter at once. It was no longer a question whether anything had best be done. Something *must* be done; the public demanded, and he, as a good citizen, demanded, that the church should free herself of suspicion.

Mr. Muir felt, from the moment his eyes fell on Deane, that *he* played a losing game. Vain to help a woman who had fallen under that man's suspicion, useless to defend her! What should he do, then? Let her go? let her fall? Allow that she was a spy? Permit her disgrace, dismissal, arrest possibly? When War takes hold of women, the touch is not tender. Mr. Muir, it was obvious, was not a man of war. And he had to acknowledge to the Musical Committee, that, as to the result of his conversation with Mrs. Edgar, he had learned merely what was sufficient, indeed, to satisfy *him* of her loyalty, and that she would scorn to do a spy's work; but he had no proof to offer that might satisfy minds less "prejudiced" in her favor.

It was impossible not to perceive the dissatisfaction with which this testimony was received.

The Committee, however favorably disposed toward the organist, had their own suspicions to quiet, and a growing

rumor among the people to quell. Positive proof must be adduced that the organist was not the wife of a Rebel general, or she must be removed from her place.

At a time when riot was rife, and street-tumult so common that the citizens, loyal or disloyal, had no real security, it was venturesome, dangerous, foolhardy, to allow a suspicion to fix, even by implication, on the church. If the organist, already sufficiently noted and popular in the town to attract within the church-walls scores of people who came merely for the music,—if she were suspected of collusion with Southern traitors, she must pay the price. It was the proper tax on loyalty. The church must be free of blame.

So Mr. Muir, a second time on such business, went to Mrs. Edgar.

Various intimations as to what brave men might do in precisely his situation distracted him as he went. The fascinations of her power were strongly upon him. If he was a hero, here, surely, was a heroine. And in distress! Had Christian chivalry no demand to make, no claim on him?

All the way; as he went, he was counting the cost of his opposition to the vestry's will. If he only stood alone! If neither wife nor child had rights to be considered in advance of other mortals, and which, for the necessities of others, must surely not be waived! If Nature had not planted in him prudence, if he had only not that vexatious habit of surveying duties in their wholeness, and balancing consequences, he might, at the moment, enter into Don Quixote's joy. But, — and here he was at the head of the flight of stairs that led to her chamber, face to face with her.

Advance now, Christian minister! He comes slowly, weighed down by his burden of consequences, and, as at one glance, the organist perceives the "situation." He has come with her dismissal from the church. She sees it in the dejected face, the troubled eyes, the weariness with which he throws himself

into the nearest chair. The duty he has in hand he feels in all its irksomeness, and makes no concealment thereof, — indeed, some display perhaps.

From a little desultory talk about church-music, through which words ran at random, Mrs. Edgar broke at last, somewhat impatiently.

"What is it, Mr. Muir? Must your organist take the oath?"

The question caught him by surprise; it was uppermost in his thoughts, this hateful theme; but then how should she know it? He lost the self-possession he had been trying to maintain, the dignity of his judicial character broke down completely; he was now merely a kind-hearted man, a husband and father it is true, but for the moment those domestic ties were not like a fetter on him.

"I require no such evidence of your loyalty, Mrs. Edgar," he said, — "no evidence whatever."

"But — does not the church?"

This question was asked with a little faltering, asked for his sake; for evidently some knowledge he had, and had to communicate, that embarrassed him almost to the making of speech impossible.

"The church! No, — it is too late for that!"

And now he had thrown down the hateful truth. There it lay at the feet of the woman who at this moment assumed to the preacher's imagination a more than saint's virtue, a more than angel's beauty.

"What then?" she said. "What next, Mr. Muir? Do they want my resignation?"

"Yes."

Mr. Muir said this with a humbled, deprecating gesture of the hand. At the same time bowed his head.

"I commission you to carry it," she said.

"I will not," he answered, almost ferociously.

"Mr. Muir!"

"I consider it an outrage."

"No, — a misunderstanding."

That mild magnanimity of speech completed the overthrow of his prudence.

"A misunderstanding, then, that shall be rectified to your honor," he exclaimed, "in the very place where it has gained ground to your dishonor. If you resign, Mrs. Edgar, it must be to come at once to my house as a guest. If the people are infatuated, the minister need not be of necessity. My wife will welcome you there; if the law of the gospel cannot protect you from suspicion, it can at least from harm."

So all in a moment the man got the better of Mr. Muir. What a deliverance was there! This was the man who had preached and prayed for the Government till more than once he had been invited to march out with the soldiers as their chaplain to battle, opening his doors to one whom the loyal church rejected, — opening them merely because she was a woman on whom suspicion he believed to be unjust had fallen.

Her face lighted, her eyes flashed, she smiled. These were precious words to hear from any good man's lips. They broke on the air like balm on a wound.

"Not for all the world would I allow it," she answered. "This is no time to complicate affairs. I thank you, and I confess you have surprised me. I did not expect this even of you. It is needless for me to say that I feel this disgrace as you would feel it; but I understand the position of the church, and cannot complain. If I were guilty, this treatment would be only too lenient. And it is almost guilt to have incurred suspicion."

"I will never be the bearer of your resignation, then, — never, Mrs. Edgar! I wash my hands of this business!"

She smiled again. The man in his wrath seemed to have seized on a child's weapon. He interpreted her smile, and said, —

"My position will be well understood, if another is the bearer. And I wish it to be. I wish men to know that I have no hand in this business. The church is a persecutor. I, her son, am ashamed of her."

"It has given me my opportunity to make a defence. And I can make none,

Mr. Muir. My great mistake was in remaining here. Ruin, however, is not so rare a thing in these days that I should be surprised by it, even if it overtake me."

"Ruin! Aye. What curses thicken for their heads who have brought this upon us! Unborn millions will repeat them, and God Almighty sanction and enforce them."

Mr. Muir paused. What arrested him? Merely the countenance of the woman before him. If all those curses had gathered into legions of devils, crowding, swarming, furious, armed with lash and brand, about the form of one who represented love, joy, beauty, all preciousness to her, the terror and the anguish looking from her face could not have been intensified. But she said no word.

How should she speak?

As if in spite of him, and of all he had been wont to hold most sacred and potential, in spite of church and congregation, Constitution and country, the minister had spoken simply for humanity under oppression; had he not earned her confidence? Did he not deserve to know at least what real ground there was for the suspicions roused against her?

Nay, nay! When did ever Love seek deliverance at the cost of the beloved? What woman ever betrayed to secret friend the sin of him she loves? Let all creation read the patent facts, behind them still remains the inviolate, sacred *arcantum*, and before it stands sentinel Silence, and around it are walls of fire.

Not from this woman's lips should mortal ever learn she was a Rebel's wife!

For Mr. Muir, in his present mood, it was only torture to prolong this interview. He felt himself unfit for counsel or argument, — unfit even for confidence, had it been vouchsafed. But he held, with a tenacity that could not but have its influence on his future acts and life, to the purpose that had broken from him so suddenly, and not less to his own surprise than to the organist's. From this day she was at liberty to seek protection under his roof from threatened mobs and

hot-headed church-wardens. Mr. Deane was one man, he himself was another; and if a day was ever coming to the world when Christian magnanimity must rise in its majesty and its strength, that day had surely dawned; if the Christian ministry was ever to know a period when the greatness of its prerogatives was to be made manifest, that period had certainly begun.

IX.

FROM this interview Mrs. Edgar went to make her preparations for the flitting she had already determined upon. She resolved to lose no time, and consoled Mr. Muir by making known her resolution, and seeking his assistance, when he was in a condition adapted to the bestowal.

But scarcely were her rooms bared, her trunks packed, and the day and mode of her departure determined upon, when an order came to H—— from a high official source, so authoritative as to allow no hesitation or demur.

“Arrest the organist of St. Peter’s Church, Mrs. Julia Edgar.”

And, behold, she was a prisoner in the house where she had lodged!

Opposition was out of the question, protest hardly thought of. One glance was broad enough to cover this business from end to end, and of resistance there was no demonstration. Her work now was to restore the room, denuded and desolate, to its late aspect of refinement and cheer.

Well, but is it the same thing to urge others on to sacrifice, and yourself to bring an offering? to gird another for warfare, and yourself endure hardness? to incite another to active service, and yourself serve by passive obedience? to place a sword in the right hand of the valiant, and bare your heart to the smiting of a sword in the same cause of glory?

To have urged out of beautiful and studious retirement the painter of precious pictures, that he may lift the soldier’s burden and gird himself for fasting through long, toilsome marches over mountains,

through wilderness, swamp, and desert, and for encountering Death at every pass in one of his manifold disguises,—that he may lie on a field of blood, perchance, at last, the fragment of himself, for what? that he may say, finally, if speech be left him, he has fought under the flag, that at Memphis its buried glory may have resurrection, that at Sumter it may float again from the battlements, that at Richmond it may be unfurled above Rebelion’s grave,—is it the same thing to have accomplished this by way of atonement, and in your own body to atone, by your humiliation, by suspicion endured? She deemed it a small thing that she was called to suffer,—that, when honor was won, she must bear disgrace instead. What, indeed, was a year’s or a lifetime’s imprisonment, looked on in the light of privation or sacrifice? Yet so to atone, since thus it was written, for the sin of one who was in arms against the nation’s government! Oh, if anywhere, of any loyal citizen, it might be looked upon, accepted, as atonement!

In one thing she was happy, and of right. Music never failed her. Art keeps her great rewards for such as serve her for her sacred self. Therefore let her arise day after day to the same prospect of sky, and sea, and busy street, and silent, shadowy church-yard. I bless the birds that built their nests in the elm and willow branches for her sake. The little creatures flitting here and there, in all their home-ways and domestic management, were dear as their song to her.

But in this life, though there might be growth, it was the growth that comes through pain endured with patience, through self-control maintained in the suspense and the anguish of death.

For what, then, did she long in his behalf whose fate was shrouded in thick darkness from her? For victory? or for defeat? A prison? mutilation? disablement? burial on the battle-field? or a disgraceful safety? Constantly this question urged itself upon her, and the heroic love, that in its great disclosures

could not fail, shrank shuddering back in silence.

Thanks to God, she need not choose. The Omniscient is alone the Almighty!

X.

THREE months after this order of arrest came another of release, — as brief and as peremptory.

Deane's patriotism, that really had endangered the church with a mob and the organ with demolition, was the cause of the first despatch. Colonel Von Gelhorn, who had routed General Edgar and driven him and his forces at the point of the bayonet from an "impregnable position," was in the secret of the second.

Close following this order of release, so closely that one must believe he but waited for it before he again presented himself to his mistress, came Julius, the bearer of a message in whose persuasive power he himself had little hope. Defeated, wounded, dying, her husband called this second time to her.

The slave, this day a freeman by all writs and rights, ascended again to her apartment when the order of release had been received.

Surprise awaited him. Alas, what it says for us! our heroes, who have surely the right of unlimited expectations, are as likely to be surprised by heroic demonstrations as the dullest soul that never strove for aught except its paltry starving self. But the hero surprised is not surprised into uncomprehending wonder, but rather into smiles, or tears, or heart-rending, out of which comes thankfulness.

Yet a bitter word escaped him; he could deem even Liberty guilty of an injustice, when she was involved in the judgment that awaits the guilty. As if never before under the government of God it was known that the overthrow of evil involved sorrow, aye, and temporal ruin, aye, and sometimes death, to God's very angels! But to that word she answered, —

"Hush! I have been among friends, — even though some believed I was their enemy in disguise. I have nothing to complain of. Duties must be done. But, Julius, you have come to tell me of your master. Tell me, then."

"Such news, Madam, as you will not like to hear, though I have travelled with it night and day. Colonel Von Gelhorn sent me. He said I would be in time. I did n't wait to hear him say that twice."

"He sent you? Where, then, is my husband?"

"He is a prisoner, Madam."

"A prisoner! Whose?"

"Colonel Von Gelhorn's."

Was it satisfaction that filled the silence following this question?

"But safe? but well, Julius?"

"No, Madam, not safe nor well."

"Wounded? Julius, speak! Why must I ask these dreadful questions? Tell what you came to tell."

"He is wounded, Madam. He has never been taken away from the church where I carried him first after he fell. He had three horses shot under him. Oh, Madam, if it had n't been for him, his whole army would have been lost! He wants you now."

"Let us go, then. Guide me. The shortest way. You're a free man, Julius. Act like one, freely. Wounded, — Von Gelhorn's prisoner. Then at last he's mine again!"

Hers again! In the church she found him. In her arms he died.

And he said, — nor let us think it was with coward weakness blenching before the presence of Death, shaming the day he died by a late repentance, —

"I have been deceived. But I deceived others. Who will forgive that? It is so hard for me to forgive! You have fought your fight like a hero, loyal to the core, but I" —

Nevertheless, her kiss was on his dying lips. *She* forgave him. Must he, then, go out from her presence into everlasting darkness?

WET-WEATHER WORK.

BY A FARMER.

V.

It is a pelting November rain. No leaves are left upon the branches but a few yellow flutterers on the tips of the willows and poplars, and the bleached company that will be clinging to the beeches and the white oaks for a month to come. All others are whipped away by the night-winds into the angles of old walls, or are packed under low-limbed shrubberies, there to swelter and keep warm the rootlets of the newly planted weigelias and spruces, until the snows and February suns and April mists and May heats shall have transmuted them into fat and unctuous mould. A close, pelting, unceasing rain, trying all the leaks of the mossy roof, testing all the newly laid drains, pressing the fountain at my door to an exuberant gush,—a rain that makes outside work an impossibility; and as I sit turning over the leaves of an old book of engravings, wondering what drift my rainy-day's task shall take, I come upon a pleasant view of Dovedale in Derbyshire, a little exaggerated, perhaps, in the luxuriance of its trees and the depth of its shadows, but recalling vividly the cloudy April morning on which, fifteen years ago, I left the inn of the "Green Man and Black Head," in the pretty town of Ashbourne, and strolled away by the same road on which Mr. Charles Cotton opens his discourse of fishing with Master "Viator," and plunged down the steep valley-side near to Thorpe, and wandered for three miles and more, under towering crags, and on soft, spongy bits of meadow, beside the blithe river where Walton had cast, in other days, a gray palmer-fly, past the hospitable hall of the worshipful Mr. Cotton, and the wreck of the old fishing-house, over whose lintel was graven in the stone the interlaced initials of "Piscator, Junior," and his great master of

the rod. As the rain began to patter on the sedges and the pools, I climbed out of the valley, on the northward or Derbyshire side, and striding away through the heather, which belongs to the rolling heights of this region, I presently found myself upon the great London and Manchester highway. A broad and stately thoroughfare it had been in the old days of coaching, but now a close, fine turf invested it all, save one narrow strip of Macadam in the middle. The mile-stones, which had been showy, painted affairs of iron, were now deeply bitten and blotched with rust. Two of them I had passed, without sight of house, or of other traveller, save one belated drover, who was hurrying to the fair at Ashbourne; as I neared the third, a great hulk of building appeared upon my left, with a crowd of aspiring chimneys, from which only one timid little pennant of smoke coiled into the harsh sky.

The gray, inhospitable-looking pile proved to be one of the old coach-inns, which, with its score of vacant chambers and huge stable-court, was left stranded upon the deserted highway of travel. It stood a little space back from the road, so that a coach and four, or, indeed, a half-dozen together, might have come up to the door-way in dashing style. But it must have been many years since such a demand had been made upon the resources of bustling landlord and of attendant grooms and waiters. The doors were tightly closed; even the sign-board creaked uneasily in the wind, and a rampant growth of ivy that clambered over the porch so covered it with leaves and berries that I could not at all make out its burden. I gave a sharp ring to the bell, and heard the echo repeated from the deserted stable-court; there was the yelp of a hound somewhere within, and

presently a slatternly-dressed woman received me, and, conducting me down a bare hall, showed me into a great dingy parlor, where a murky fire was struggling in the grate. A score of roistering travellers might have made the stately parlor gay; and I dare say they did, in years gone; but now I had only for company their heavy old arm-chairs, a few prints of "fast coaches" upon the wall, and a superannuated greyhound, who seemed to scent the little meal I had ordered, and presently stalked in and laid his thin nose, with an appealing look, in my hands. His days of coursing—if he ever had them—were fairly over; and I took a charitable pride in bestowing upon him certain tough morsels of the rump-steak, garnished with horse-radish, with which I was favored for dinner.

I had intended to push on to Buxton the same afternoon; but the deliberate sprinkling of the morning by two o'clock had quickened into a swift, pelting rain, the very counterpart of that which is beating on my windows to-day. There was nothing to be done but to make my home of the old coach-inn for the night; and for my amusement—besides the slumberous hound, who, after dinner, had taken up position upon the faded rug lying before the grate—there was a "Bell's Messenger" of the month past, and, as good luck would have it, a much-bethumbed copy of a work on horticulture and kindred subjects, first printed somewhere about the beginning of the eighteenth century, and entitled "The Clergyman's Recreation, showing the Pleasure and Profit of the Art of Gardening," by the Reverend John Laurence.

It was a queer book to be found in this pretentious old coach-inn, with its silken bell-pulls and stately parlors; and I thought how the roisterers who came thundering over the road years ago, and chucked the bar-maids under the chin, must have turned up their noses, after their pint of crusted Port, at the "Clergyman's Recreation." Yet, for all that, the book had a rare interest for me, de-

tailing, as it did, the methods of fruit-culture in England a hundred and forty years ago, and showing with nice particularity how the espaliers could be best trained, and how a strong infusion of walnut-leaf tea will destroy all noxious worms.

And now, when, upon this other wet day, and in the quietude of my own library, I come to measure the claims of this ancient horticulturist to consideration, I find that he was the author of some six or seven distinct works on kindred subjects, showing good knowledge of the best current practice; and although he incurred the sneers of Mr. Tull, who hoped "he preached better than he ploughed," there is abundant evidence that his books were held in esteem.

Contemporary with the Rev. Mr. Laurence were London and Wise, the famous horticulturists of Brompton, (whose nursery, says Evelyn, "was the greatest work of the kind ever seen or heard of, either in books or travels,") also Switzer, a pupil of the latter, and Professor Richard Bradley.

Mr. London was the director of the royal gardens under William and Mary, and at one time had in his charge some three or four hundred of the most considerable landed estates in England. He was in the habit of riding some fifty miles a day to confer with his subordinate gardeners, and at least two or three times in a season traversed the whole length and breadth of England,—and this at a period, it must be remembered, when travelling was no holiday-affair, as is evident from the mishaps which befell those well-known contemporaneous travellers of Fielding, Joseph Andrews and Parson Adams. Traces of the work of Mr. London are to be seen even now in the older parts of the grounds of Blenheim and of Castle Howard in Yorkshire.

Stephen Switzer was an accomplished gardener, well known by a great many horticultural and agricultural works, which in his day were "on sale at his seed-shop in Westminster Hall." Chiefest among these was the "Ichnographia

Rustica," which gave general directions for the management of country-estates, while it indulged in some prefatory magniloquence upon the dignity and antiquity of the art of gardening. It is the first of all arts, he claims; for "tho' Chirurgery may plead high, inasmuch as in the second chapter of Genesis that *operation* is recorded of taking the rib from Adam, wherewith woman was made, yet the very current of the Scriptures determines in favor of Gardening." It surprises us to find that so radical an investigator should entertain the belief, as he clearly did, that certain plants were produced without seed by the vegetative power of the sun acting upon the earth. He is particularly severe upon those Scotch gardeners, "Northern lads," who, with "a little learning and a great deal of impudence, know, or pretend to know, more in one twelvemonth than a laborious, honest South-country man does in seven years."

His agricultural observations are of no special value, nor do they indicate any advance from the practice of Worlidge. He deprecates paring and burning as exhaustive of the vegetable juices, advises winter fallowing and marling, and affirms that "there is no superficialities of earth, how poor soever it may be, but has in its own bowels something or other for its own improvement."

In gardening, he expresses great contempt for the clipped trees and other excesses of the Dutch school, yet advises the construction of terraces, lays out his ponds by geometric formulæ, and is so far devoted to out-of-door sculpture as to urge the establishment of a royal institution for the instruction of ingenious young men, who, on being taken into the service of noblemen and gentlemen, would straightway people their grounds with statues. And this notwithstanding Addison had published his famous papers on the "Pleasures of the Imagination" three years before.*

* The "Spectators" 414 and 477, which urge particularly a better taste in gardening, are dated 1712; and the first volume of the

Richard Bradley was the Dr. Lardner of his day, — a man of general scientific acquirement, an indefatigable worker, venturing hazardous predictions, writing some fifteen or twenty volumes upon subjects connected with agriculture, foisting himself into the chair of Botany at Cambridge by noisy reclamation, selling his name to the booksellers for attachment to other men's wares,* and, finally, only escaping the indignity of a removal from his professor's chair by sudden death, in 1732. Yet this gentleman's botanical dictionary ("Historia Plantarum," etc.) was quoted respectfully by Linnæus, and his account of British cattle, their races, proper treatment, etc., was, by all odds, the best which had appeared up to his time. The same gentleman, in his "New Improvements of Planting and Gardening," lays great stress upon a novel "invention for the more speedy designing of garden-plats," which is nothing more than an adaptation of the principle of the kaleidoscope. The latter book is the sole representative of this author's voluminous agricultural works in the Astor collection; and, strange to say, there are only two in the library of the British Museum.

I take, on this dreary November day, (with my Catawbas blighted,) a rather ill-natured pleasure in reading how the Duke of Rutland, in the beginning of the last century, was compelled to "keep up fires from Lady-day to Michaelmas behind his sloped walls," in order to insure the ripening of his grapes; yet winter grapes he had, and it was a great boast in that time. The quiet country squires — such as Sir Roger de Coverley — had to content themselves with those old-fashioned fruits which would struggle successfully with out-of-door fogs. Fielding tells us that the garden of Mr. Wilson, where Parson Adams and the divine

"Ichnographia" (under a different name, indeed) appeared in 1715.

* This is averred of the translation of the "Œconomics" of Xenophon, before cited in these papers, and published under Professor Bradley's name.

Fanny were guests, showed nothing more rare than an alley bordered with filbert-bushes.*

In London and its neighborhood the gourmands fared better. Cucumbers, which in Charles's time never came in till the close of May, were ready in the shops of Westminster (in the time of George I.) in early March. Melons were on sale, for those who could pay roundly, at the end of April; and the season of cauliflowers, which used to be limited to a single month, now reached over a term of six months.

Mr. Pope, writing to Dr. Swift, somewhere about 1730, says,—"I have more fruit-trees and kitchen-garden than you have any thought of; nay, I have good melons and pine-apples of my own growth." Nor was this a small boast; for Lady Wortley Montague, describing her entertainment at the table of the Elector of Hanover, in 1716, speaks of "pines" as a fruit she had never seen before.

Ornamental gardening, too, was now changing its complexion. Dutch William was dead and buried. Addison had written in praise of the natural disposition of the gardens of Fontainebleau, and, at his place near Rugby, was carrying out, so far as a citizen might, the suggestions of those papers to which I have already alluded. Milton was in better odor than he had been, and people had begun to realize that an arch-Puritan might have exquisite taste. Possibly, too, cultivated landholders had seen that charming garden-picture where the luxurious Tasso makes the pretty sorceress Armida spread her nets.

Pope affected a respect for the views of Addison; but his Twickenham garden was a very stiff affair. Bridgman was the first practical landscape-gardener who ventured to ignore old rules; and he was followed closely by William Kent, a broken-down and unsuccessful landscape-painter, who came into such vogue as a man of taste, that he was employed

to fashion the furniture of scores of country-villas; and Walpole* tells us that he was even beset by certain fine ladies to design Birthday gowns for them:—"The one he dressed in a petticoat decorated with columns of the five orders; the other, like a bronze, in a copper-colored satin, with ornaments of gold."

Clermont, the charming home of the exiled Orléans family, shows vestiges of the taste of Kent, who always accredited very much of his love for the picturesque to the reading of Spenser. It is not often that the poet of the "Faerie Queene" is mentioned as an educator.

And now let us leave gardens for a while, to discuss Mr. Jethro Tull, the great English cultivator of the early half of the eighteenth century. I suspect that most of the gentry of his time, and cultivated people, ignored Mr. Tull, he was so rash and so headstrong and so noisy. It is certain, too, that the educated farmers, or, more strictly, the writing farmers, opened battle upon him, and used all their art to ward off his radical tilts upon their old methods of culture. And he fought back bravely; I really do not think that an editor of a partisan paper to-day could improve upon him,—in vigor, in personality, or in coarseness.

Unfortunately, the biographers and encyclopædists who followed upon his period have treated his name with a neglect that leaves but scanty gleanings for his personal history. His father owned landed property in Oxfordshire, and Jethro was a University-man; he studied for the law, (which will account for his address in a wordy quarrel,) made the tour of Europe, returned to Oxfordshire, married, took the paternal homestead, and proceeded to carry out the new notions which he had gained in his Southern travels. Ill health drove him to France a second time, from which he returned once more, to occupy the famous "Prosperous Farm" in Berkshire; and here he opened his batteries afresh upon the existing methods of farming. The gist of his pro-

* *Works of Earl of Orford*, Vol. III. p. 490.

* *Joseph Andrews*, Bk. III. Ch. 4, where Fielding, thief that he was, appropriates the story that Xenophon tells of Cyrus.

posed reform is expressed in the title of his book, "The Horse-hoeing Husbandry." He believed in the thorough tillage, at frequent intervals, of all field-crops, from wheat to turnips. To make this feasible, drilling was, of course, essential; and to make it economical, horse-labor was requisite: the drill and the horse-hoe were only subsidiary to the main end of THOROUGH TILLAGE.

Sir Hugh Platt, as we have seen, had before suggested dibbling, and Worlidge had contrived a drill; but Tull gave force and point and practical efficacy to their suggestions. He gives no credit, indeed, to these old gentlemen; and it is quite possible that his theory may have been worked out from his own observations. He certainly gives a clear account of the growth of his belief, and sustains it by a great many droll notions about the physiology of plants, which would hardly be admissible in the botanies of to-day.

Shall I give a sample?

"Leaves," he says, "are the parts, or bowels of a plant, which perform the same office to sap as the lungs of an animal do to blood; that is, they purify or cleanse it of the recrements, or fuliginous steams, received in the circulation, being the unfit parts of the food, and perhaps some decayed particles which fly off the vessels through which blood and sap do pass respectively."

It does not appear that the success of Tull upon "Prosperous Farm" was such as to give a large warrant for its name. His enemies, indeed, alleged that he came near to sinking two estates on his system; this, however, he stoutly denies, and says, "I propose no more than to keep out of debt, and leave my estate behind me better than I found it. Yet, owned it must be, that, had I, when I first began to make trials, known as much of the system as I do now, the practice of it would have been more profitable to me." Farmers in other parts of England, with lands better adapted to the new husbandry, certainly availed themselves of it, very much to their advantage. Tull, like a great many earnest

reformers, was almost always in difficulty with those immediately dependent on him; over and over he insists upon the "inconveniency and slavery attending the exorbitant power of husbandry servants and laborers over their masters." He quarrels with their wages, and with the short period of their labor. Pray, what would Mr. Tull have thought, if he had dealt with the Drogheda gentlemen in black satin waistcoats, who are to be conciliated by the farmers of to-day?

I think I can fancy such an encounter for the querulous old reformer. "Mike! blast you, you booby, you've broken my drill!" And Mike, (putting his thumb deliberately in the armlet of his waistcoat,) "Meester Tull, it's not the loikes o' me 'll be leestening to insoolting worrds. I'll take me money, if ye please." And with what a fury "Meester" Tull would have slashed away, after this, at "Equivocus," and all his newspaper-antagonists!

I wish I could believe that Tull always told the exact truth; but he gives some accounts of the perfection to which he had brought his drill to which I can lend only a most meagre trust; and it is unquestionable that his theory so fevered his brain at last as to make him utterly contemptuous of all old-fashioned methods of procedure. In this respect he was not alone among reformers. He stoutly affirmed that tillage would supply the lack of manure, and his neighbors currently reported that he was in the habit of dumping his manure-carts in the river. This charge Mr. Tull firmly denied, and I dare say justly. But I can readily believe that the rumors were current; country-neighborhoods offer good starting-points for such lively scandal. The writer of this paper has heard, on the best possible authority, that he is in the habit of planting shrubs with their roots in the air.

In his loose, disputative way, and to magnify the importance of his own special doctrine, Tull affirms that the ancients, and Virgil particularly, urged til-

lage for the simple purpose of destroying weeds.* In this it seems to me that he does great injustice to our old friend Maro. Will the reader excuse a moment's dalliance with the Georgics again?

"Multum adeo, rastris glebas qui frangit *inertes*,

Vimineasque trahit crates, juvat arva; . . .
Et qui proscisso quæ suscitât aequore terga
Rursus in obliquum verso perrumpit aratro,
Exercetque frequens tellurem, atque imperat arvis."

That "*imperat*" looks like something more than weed-killing; it looks like subjugation; it looks like pulverization at the hands of an imperious master.

But behind all of Tull's exaggerated pretension, and unaffected by the noisy exacerbation of his speech, there lay a sterling good sense, and a clear comprehension of the existing shortcomings in agriculture, which gave to his teachings prodigious force, and an influence measured only by half a century of years. There were few, indeed, who adopted literally and fully his plans, or who had the hardihood to acknowledge the irate Jethro as a teacher; yet his hints and his example gave a stimulus to root-culture, and an attention to the benefits arising from thorough and repeated tillage, that added vastly to the annual harvests of England. Bating the exaggerations I have alluded to, his views are still reckoned sound; and though a hoed crop of wheat is somewhat exceptional, the drill is now almost universal in the best cultivated districts; and a large share of the forage-crops owe their extraordinary burden to horse-hoeing husbandry.

Even the exaggerated claims of Tull have had their advocates in these last days; and the energetic farmer of Lois-Weedon, in Northamptonshire, is reported to be growing heavy crops of wheat for a succession of years, without any supply of outside fertilizers, and relying wholly upon repeated and perfect pulverization of the soil.† And Mr. Way,

the distinguished chemist of the Royal Society, in a paper on "The Power of Soils to absorb Manure,"* propounds the question as follows:—"Is it likely, on theoretical considerations, that the air and the soil together can by any means be made to yield, without the application of manure, and year after year continuously, a crop of wheat of from thirty to thirty-five bushels per acre?" And his reply is this:—"I confess I do not see why they should not do so." A practical farmer, however, (who spends only his wet days in-doors,) would be very apt to suggest here, that the validity of this *dictum* must depend very much on the original constituents of the soil.

Under the lee of the Coombe Hills, on the extreme southern edge of Berkshire, and not far removed from the great highway leading from Bath to London, lies the farmery where this restless, petulant, suffering, earnest, clear-sighted Tull put down the burden of life, a hundred and twenty years ago. The house is unfortunately largely modernized, but many of the out-buildings remain unchanged; and not a man thereabout, or in any other quarter, could tell me where the former occupant, who fought so bravely his fierce battle of the drill, lies buried.

About the middle of the last century, there lived in the south of Leicestershire, in the parish of Church-Langton, an eccentric and benevolent clergyman by the name of William Hanbury, who conceived the idea of establishing a great charity which was to be supported by a vast plantation of trees. To this end, he imported a great variety of seeds and plants from the Continent and America, established a nursery of fifty acres in extent, and published "An Essay on Planting, and a Scheme to make it Conducive to the Glory of God and the Advantage of Society."

But the Reverend Hanbury was beset by aggressive and cold-hearted neighbors, among them two strange old "gen-

the distribution of his crop, avails himself virtually of a clean fallow, every alternate year.

* *Transactions*, Vol. XXX. p. 140.

* Chap. IX. p. 136, Cobbett's edition.

† It is to be remarked, however, that the Rev. Mr. Smith, (farmer of Lois-Weedon,) by

tlewomen," Mistress Pickering and Mistress Byrd, who malevolently ordered their cattle to be turned loose into his first plantation of twenty thousand young and thrifty trees. And not content with this, they served twenty-seven different copies of writs upon him in one day, for trespass. Of all this he gives detailed account in his curious history of the "Charitable Foundations at Church-Langton." He tells us that the "venomous rage" of these old ladies (who died shortly after, worth a million of dollars) did not even spare his dogs; but that his pet spaniel and greyhound were cruelly killed by a table-fork thrust into their entrails. Nay, their game-keeper even buried two dogs alive, which belonged to his neighbor, Mr. Wade, a substantial grazier. His story of it is very Defoe-like and pitiful:—"I myself heard them," he says, "*ten, days* after they had been buried, and, seeing some people at a distance, inquired what dogs they were. '*They are some dogs that are lost, Sir,*' said they; '*they have been lost some time.*' I concluded only some poachers had been there early in the morning, and by a precipitate flight had left their dogs behind them. In short, the howling and barking of these dogs was heard for near three weeks, when it ceased. Mr. Wade's dogs were missing, but he could not suspect those dogs to be his; and the noise ceasing, the thoughts, wonder, and talking about them soon also ceased. Some time after, a person, being amongst the bushes where the howling was heard, discovered some disturbed earth, and the print of men's heels ramming it down again very close, and, seeing Mr. Wade's servant, told him he thought something had been buried there. '*Then,*' said the man, '*it is our dogs, and they have been buried alive. I will go and fetch a spade, and will find them, if I dig all Caudle over.*' He soon brought a spade, and, upon removing the top earth, came to the blackthorns, and then to the dogs, the biggest of which had eat the loins, and greatest share of the hind parts, of the little one."

The strange ladies who were guilty of this slaughter of innocents showed "a dying blaze of goodness" by bequeathing twelve thousand pounds to charitable societies; and "thus ended," says Hambury, "these two poor, unhappy, uncharitable, charitable old gentlewomen."

The good old man describes the beauty of plants and trees with the same delightful particularity which he spent on his neighbors and the buried dogs.

I cannot anywhere learn whether or not the charity-plantation of Church-Langton is still thriving.

About this very time, Lancelot Brown, who was for a long period the kitchen-gardener at Stowe, came into sudden notoriety by his disposition of the waters in Blenheim Park, where, in the short period of one week, he created perhaps the finest artificial lake in the world. Its indentations of shore, its bordering declivities of wood, and the graceful swells of land dipping to its margin, remain now in very nearly the same condition in which Brown left them more than a hundred years ago. All over England the new man was sent for; all over England he rooted out the mossy avenues, and the sharp rectangularities, and laid down his flowing lines of walks, and of trees. He (wisely) never contracted to execute his own designs, and—from lack of facility, perhaps—he always employed assistants to draw his plans. But the quick eye which at first sight recognized the "capabilities" of a place, and which leaped to the recognition of its matured graces, was all his own. He was accused of sameness; but the man who at one time held a thousand lovely landscapes unfolding in his thought could hardly give a series of contrasts without startling affectations.

I mention the name of Lancelot Brown, however, not to discuss his merits, but as the principal and largest illustrator of that taste in landscape-gardening which just now grew up in England, out of a new reading of Milton, out of the admirable essays of Addison, out of the hints of Pope, out of the designs of Kent, and

which was stimulated by Gilpin, by Horace Walpole, and, still more, by the delightful little landscapes of Gainsborough.

Enough will be found of Mr. Brown, and of his style, in the professional treatises, upon whose province I do not now infringe. I choose rather, for the entertainment of my readers, if they will kindly find it, to speak of that sad, exceptional man, William Shenstone, who, by the beauties which he made to appear on his paternal farm of Leasowes, fairly rivalled the best of the landscape-gardeners,—and who, by the graces and the tenderness which he lavished on his verse, made no mean rank for himself at a time when people were reading the “Elegy” of Gray, the Homer of Pope, and the “Cato” of Addison.

I think there can hardly be any doubt, however, that poor Shenstone was a wretched farmer; yet the Leasowes was a capital grazing farm, when he took it in charge, within fair marketable distance of both Worcester and Birmingham. I suspect that he never put his fine hands to the plough-tail; and his plaintive elegy, that dates from an April day of 1743, tells, I am sure, only the unmitigated truth:—

“Again the laboring hind inverts the soil;
Again the merchant ploughs the tumid wave;
Another spring renews the soldier’s toil,
And finds me vacant in the rural cave.”

Shenstone, like many another of the lesser poets, was unfortunate in having Dr. Johnson for his biographer. It is hard to conceive of a man who would show less of tenderness for an elaborate parterre of flowers, or for a poet who affectedly parted his gray locks on one side of his head, wore a crimson waistcoat, and warbled in anapæstics about kids and shepherds’ crooks. Only fancy the great, snuffy, wheezing Doctor, with his hair-powder whitening half his shoulders, led up before some charming little extravaganza of Boucher, wherein all the nymphs are simpering marchionesses, with rosettes on their high-heeled slippers that out-color the sky! With what

a “Faugh!” the great gerund-grinder would thump his cane upon the floor, and go lumbering away! And Shenstone, or rather his memory, caught the besom of just such a sneer.

But other critics were more kindly and appreciative; among them, Dodsley the bookselling author, who wrote “The Economy of Human Life,” (the “Proverbial Philosophy” of its day,) and Whately, who gave to the public the most elegant and tasteful discussion of artificial scenery that was perhaps ever written.

Shenstone studied, as much as so indolent a man ever could, at Pembroke College, Oxford. His parents died when he was young, leaving to him a very considerable estate, which fortunately some relative administered for him, until, owing to this supervisor’s death, it lapsed into the poet’s improvident hands. Even then a sensible tenant of his own name, and a distant relative, managed very snugly the farm of Leasowes; but when Shenstone came to live with him, neither house nor grounds were large enough for the joint occupancy of the poet, who was trailing his walks through the middle of the mowing, and of the tenant, who had his beeves to fatten and his rental to pay.

So Shenstone became a farmer on his own account; and, according to all reports, a very sorry account he made of it. The good soul had none of Mr. Tull’s petulance and audacity with his servants; if the ploughman broke his gear, I suspect the kind ballad-master allowed him a holiday for the mending. The herdsman stared in astonishment to find the “beasts” ordered away from their accustomed grazing-fields. A new thicket had been planted, which must not be disturbed; the orchard was uprooted to give place to some parterre; a fine bit of meadow was flowed with a miniature lake; hedges were shorn away without mercy; arbors, grottos, rustic seats, Arcadian temples, sprang up in all outlying nooks; so that the annual product of the land came presently to be limited, almost entirely, to the beauty of its disposition.

I think that the poet, unlike most, was never very thoroughly satisfied with his poems, and that, therefore, the vanity possessed him to vest the sense of beauty which he felt tingling in his blood in something more palpable than language. Hence came the charming walks and woods and waters of Leasowes. With this ambition holding him and mastering him, what mattered a mouldy grain-crop, or a debt? If he had only an ardent admirer of his walks, his wilderness, his grottos, — this was his customer. He longed for such, in troops, — as a poet longs for readers, and as a farmer longs for sun and rain.

And he had them. I fancy there was hardly a cultivated person in England, but, before the death of Shenstone, had heard of the rare beauty of his home of Leasowes. Lord Lyttleton, who lived near by, at the elegant seat of Hagley, brought over his guests to see what miracles the hare-brained, sensitive poet had wrought upon his farm. And I can fancy the proud, shy creature watching from his lattice the company of distinguished guests, — maddened, if they look at his alcove from the wrong direction, — wondering if that shout that comes booming to his sensitive ear means admiration, or only an unappreciative surprise, — dwelling on the memory of the visit, as a poet dwells on the first public mention of his poem. In his "Egotisms," (well named,) he writes, — "Why repine? I have seen mansions on the verge of Wales that convert my farm-house into a Hampton Court, and where they speak of a glazed window as a great piece of magnificence. All things figure by comparison."

And this reflection, with its flavor of philosophy, was, I dare say, a sweet morsel to him. He saw very little of the world in his later years, save that part of it which at odd intervals found its way to the delights of Leasowes; indeed, he was not of a temper to meet the world

upon fair terms. "The generality of mankind," he cynically says, "are seldom in good humor but whilst they are imposing upon you in some shape or other." *

Our farmer of Leasowes published a pastoral that was no way equal to the pastoral he wrote with trees, walks, and water upon his land; yet there are few cultivated readers who have not some day met with it, and been beguiled by its mellifluous seesaw. How its jingling resonance comes back to me to-day from the "Reader" book of the High School!

"I have found out a gift for my fair;
I have found where the wood-pigeons breed:

But let me that plunder forbear;
She will say 't was a barbarous deed.
For he ne'er could be true, she averred,
Who could rob a poor bird of its young:
And I loved her the more, when I heard
Such tenderness fall from her tongue."

And what a killing look over at the girl in the corner, in check gingham, with blue bows in her hair, as I read (always on the old school-benches), —

"I have heard her with sweetness unfold
How that pity was due to — a dove:
That it ever attended the bold;
And she called it *the sister of love*.
But her words such a pleasure convey,
So much I her accents adore,
Let her speak, and whatever she say,
Methinks I should love her the more."

There is a rhythmic prettiness in this; but it is the prettiness of a lover in his teens, and not the kind we look for from a man who stood five feet eleven in his stockings, and wore his own gray hair. Strangely enough, Shenstone had the *physique* of a ploughman or a prize-fighter, and with it the fine, sensitive brain of a woman; a Greek in his refinements, and a Greek in indolence. I hope he gets on better in the other world than he ever did in this.

* *Detached Thoughts on Men and Manners:*
Wm. Shenstone.

ON THE RELATION OF ART TO NATURE.

IN TWO PARTS.

PART II.

THE repulsive ugliness of the early Christian paintings was not the consequence of any break in the tradition. There was no reason why the graceful drawing of the human figure should not have been transmitted, as well as the technical procedures and the pigments. Nor was effort wanting: these pictures were often very elaborate and splendid in execution. But it is clear that grace and resemblance to anything existing, so far from being aimed at, were intentionally avoided. Even as late as the thirteenth century we find figures with blue legs and red bodies, — the horses in a procession blue, red, and yellow. Any whim of association, or fanciful color-pattern, was preferred to beauty or correctness. Likeness to actual things seemed to be regarded, indeed, as an unavoidable evil, to be restricted as far as possible. The problem was, to show God's omnipresence in the world, especially His appearance on the earth as man, and His abiding presence in holy men and women as an inspiration obliterating their humanity. But so long as the divine and the human are looked upon as essentially opposed, their union can be by miracle only, and the first thought must be to keep prominent this miraculousness, and guard against confusion of this angelic existence with every-day reality. The result is this realm of ghosts, at home neither in heaven nor on earth, neither presuming to be spirit nor condescending to be body, but hovering intermediate. But the more strongly the antithesis is felt, the nearer the thought to end this remaining tenderness for the gross and unspiritual, — to drop this ballast of earth, and rise into the region of heavenly realities. Upon a window of Canterbury Cathedral, beneath a representation of

the miracle of Cana, is the legend, — "*Lympha dat historiam, vinum notat allegoriam.*" But if the earthly is there only for the sake of this heavenly transmutation, — if the miracle, and the miracle alone, shows God's purpose accomplished, — then all things must be miraculous, for all else may be safely ignored. Henceforth, nothing is of itself profane, for the profane is only that wherein the higher and truer sense has not yet been recognized. What is demanded is not an exceptional transmutation, but a translation, — that all Nature should be interpreted of the spirit.

The result is, on the one hand, a greater license in dealing with actual forms, since Art sees all things on one level of dignity, — respects one no more than another, but only its own purpose, — is careless of material qualities, and of moral qualities, too, as far as they are bound to particular shapes. Why dwell tediously upon one particle, when the value of it consists not in its particularity, but in its harmony with the rest of the universe? Giotto seems to make short work with the human form divine by wrapping all his figures from head to foot in flowing draperies. But these figures have more humanity in them, stand closer to us, because the meaning is no longer petrified in the shape, but speaks to us freely and directly, in a look, a gesture, a sweep of the garment. The Greek said, — "With these superhuman lineaments you are to conceive the presence of Jove; these are the appropriate forms of the immortals." Giotto said, — "See what divine meanings in every-day faces and actions; with these eyes you are to look upon the people in the street." The one is a remote and incredible perfection, — the other, the

intimate reality of the actual and present. It is, in truth, therefore, a closer approach to Nature than was before possible. The artist no longer shuns full actuality for his conception, for he fears no confusion with the actual. For instance, from the earliest times the celestial nature of angels had been naïvely intimated by appending wings to them. There was no attempt to carry out the suggestion, or to show the mechanical possibility of it, for that would be only to make winged men. The painters of the sixteenth century, on the other hand, from a nervous dread lest wings should prove insufficient, establish a sure basis of clouds for their angels, with more and more emphasis of buoyancy and extent, until at last, no longer trusting their own statement, they settle the question by showing them from below, already risen, and so choke off the doubt whether they can rise. But Orcagna's angels float without assistance or effort, by their own inherent lightness, as naturally as we walk. They are not out of their element, but bring their element with them. These are not men caught up into the skies, and do not need to be sustained there. The world they inhabit is not earth in heaven, but heaven on earth, — the earth seen in accordance with the purpose of its existence.

Giotto's fellow-citizens were struck with the new interest which the language of attitude and gesture and all the familiar details of life acquired in his representation of them. Looking around them, they saw what they had been taught to see, and concluded it was only an unexampled closeness of copying. No doubt Giotto thought so, too, — but had that been all, we should not have heard of it. It is this new interest that has to be accounted for. The charm did not lie in the fact, nor in the reproduction of it in the picture, but in a sudden sense of its value as expression, resting on a still obscurer feeling that herein lay its whole value, — that the actual is not what it seems, still less a pure delusion, but that it is pure *seeming*, so that its

phenomenal character is no reproach, but the bond that connects it with reality. Just because it is only "the outward show," and does not pretend to be anything more, what it shows is not "the things that only seem," but the things that are. The attractiveness of beauty is due to the sense of higher affinities in the object; it is finality felt, but not comprehended, so that the form shines with the splendor of a purpose that belongs not to it, but to the whole whereof it is a part. Aristotle makes wonder the forerunner of science. So our admiration of beauty is a tribute paid in advance to the fresh insight it promises. Whether it be called *miracle* or *inspiration*, the artist must see his theme as something excellent and singular. This is perhaps that "strangeness" which Lord Bacon requires in all "excellent beauty," the new significance coming direct, and not through reflection, and therefore ineffable and incomparable. That Giotto and his successors went on for two hundred years painting saints and miracles was not because the Church so ordained, nor from any extraordinary devoutness of the artists, but because they still needed an outward assurance that what they did was not the petty triviality it seemed. There must always remain the sense of an ulterior, undeveloped meaning; when that is laid bare, Art has become superfluous, and makes haste to withdraw into obscure regions. For it is only as language that the picture or the statue avails anything, and this circumstantiality of expression is tolerable only so long as it is the only expression. Beauty is an honor to matter; but spirit, the source of beauty, is impatient of such measure of it as Art can give. As, in the legend, Eurydice, the dawn, sinks back into night at the look of the arisen sun, so this lovely flush of the dawning intelligence wanes before the eye of the intellect. The picture is a help so long as it transcends previous conception; but when the mind comes up with these sallies, and the picture is compared with the idea, it sinks back into a thing. Thenceforth it

takes rank with Nature, and falls victim to the natural laws. It is only an aspect and an instant,—not eternal, but a petty persistence,—not God, but an idol,—not the saint, but his flesh and integuments.

Shall we say, then, that beauty is an illusion? Certainly it is no falsity; we may call it provisional truth,—truth at a certain stage, as appearance, not yet as idea. It is *appearance* seen as final, as the highest the mind has reached. Hence its miraculousness. It is in advance of consciousness; we cannot account for it any more than the savage could account for his fetich,—why this bunch of rags and feathers should be more venerable to him than other rags and feathers. But to deny that the impressiveness it adds to matter comes from a deeper sense of the truth would be as unwise as for him to deny his fetich. The fetich is false, not as compared with other rags and feathers, but as compared with a higher conception of God. The falsity is not that he sees God in this rubbish, but that he does not see Him elsewhere. Coleridge said that a picture is something between a thought and a thing. It must keep the mean; either extreme is fatal. Plato makes Eros intermediate between wisdom and ignorance, born of unequal parentage, neither mortal nor immortal, forever needy, forever seeking the Psyche whom he can never meet face to face.

The history of Art has a certain analogy to the growth of the corals. Like them, it seeks the light which it cannot endure. A certain depth beneath the surface is most favorable to it,—a dim, midway region of twilight and calm, remote alike from the stagnant obscurity of mere sensation and from the agitated surface of day, the dry light of the intellect. When it is laid bare, it dies,—its substance, indeed, enduring as the basis of new continents, but the life gone, and only the traces of its action left in the stony relics of the past. Greek Art perished when its secret was translated into clearer language by Plato and Aristotle;

and Duccio and Cimabue and Giotto must go the same way as soon as St. Francis of Assisi or Luther or Calvin puts into words what they meant. It is its own success that is fatal to Art; for just in proportion as the expressiveness it insists upon is shown to be pervading, universal, and not the property of this or that shape, the particular manifestation is degraded. Color and form are due to partial opacity; the light must penetrate to a certain depth, but not throughout.

The name of Giotto has come to stand for Devotional Art, for an earnestness that subordinates all display to the sacredness of the theme. But his fellow-citizens knew him for a man of quick worldly wit, who despised asceticism, and was ready with the most audacious jokes, even at sacred things. Ghiberti and Cennini do not praise him for piety, but for having “brought Art back to Nature” and “translated it from Greek into Latin,”—that is, from the language of clerks into the vernacular. It is not anything special in the intention that gives Giotto his fame, but the freedom, directness, and variety of the language with which it is expressed. The effort to escape from traditional formulas and conventional shapes often makes itself felt at the expense even of beauty. Instead of the statuesque forms of the earlier time, it is the dramatic interest that is now prominent,—the composition, the convergent action of numerous figures, separately, perhaps, insignificant, but pervaded by a common emotion that subordinates all distinctions and leaves itself alone visible. Even in the traditional groups, as, for instance, the Holy Families, etc., the aim is more complete realization, in draperies, gestures, postures, rather than beauty of form. We miss in Giotto much that had been attained before him. What Madonna of his can rank with Giovanni Pisano's? The Northern cathedral-sculptures, even some of the Byzantine carvings, have a dignity that is at least uncommon in his pictures. Especially the faces are generally wooden,—destitute alike of individuality and

of the loveliness of Duccio's and even of some of Cimabue's. On the other hand, in the picture wherein the school attained, perhaps, its highest success as to beauty of the faces, Orcagna's "Paradise" at Santa Maria Novella, the blessed are ranged in row above row, with mostly no relation to each other but juxtaposition. We see here two directions, — one in continuation of the antique, seeking beauty as the property of certain privileged forms, the other as the hidden possibility that pervades all things. One or the other must abate something: either the image must become less sacred, or the meaning narrower; for the language of painting is not figurative, like the language of poetry, but figure, and unless the form bear on its face that it is not all that is meant, its inherent limitations are transferred to the thought itself. When Dante tells us that Brunetto Latini and his companions looked at him, —

"Come vecchio sartor fa nella cruna,"

it is the intensity of the gaze that is present with us, not the old tailor and his needle. But in Painting the image is usurping and exclusive.

Of these divergent tendencies it is easy to see which must conquer. The gifts of the spirit are more truly honored as the birthright of humanity than as the property of this or that saint. The worship of the Madonna is better than the worship of Athene just so far as the homage is paid to a sentiment and not to a person. Now the Madonna, too, must come down from her throne. The painters grew tired of painting saints and angels. Giotto already had diverged from the traditional heads and draperies, and begun to put his figures into the Florentine dress. Masaccio and Filippino Lippi brought their fellow-citizens into their pictures. Soon the Holy Family is only a Florentine matron with her baby. The sacred histories are no longer the end, but only the excuse; everything else is insisted on rather than the pretended theme. The second Nicene Council had declared that "the designing of the holy

images was not to be left to the invention of artists, but to the approved legislation and tradition of the Catholic Church." But now the Church had to take a great deal that it had not bargained for. Perspective, chiaroscuro, picturesque contrast and variety, and all that belongs to the show of things, without regard to what they are, — this is now the religion of Art.

These things may seem to us rather superficial, and Art to have declined from its ancient dignity. But see how they took hold of men, and what men they took hold of. In the midst of that bloody and shameless fifteenth century, when only force seems sacred, men hunted these shadows as if they were wealth and power. Paolo Uccello could not be got away from his drawing to his meals or his rest, and only replied to his wife's remonstrances, "Ah, this perspective is so delightful!" With what ardor Mantegna and Luca Signorelli seized upon a new trait or action! Leonardo da Vinci, "the first name of the fifteenth century," a man to whom any career was open, and who seemed almost equally fit for any, never walked the streets without a sketch-book in his hand, and was all his life long immersed in the study of Appearance, with a persistent scrutiny that is revealed by his endless caricatures and studies, but perhaps by nothing more clearly than by his incidental discovery of the principle of the stereoscope, which he describes in his treatise on Painting. This was no learned curiosity, nor the whim of seeing the universe under drill, but only a clearer instinct of what the purpose of Art is, namely, to see the reality of the actual world in and as the appearance, instead of groping for some ulterior reality hidden behind it. Leonardo has been called the precursor of Bacon. Certainly the conviction that underlies this passion for the outside of things is the same in both, — the firm belief that the truth is not to be sought in some remote seventh heaven, but in a truer view of the universe about us.

Donatello told Paolo Uccello that he

was leaving the substance for the show. But the painter doubtless felt that the show was more real than any such "substance." For it is the finite taken as what it truly is, nothing in itself, but only the show of the infinite. If it seem shadowy and abstract, it is to be considered with what it is compared. What an abstraction is depends on what is taken away and what left behind. For instance, the Slavery question in our politics is sometimes termed an abstraction. Yes, surely, if the dollar is almighty, is the final reality, — if peace and comfort are alone worth living for, — then the Slavery question and several other things are abstractions. So in the world of matter, if the chemical results are the reality of it, the appearance may well be considered as an abstraction. But this is not the view of Art; Art has never magnified the materiality of the finite; on the contrary, its history is only the record of successive attempts to dispose of matter, the failure always lying in the hasty effort to abolish it altogether in favor of an immaterial principle outside of it, something behind the phenomena, like Kant's *noumenon*, — too fine to exist, yet unable to dispense with existence, and so, after all, not spirit, but only a superfine kind of matter; or as in a picture in the Campo Santo at Pisa, where the world is figured as a series of concentric circles, held up like a shield by God standing behind it.

It may be asked, Was not the appearance, and this alone, from all time, the object of Art? But so long as the figment of a separate reality of the finite is kept up, an antagonism subsists between this and truth, and the appearance cannot be frankly made the end, but has only an indirect, derivative value. In the classic it was the human form in super-human perfection; in the early Christian Art, God condescending to inhabit human shape; in each case, what is given is felt to be negative to the reality, — a fiction, not the truth.

But now the antagonism falls away, and the truth of Art is felt to be a higher

power of the truth of Nature. Perspective puts the mind in the place of gravitation as the centre, thus naïvely declaring mind and not matter to be the substance of the universe. It will see only this, feeling well that there is no other reality. It may be said that Perspective is as much an outward material fact as any other. So it is, as soon as the point of sight is fixed. The mind alters nothing, but gives to the objects that coherency that makes them into a world. The universe has no existence for the idiot, not because it is not *there*, but because he makes no image of it, or, as we say, does not *mind* it. The point of sight is the mark of a foregone action of the mind; what is embraced in it is seen together, because it belongs to one conception. The effect can be simulated to a certain extent by mechanical contrivance; but before the rules of perspective were systematized, the perspective of a picture betrays its history, tells how much of it was seen together, and what was added. Even late in the fifteenth century pictures are still more or less mosaics, — their piecemeal origin confessed by slight indications in the midst even of very advanced technical skill. Thus, in Antonio Pollaiuolo's "Three Archangels," in the Florence Academy, — three admirably drawn figures, abreast, and about equally distant from the frame, the line of the right wing touches the head at the same point in each, with no allowance for their different relations to the centre of the picture.

But there is a deeper kind of perspective, not so easily manufactured, though the manufacture of this, too, is often attempted, namely, Composition. The true ground of perspective in a picture is not a mechanical arrangement of lines, but a definite vision, — an affection of the painter by the subject, the net result of it in his mind, instantaneous and complete. It is a mistake to suppose that Composition is anything arbitrary, — that in the landscape out-of-doors we see the world as God made it, but in the picture as the painter makes it. Composition is

nothing but the logic of vision; an uncomposed view is no more possible than an unlogical sentence. The eyes convey in each case what the mind is able to grasp,—no less, no more. As to any particular work, it is always a question of fact what it amounts to; the composition may be shallow, it may be bad,—the work of the understanding, not of the imagination,—put together, instead of seen together. But a picture *without* composition would be the mathematical point. Mr. Ruskin thinks any sensible person would exchange his pictures, however good, for windows through which he could see the scenes themselves. This does not quite meet the point, for it may be only a preference of quantity to quality. The window gives an infinitude of pictures; the painter, whatever his merit, but one. A fair comparison would be to place by the side of the Turner drawing a photograph of the scene, which we will suppose taken at the most favorable moment, and complete in color as well as light and shade. Whoever should then prefer the photograph must be either more of a naturalist than an artist, or else a better artist than Turner. The photograph, supposing it to be perfect in its way, gives what is seen at a first glance, only with the optical part of the process expanded over the whole field, instead of being confined to one point, as the eye is. The picture in it is the first glance of the operator, as he selected it; whatever delicacy of detail told in the impression on his mind tells in the impression on the plate; whatever is more than that does not go to increase the richness of the result, as *picture*, but belongs to another sphere. The landscape-photographs that we have lately had in such admirable perfection, however they may overpower our judgment at first sight, will, I believe, be found not to *wear* well; they have really less in them than even second-rate drawings, and therefore are sooner exhausted. The most satisfactory results of the photograph are where the subject is professedly a fragment, as in near foliage, tree-trunks,

stone-texture; or where the mind's work is already done, and needs only to be reflected, as in buildings, sculpture, and, to a certain extent, portrait,—as far as the character has wrought itself into the clothes, habitual attitude, etc. Is not the popularity of the small full-length portrait-photographs owing to the predominance they give to this passive imprint of the mind's past action upon externals over its momentary and elusive presence? It is to the fillip received from the startling likeness of trivial details, exciting us to supply what is deficient in more important points, that is to be ascribed the leniency to the photograph on the part of near relatives and friends, who are usually hard to please with a painted likeness.

But all comparisons between the photograph and the hand-drawn picture are apt to be vitiated by the confusion of various extraneous interests with a purely artistic satisfaction resting in the thing itself. It is the old fallacy, involved in all the comparisons of Art with Nature. Of course, at bottom the interest is always that of the indwelling idea. But the question is, whether we stop at the outside, the material texture, or pass at once to the other extreme, the thought conveyed, or whether the two sides remain undistinguished. In the latter case only is our enjoyment strictly æsthetic, that is, attached to the bare perception of this particular thing; in the others, it is not this thing that prevails, but the physical or moral qualities, the class to which it belongs. It is true all these qualities play in and influence or even constitute the impression that particular works of Art make upon us. One man admires a picture for its *handling*, its surface, the way in which the paint is laid on; another, for its illustration of the laws of physiognomy; another, because it reminds him of the spring he spent in Rome, the pleasant people he met there, etc. We do not always care to distinguish the sources of the pleasure we feel; but for any *criticism* we must quit these accidents and personalities,

and attend solely to that in the work which is unique, peculiar to it, that in which it suggests nothing, and associates itself with nothing, but refuses to be classed or distributed. This may not be the most important aspect of the thing represented, nor the deepest interest that a picture can have; but here, strictly speaking, lies all the *beauty* of it. The photograph has or may have a certain value of this kind, but a little time is needful before we discriminate what is general and what is special. Its extraneous interest, as specimen, as *instance* only, tends at once to abate from the first view, as the mind classifies and disposes of it. What remains, not thus to be disposed of, is its value as picture. Under this test, the photograph, compared with works of Art of a high order, will prove wanting in substance, thin and spotty, faulty in both ways, too full and too empty. For the result in each case must be proportionate to the impression that it echoes; but this, in the work of the artist, is reinforced by all his previous study and experience, as well as by the force and delicacy which his perception has over that of other men. It is thus really more concrete, has more in it, than the actual scene.

But when Composition is decried as *artificial*, what is meant is that it is *artifice*. It must be artificial, in the sense that all is there for the sake of the picture. But it is not to be the *contrivance* of the painter; the purpose must be in the work, not in his head. Diotima, in Plato's "Banquet," tells Socrates that Eros desires not the beautiful, but to bring forth in the beautiful; the creative impulse itself must be the motive, not anything ulterior. We require of the artist that he shall build better than he knows,—that his work shall not be the statement of his opinions, however correct or respectable, but an infinity, inexhaustible like Nature. He is to paint, as Turner said, only his impressions, and this precisely because they are not *his*, but stand outside of his will. To further this, to get the direct action of

the artist's instinct, clear of the meddling and patching of forethought and afterthought, is no doubt the aim of the seemingly careless, formless handling now in vogue,—the dash which Harding says makes all the difference between what is good and what is intolerable in water-colors,—and the palette-knife-and-finger procedure of the French painters.

The sin of premeditated composition is that it is premeditated; the why and wherefore is of less consequence. If the motive be extraneous to the work, a theory, not an instinct, it does not matter much how *high* it is. It is fatal to beauty to see in the thing only its uses,—in the tree only the planks, in Niagara only the water-power; but a reverence for the facts themselves, or even for the moral meaning of them, so far as it is consciously present in the artist's mind, is just so far from the true intent of Art. This is the bane of the modern German school, both in landscape and history. They are laborious, learned, accurate, elevated in sentiment; Kaulbach's pictures, for instance, are complete treatises upon the theme, both as to the conception and the drawing, grouping, etc.; but it is mostly as treatises that they have interest. So the allegories in Albert Dürer's "Melancholia" are obstructive to it as a work of Art, and just in proportion to their value as thoughts.

The moral meaning in a picture, and its fidelity to fact, may each serve as measure of its merit *after it is done*. They must each be there, for its aim is to express after its own fashion the reality that lurks in every particle of matter. But it is for the spectator to see them, not the artist, and it is talking at cross-purposes to make either the motive,—to preach morality to Art, or to require from the artist an inventory of the landscape. That five or ten million pines grow in a Swiss valley is no reason why every one of them should be drawn. No doubt every one of them has its reason for being there, and it is conceivable that an exhaustive final statement might require

them all to be shown. But there are no final statements in this world, least of all in Art. There are many things besides pines in the valley, and more important, and they can be drawn meanwhile. Besides, if all the pines, why not every pebble and blade of grass?

The earnestness that attracts us in mediæval Art, the devout fervor of the earlier time and the veracity of the later, the deference of the painter to his theme, is profoundly interesting as *history*, but it was conditioned also by the limitations of that age. The mediæval mind was oppressed by a sense of the foreignness and profaneness of Nature. The world is God's work, and ruled by Him; but it is not His dwelling-place, but only His footstool. The Divine spirit penetrates into the world of matter at certain points and to a certain depth, does not possess and inhabit it now and here, but only elsewhere and at a future time, in heaven, and at the final Judgment; and meantime the Church and the State are to maintain His jurisdiction over this outlying province as well as they can. The actual presence of God in the world would seem to drag Him down into questionable limitations, not to be assumed without express warrant, as exception, miracle, and in things consecrated and set apart. Hence the patchwork composition of the early painters; we see in it an extreme diversity of value ascribed to the things about them. It is a world partly divine and partly rubbish; not a universe, but a collection of fragments from various worlds. The figures in their landscapes do not tread the earth as if they belonged there, but like actors upon a stage, tricked up for the occasion. The earth is a desert upon which stones have been laid and herbs stuck into the crevices. The trees are put together out of separate leaves and twigs, and the rocks and mountains inserted like posts. In the earliest specimens the figures themselves have the same piecemeal look: their members are not born together, but put together. We see just how far the soul extends into them, — sometimes only to

the eyes, then to the rest of the features, afterwards to the limbs and extremities. Evidently the artist's conception left much outside of it, to be added by way of label or explanation. In the trees, the care is to give the well-known fruit, the acorn or the apple, not the character of the tree; for what is wanted is only an indication what tree is meant. The only tie between man and the material world is the *use* he makes of it, elaborating and turning it into something it was not. Hence the trim *orderliness* of the mediæval landscape. Dante shows no love of the woods or the mountains, but only dread and dislike, and draws his tropes from engineering, from shipyards, moats, embankments.

The mediæval conception is higher than the antique; it recognizes a reality beyond the immediate, but not yet that it is the reality of the immediate and present also. But Art must dislodge this phantom of a lower, profane reality, and accept its own visions as authentic and sufficient. The modern mind is in this sense less religious than the mediæval, that the antithesis of phenomenal and real is less present to it. But the pungency of this antithesis comes from an imperfect realization of its meaning. Just so far as the subjection of the finite remains no longer a postulate or an aspiration, but is carried into effect, — its finiteness no longer resisted or deplored, but accepted, — just so far it ceases to be opaque and inert. The present seems trivial and squalid, because it is clutched and held fast, — the fugitive image petrified into an idol or a clod. But taken as it is, it becomes transparent, and reveals the fair lines of the ideal.

The complaints of want of earnestness, devoutness, in modern Art, are as short-sighted as Schiller's lament over the prosaic present, as a world bereft of the gods. It is a loss to which we can well resign ourselves, that we no longer see God throned on Olympus, or anywhere else outside of the world. It is no misfortune that the mind has recognized under these alien forms a spirit akin to itself, and

therefore no longer gives bribes to Fate by setting up images to it. The deity it worships is thenceforth no longer powerless to exist, nor is there any existence out of him; it needs not, then, to provide a limbo for him in some sphere of abstraction. What has fled is not the divinity, but its false isolation, its delegation to a corner of the universe. Instead of the god with his whims, we have law universal, the rule of mind, to which matter is not hostile, but allied and affirmative. That the sun is no longer the chariot of Helios, but a gravitating fireball, is only the other side of the perception that it is mind embodied, not some unrelated entity for which a charioteer must be deputed.

We no longer worship groves and fountains, nor Madonnas and saints, and our Art accordingly can no longer have the fervency, since its objects have not the concreteness, that belonged to former times. But it is to be noticed that Art can be devout only in proportion as Religion is artistic, — that is, as matter, and not spirit, is the immediate object of worship. Art and Religion spring from the same root, but coincide only at the outset, as in fetichism, the worship of the Black Stone of the Caaba, or the wonder-working Madonnas of Italy. The fetich is at once image and god; the interest in the appearance is not distinct from the interest in the meaning. It needs neither to be beautiful nor to be understood. But as the sense springs up of a related *mind* in the idol, the two sides are separated. It is no longer *this thing* merely, but, on the one hand, spirit, above and beyond matter, and, on the other, the appearance, equally self-sufficing and supreme among earthly things, just because its reality is not here, but elsewhere, — appearance, therefore, as transcendent, or Beauty.

To every age the religion of the fore-going seems artificial, incumbered with forms, and its Art superstitious, over-scrupulous, biased by considerations that have nothing to do with Art. Hence religious reformers are mystics, enthusi-

asts: this is the look of Luther, even of the hard-headed Calvin, as seen from the Roman-Catholic side. Hence, also, every epoch of revolution in Art seems to the preceding like an irruption of frivolity and profanity. Christian Art would have seemed so to the ancients; the Realism of the fourteenth century must have seemed so to the Giotteschi and the Renaissance, to both. The term Pre-Raphaelitism, though it seems an odd collocation to bring together such men as Frà Angelico, Filippo Lippi, and Luca Signorelli, has so far an intelligible basis, that all this period, from Giotto to Raphael, amidst all diversities, is characterized throughout by a deference of Art to something extraneous. It is not beauty that Frà Angelico looks for, but holiness, or beauty as expressing this; it is not beauty that draws Filippo Lippi, but homely actuality. It is from this point of view that the Renaissance has been attacked as wanting in faith, earnestness, humility. The Renaissance had swallowed all formulas. Nothing was in itself sacred, but all other considerations were sacrificed to the appeal to the eye. But this, so far from proving any "faithlessness," shows, on the contrary, an entire faith in their Art, that it was able to accomplish what was required of it, and needed not to be bolstered up by anything external. Mr. Ruskin wants language to express his contempt for Claude, because, in a picture entitled "Moses at the Burning Bush," he paints only a graceful landscape, in which the Bush is rather inconspicuous. But Claude might well reply, that what he intended was not a history, nor a homily, but a picture; that the name was added for convenience' sake, as he might name his son, John, without meaning any comparisons with the Evangelist. It is no defect, but a merit, that it requires nothing else than itself to explain it.

Claude depicts "an unutilized earth," whence all traces of care, labor, sorrow, rapine, and want, — all that can suggest the perils and trials of life, — is removed. The buildings are palaces or picturesque

ruins; the personages promenade at leisure, or only pretend to be doing something. All action and story, all individuality of persons, objects, and events, is merged in a pervading atmosphere of tranquil, sunny repose,—as of a holiday-afternoon. It may seem to us an idle lubberland, a paradise of do-nothings;—Mr. Ruskin sees in it only a “dim, stupid, serene, leguminous enjoyment.” But whoever knows Rome will at least recognize in Claude’s pictures some reflex of that enchantment that still hangs over the wondrous city, and draws to it generation after generation of pilgrims. In what does the mysterious charm consist? Is it not that the place seems set apart from the working-day world of selfish and warring interests? that here all manner of men, for once, lay aside their sordid occupations and their vulgar standards, to come together on the ground of a common humanity? It is easy to sneer at the Renaissance, but to understand it we must take it in its connection. The matters that interested that age seem now superfluous, the recreations of a holiday rather than the business of life. But coming from the dust and din of the fifteenth century, it looks differently. It was, in whatever dim or fantastic shape, a recognition of universal brotherhood,—of a common ground whereon all mankind could meet in peace and even sympathy, were it only for a picnic. In this *villeggiatura* of the human race the immediate aim is no very lofty one,—not truth, not duty, but to please or be pleased. But who is it that is to be pleased? Not the great of the earth, not the consecrated of the Church, not the men merely of this guild or this nation, but Man. It is the festival of the new saint, Humanus,—a joyful announcement that the ancient antagonism is not fundamental, but destined to be overcome.

This dreamy, half-sad, but friendly and soothing influence, that breathes from Claude’s landscapes, is not the highest that Nature can inspire, but it is far better than to see in the earth only food, lodging, and a place to fight

in, or even mere background and filling-in.

The builders of the Rhine-castles looked down the reaches of the river only to spy out their prey or their enemy; the monks in their quiet valleys looked out for their trout-stream and kitchen-garden, but any interest beyond that would have been heathenish and dangerous. Whilst to the ancients the earth had value only as enjoyable, inhabitable, the earlier Christian ages valued it only as uninhabitable, as a wilderness repelling society. In the earliest mediæval landscapes, the effort to represent a wilderness that is there only for the sake of the hermits leads to the curious contradiction of a populous hermitage, every part of it occupied by figures resolutely bent on being alone, and sedulously ignoring the others. Humboldt quotes from the early Fathers some glowing descriptions of natural scenery, but they turn always upon the seclusion from mankind, and upon the contrast between the grandeur of God’s works and the littleness of ours. But in Claude we have the hint, however crude, of a relation as unsordid as this, but positive and direct,—the soul of the landscape speaking at once to the soul of man,—showing itself cognate, already friendly, and needing only to throw off the husk of opposition. The defect is not that he defers too much to the purely pictorial, that he postpones the facts or the story to beauty, but that he does not defer enough, that he does not sufficiently trust his own eyes, but by way of further assurance drags in architecture, ships, mythological or Scripture stories, not caring for them himself, but supposing the spectator cares, so that they remain unassimilated, a scum floating on the surface and obscuring the work. Here is the “want of faith” with which, if any, he is justly chargeable,—that beauty is not enough for him, but he must make it pleasing. Pleasingness implies a languid acceptance, in which the mind is spared the shock of fresh suggestion or incitement. We call the Venus de’ Medici, for instance, a pleasing statue, but the

Venus of Milo beautiful; because in the one we find in fuller measure only what was already accepted and agreeable, whilst in the other we feel the presence of an unexplored and formidable personality, provoking the endeavor to follow it out and guess at its range and extent.

This deference to the spectator marks the decline of Art from the supremacy of its position as the interpreter of religion to mankind. The work is no longer a revelation devoutly received by the artist and piously transmitted to a believing world; but he is a cultivated man, who gives what is agreeable to a cultivated society, where the Bible is treated with decorum, but all enthusiasm is reserved for Plato and Cicero. The earlier and greater men brought much of what they were from the fifteenth century, but even Raphael is too academic. It is not a Chinese deference to tradition, nor conformity to a fixed national taste, such as ruled Greek Art as by an organic necessity. One knows not whether to wonder most at the fancied need to attach to the work the stamp of classic authority, or at the levity with which the venerable forms of antiquity are treated. Nothing can be more superficial than this varnish of classicity. The names of Cicero, Brutus, Augustus were in all mouths; but the real character of these men, or of any others, or of the times they lived in, was very slightly realized. The classic architecture, with its cogent adaptation and sequence of parts, is cut up into theatre-scenery: its "members" are members no longer, but scraps to be stuck about at will. The gods and heroes of the ancient world have become the pageant of a holiday; even the sacred legends of the Church receive only an outward respect, and at last not even that. Claude wants a foreground-figure and puts in Æneas, Diana, or Moses, he cares little which, and he would hear, unmoved, Mr. Ruskin's eloquent denunciation of their utter unfitness for the assumed character, and the absurdity of the whole action of the piece.

But the Renaissance had its religion, too, — namely, Culture. The one "virtue," acknowledged on all hands, alike by busy merchants, soldiers, despots, women, the acquaintance with Greek and Roman literature and art, was not quite the idle dilettanteism it seems. Lorenzo de' Medici said, that, without the knowledge of the Platonic philosophy, it was hard to be a good citizen and Christian. Leo X. thought, "Nothing more excellent or more useful has been given by the Creator to mankind, if we except only the knowledge and true worship of Himself, than these studies, which not only lead to the ornament and guidance of human life, but are applicable and useful to every particular situation." That this culture was superficial, that it regarded only show and outside, is no reproach, but means only that it was not a mere galvanizing of dead bones, that a new spirit was masquerading in these garments. Had it been in earnest in its revival of the past, it would have been insignificant; its disregard of the substance, and care for the form alone, showed that the form was used only as a protest against the old forms. A provincial narrowness, even a slight air of vulgarity, was felt to attach to the teachings of the Church. Gentility had come to imply not only heathendom, ("*gentilis est qui in Christum non credit*,") but liberal breeding. The attraction of the classic culture, "the humanities," as it was well called, was just this cosmopolitan largeness, that it had no prejudices and prescribed no test, but was open to all kinds of merit and every manner of man. Goethe, who belongs in good part to the Renaissance, frequently exemplifies this feeling, perhaps nowhere more strikingly than in the account of his pilgrimage to the temple of Minerva at Assisi, which he lovingly describes, remarking, at the same time, that he passed with only aversion the Church of St. Francis, with its frescos by Cimabue, Giotto, and their followers, which no traveller of our day willingly misses or soon forgets, though the temple may probably occupy but a

small space in his memory. "I made no doubt," says Goethe, "that all the heads there bore the same stamp as my Captain's," — an Italian officer, more orthodox than enlightened, with whom he had been travelling.

In truth, however diverse in its first appearance, the Italian Renaissance was the counterpart of the German Reformation, and, like that, a declaration that God is not shut up in a corner of the universe, nor His revelation restricted in regard of time, place, or persons. The day was long past when the Church was synonymous with civilization. The Church-ideal of holiness had long since been laid aside; a new world had grown up, in which other aims and another spirit prevailed. Macchiavelli thought the Church had nothing to do with worldly affairs, could do nothing for the State or for freedom. And the Church thought so, too. If it was left out of the new order of things, it was because it had left itself out. "The world" was godless, *ponpa Diaboli*; devotion to God implied devotion (of the world) to the Devil. But the world, thus cut adrift, found itself yet alive and vigorous, and began thenceforth to live its own life, leaving the "other world" to take care of itself. Salvation, whether for the State or the individual, it was felt must come from individual effort, and not be conferred as a stamp or *visa* from the Pope and the College of Cardinals. It was not Religion that was dead, but only the Church. The Church being petrified into a negation, Culture, the religion of the world, was necessarily negative to that, and for a time absorbed in the mere getting rid of obstructions. Sainthood had never been proposed even as an ideal for all mankind, but only as *fuga sæculi*, the avoidance of all connection with human affairs. Logically, it must lead to the completest isolation, and find its best exponent in Simeon Stylites. The new ideal of Culture must involve first of all the getting rid of isolation, natural and artificial. Its representatives are such men as Leonardo da Vinci and Leon-Battista Alberti, masters of all arts and

sciences, travelled, well-bred, at home in the universe, — thoroughly accomplished men of the world, with senses and faculties in complete harmonious development. It is an age full of splendid figures; whatever growth there was in any country came now to its flowering-time.

The drawback is want of purpose. This splendor looks only to show; there is no universal aim, no motive except whim, — the whims of men of talent, or the whim of the crowd. For the approbation of the Church is substituted the applause of cultivated society, a wider convention, but conventional still. This is the frivolous side of the Renaissance, not its holding light the old traditions, but that for the traditions it rejected it had nothing but tradition to substitute. But if this declaration of independence was at first only a claim for license, not for liberty, this is only what was natural, and may be said of Protestantism as well. Protestantism, too, had its orthodoxy, and has not even yet quite realized that the *private judgment* whose rights it vindicated does not mean personal whim, and therefore is not fortified by the assent of any man or body of men, nor weakened by their dissent, but belongs alone to thought, which is necessarily individual, and at the same time of universal validity; whereas, personality is partial, belongs to the crowd, and to that part of the man which confounds him with the crowd. Were the private judgment indeed private, it would have no rights. Of what consequence the private judgments of a tribe of apes, or of Bushmen? This reference to the bystanders means only an appeal from the Church; it is at bottom a declaration that the truth is not a miraculous exception, a falsehood which for this particular occasion is called truth, but the substance of the universe, apparent everywhere, and to all that seek it. The perception must be its own evidence, it must be true for us, now and here. We have no right to blame the Renaissance painters for their love of show, for Art exists for show, and the due fulfilment of its

purpose, bringing to the surface what was dimly indicated, must engage it the more thoroughly in the superficial aspect, and make all reference to a hidden ulterior meaning more and more a mere pretence. What was once Thought has now become form, color, surface; to make a mystery of it would be thoughtlessness or hypocrisy.

The shortcoming is not in the artists, but in Art. Painting shares the same fate as Sculpture: not only is the soul not a thing, it is not wholly an appearance, but combines with its appearing a constant protest against the finality of it. Not only is the body an inadequate manifestation, but what it manifests is itself progressive, and any conception of it restrictive and partial. Henceforth any representation of the human form must either pretend a mystery that is not felt, or, if inspired by a genuine interest, it must be of a lower kind, and must avoid of set purpose any undue exaltation of one part over another, as of the face over the limbs, and dwell rather upon harmony of lines and colors, wherein nothing shall be prominent at the expense of the rest, seeking to make up what is wanting in intensity, in inward meaning, by allusion, by an interest reflected from without, instead of the immediate and intuitive. We often feel, even in Raphael's pictures, that the aim is lower than, for instance, Frà Angelico's. But it is at least genuine, and what that saves us from we may see in some of Perugino's and Pinturicchio's altar-pieces, where spirituality means kicking heels, hollow cheeks, and a deadly-sweet smile. That Raphael, among all his Holy Families, painted only one Madonna di San Sisto, and that hastily, on trifling occasion, shows that it was a chance-hit rather than the normal fruit of his genius. The beauty that shines like celestial flame from the face of the divine child, and the transfigured humanity of the mother, are no denizens of earth, but fugitive radiances that tinge it for a moment and are gone. For once, the impossible is achieved; the figures hover, dreamlike,

disconnected from all around, as if the canvas opened and showed, not what is upon it, but beyond it. But it is a casual success, not to be sought or expected. A wise instinct made the painter in general shun such direct, explicit statement, and rather treat the subject somewhat cavalierly than allow it to confront and confound him. The greater he is, and the more complete his development, the more he must dread whatever makes his Art secondary or superfluous. Whatever force we give to the reproach of want of elevation, etc., the only impossible theme is the unartistic.

But before we give heed to any such reproach we must beware of confounding the personality of the artist or the fashion of the time with the moving spirit in both. He works always—as Michel Angelo complained that he was painting the ceiling of the Sistine—over his own head, and blinded by his own paint. The *purpose* that we speak of is not his petty doings and intentions, but what he unintentionally accomplishes. It is the spiritual alone that interests; and if later Art seem, by comparison, wanting in spirituality, this is partly the effect of its juster appreciation, that rendered direct expression hopeless, but at the same time superfluous, by discovering the same import more accessible elsewhere, as the higher indirect meaning of all material things. Critics tell us that the charm of landscape is incomplete without the presence of man,—that there must always be some hint, at least, of human habitation or influence. Certainly it is always a human interest, it is not the timber and the water, that moves us, but the echo of a kindred mind. But in the “landscape and figures” it is hardly a human interest that we take in the figures. The “dull victims of pipe and mug” serve our turn perhaps better than the noblest mountaineers. It is not to them that we look for the spirit of the landscape,—rather anywhere else. It is the security of the perception that allows it to dispense with pointed demonstration, and to delight rather in obscurer intimations of its meaning.

The modern ideal is the Picturesque, — a beauty not detachable, belonging to the picture, to the composition, not to the component parts. It has no favorites; it is violated alike by the systematic glorification and the systematic depreciation of particular forms. The Apollo Belvedere would make as poor a figure in the foreground of a modern landscape as a fisherman in jack-boots and red nightcap on a pedestal in the Vatican. Claude's or Turner's figures may be absurd, when taken by themselves; but the absurdity consists in taking them by themselves. Turner, it is said, could draw figures well; Claude probably could not; (he is more likely to have tried;) but each must have felt that anything that should call attention to the figures would be worse than any bad drawing. Nicolas Poussin was well called "the learned"; for it is his learning, his study of the antique, of Raphael, of drapery and anatomy, that most appears in his landscapes and gives his figures their plastic emphasis. But this is no praise for a painter.

Of course the boundary-lines cannot be very exactly drawn; the genius of a Delaroche or a Millais will give interest to a figure-piece at whatever epoch. But such pictures as Etty's, or Page's Venus, where the beauty of the human body is the point of attraction, are flat anachronisms, and for this reason, not from any prudishness of the public, can never excite a hearty enthusiasm. From the sixteenth century downwards all pictures become more and more *tableaux de genre*, — the piece is not described by the nominal subject, but only the class to which it belongs, leaving its special character wholly undetermined. And in proportion as the action and the detail are dwelt upon, the more evident is it that the theme is only a pretence. Martyrdoms, when there was any fervency of faith in the martyrs, were very abstract. A hint of sword or wheel sufficed. The saints and the angels, as long as men believed in them, carried their witness in their faces, with only some conventional indication of their history. As soon as direct rep-

resentation is aimed at and the event portrayed as an historical fact, it is proof enough that all direct interest is gone and nothing left but the technical problem. The martyrdoms are vulgar execution-scenes, — the angels, men sprawling upon clouds. Michel Angelo was a noble, devout man, but it is clear that the God he prayed to was not the God he painted.

This essential disparity between idea and representation is the weak side of Art, plastic and pictorial; but because it is essential it is not felt by the artist as defect. His genius urges him to all advance that is possible within the limits of his Art, but not to transcend it. It will be in vain to exhort him to unite the ancient piety to the modern knowledge. If he listen to the exhortation, he may be a good critic, but he is no painter. He must be absorbed in what he sees to the exclusion of everything else; impartiality is a virtue to all the world except him. There will always be a onesidedness; either the conception or the embodying of it halts, is only partially realized; some incompleteness, some mystery, some apparent want of coincidence between form and meaning is a necessity to the artist, and if he does not find it, he will invent it. Hence the embarrassment of some of the English Pre-Raphaelitists, particularly in dealing with the human form. They have no hesitation in pursuing into still further minuteness the literal delineation of inanimate objects, draperies, etc.; but they shrink from giving full life to their figures, not from a slavish adherence to their exemplars, but from a dread lest it should seem that what is shown is all that is meant. The early painters were thus *naïve* and distinct because of their limitations; they knew very well what they meant, — as, that the event took place out-of-doors, with the sun shining, the grass under-foot, an oak-tree here, a strawberry-vine there, — mere adjunct and by-play, not to be questioned as to the import of the piece: *that* the Church took care of. But who can say what a modern landscape means? The significance

that in the older picture was as it were outside of it, presupposed, assured elsewhere, has now to be incorporated, verily present in every atom of soil and film of vapor. The realism of the modern picture must be infinitely more extended, for the meaning of it is that *nothing* is superfluous or insignificant. But with the reality that it lends to every particle of matter, it must introduce, at the same time, the protest that spirit makes against matter, — most distinct, indeed, in the human form and countenance, but nowhere absent. In its utmost explication there must be felt that there is yet more behind; its utmost distinctness must be everywhere indefinable, evanescent, — must proclaim that this parade of surface-appearance is not there for its own sake. This is what Mr. Ruskin calls “the pathetic fallacy”: but there is nothing fallacious in it; it is solid truth, only under the guise of mystery. Turner said that Mr. Ruskin had put all sorts of meanings into his pictures that he knew nothing about. Of course, else they would never have got into the pictures. But this does not affect their validity, but means only that it is the imagination, not the intellect, that must apprehend them.

It is not an outward, arbitrary incompleteness that is demanded, but a visible dependence of each part, by its partiality declaring the completeness of the whole. It is often said that the picture must “leave room for the imagination.” Yes, and for nothing else; but this does not imply that it should be unfinished, but that, when the painter has set down what the imagination grasped in one view, he shall stop, no matter where, and not attempt to eke out the deficiency by formula or by knack of fingers. Wherever the inspiration leaves him, there is an end of the picture. Beyond that we get only his personalities; no skill, no earnestness of intention, etc., can avail him; he is only mystifying himself or us. At these points we sooner or later come up with him, are as good as he, and the work forthwith begins to tire. What is tire-

some is to have thrust upon us the dead surface of matter: this is the prose of the world, which we come to Art to escape. It is prosaic, because it is seen as the understanding sees it, as an aggregate only, apart from its vital connection; it matters little whose the understanding is. The artist must be alive only to the totality of the impression, blind and deaf to all outside of that. He must believe that the idyl he sees in the landscape is there because he sees it, and will appear in the picture without the help of demonstration. The danger is, that from weakness of faith he will fancy or pretend that he sees something else, which may be there, but formed no part of the impression. It is simply a question of natural attraction, magnetism, how much he can take up and carry; all beyond that is hindrance, and any conscious endeavor of his cannot help, but can only thwart.

The picturesque has its root in the mind's craving for totality. It is Nature seen as a whole; all the characteristics and prerequisites of it come back to this, — such as roughness, wildness, ruin, obscurity, the gloom of night or of storm; whatever the outward discrepancy, wherever the effect is produced, it is because in some way there is a gain in completeness. On this condition everything is welcome, — without it, nothing. Thus, a broken, weedy bank is more picturesque than the velvet slope, — the decayed oak than the symmetry of the sapling, — the squalid shanty by the railroad, with its base of dirt, its windows stuffed with old hats, and the red shirts dependent from its eaves, than the neatest brick cottage. They strike a richer accord, while the others drone on a single note. Moonlight is always picturesque, because it substitutes mass and breadth for the obtrusiveness of petty particulars. It is not the pettiness, but the particularity, that makes them unpicturesque. No impressiveness in the object can atone for exclusiveness. Niagara cannot be painted, not because it is too difficult, but because it is no landscape, but like a vast

illuminated capital letter filling the whole page, or the sublime monotony of the mosque-inscriptions, declaring in thousandfold repetition that God is great. The soaring sublimity of the Moslem monotheism comes partly from its narrowness and abstractness. Is it because we are a little hard of hearing that it takes such reiteration to move us?

The wholeness which the imagination demands is not quantitative, but qualitative; it has nothing to do with size or with number, except so far as, by confusing the sense, they obscurely intimate infinity, with which all quantities are incommensurable. Mr. Ruskin's encyclopedic anatomizing of the landscape, to the end of showing the closeness of Turner's perception, has great interest, but not the interest merely of a longer list, for it is to be remembered that the longest list would be no nearer to an exhaustive analysis than the shortest. It is not a specious completeness, but a sense of infinity that can never be completed, — greater intensity, not greater extension, — that distinguishes modern landscape-art. Hence there is no incongruity in the seeming license that it takes with the firm order of Nature. It is in no spirit of levity or profanity that the substantial distinctions of things are thus disregarded, — that all absolute rank is denied, and the value of each made contingent and floating. It is only that the mind is somewhat nearer apprehending the sense, and dwells less on the characters.

If Art suffers in its relative rank among human interests by this democratic leveling, it is to the gain of what Art intends. It is true, no picture can henceforth move us as men were once moved by pictures. No Borgo Allegro will ever turn out again in triumph for a Madonna of Cimabue or of any one else; whatever feeling Turner or another may excite comes far short of that. But the splendor that clothed the poor, pale, formal image belonged very little to it, but expressed rather the previous need of utterance, and could reach that pitch only when

the age had not yet learned to think and to write, but must put up with these hieroglyphics. Art has no more grown unreligious than Religion has, but only less idolatrous. As fast as religion passes into life, — as the spiritual nature of man begins to be recognized as the ground of legislation and society, and not merely in the miracle of sainthood, — the apparatus and imagery of the Church, its dogmas and ceremonies, grow superfluous, as what they stand for is itself present. It is the dawn that makes these stars grow pale. So in Art, as fast as the dream of the imagination becomes the common sense of mankind, and only so fast, the awe that surrounded the earlier glimpses is lost. Its influence is not lessened, but diffused and domesticated as Culture.

Art is the truly popular philosophy. Our picture-gazing and view-hunting only express the feeling that our science is too abstract, that it does not attach us, but isolates us in the universe. What we are thus inwardly drawn to explore is not the chaff and *exuviae* of things, not their differences only, but their central connection, in spite of apparent diversity. This, stated, is the Ideal, the abrupt contradiction of the actual, and the creation of a world extraordinary, in which all defect is removed. But the defect cannot be cured by correction, for that admits its right to exist; it is not by exclusion that limitation is overcome, — this is only to establish a new limitation, — but by inclusion, by reaching the point where the superficial antagonism vanishes. Then the ideal is seen no longer in opposition, but everywhere and alone existent. As this point is approached, the impulse to reconstruct the actual — as if the triumph of truth were staked on that venture — dies out. The elaborate contradiction loses interest, earliest where it is most elaborate and circumstantial, and latest where the image has least materiality and fixity, where it is only a reminder of what the actual is securely felt to be, in spite of its stubborn exterior.

The modern mind is therefore less demonstrative; our civilization seeks less to declare and typify itself outwardly in works of Art, manners, dress, etc. Hence it is, perhaps, that the beauty of the race has not kept pace with its culture. It is less beautiful, because it cares less for beauty, since this is no longer the only reconciliation of the actual with the inward demands. The vice of the imagination is its inevitable exaggeration. It is our own weakness and dulness that we try to hide from ourselves by this partiality. Therefore it was said that the images were the Bible of the laity. Bishop Durandus already in the thirteenth century declared that it is only

where the truth is not yet revealed that this "Judaizing" is permissible.

The highest of all arts is the art of life. In this the superficial antagonisms of use and beauty, of fact and reality, disappear. A little gain here, or the hint of it, richly repays all the lost magnificence. We need not concern ourselves lest these latter ages should be left bankrupt of the sense of beauty, for that is but a phase of a force that is never absent; nothing can supersede it but itself in a higher power. What we lament as decay only shows its demands fulfilled, and the arts it has left behind are but the landmarks of its accomplished purpose.

OUR CLASSMATE.

F. W. C.

FAST as the rolling seasons bring
 The hour of fate to those we love,
 Each pearl that leaves the broken string
 Is set in Friendship's crown above.
 As narrower grows the earthly chain,
 The circle widens in the sky;
 These are our treasures that remain,
 But those are stars that beam on high.

We miss — oh, how we miss! — *his* face, —
 With trembling accents speak his name.
 Earth cannot fill his shadowed place
 From all her rolls of pride and fame.
 Our song has lost the silvery thread
 That carolled through his jocund lips;
 Our laugh is mute, our smile is fled,
 And all our sunshine in eclipse.

And what and whence the wondrous charm
 That kept his manhood boy-like still, —
 That life's hard censors could disarm
 And lead them captive at his will?
 His heart was shaped of rosier clay, —
 His veins were filled with ruddier fire, —
 Time could not chill him, fortune sway,
 Nor toil with all its burdens tire.

His speech burst throbbing from its fount
And set our colder thoughts aglow,
As the hot leaping geysers mount
And falling melt the Iceland snow.
Some word, perchance, we counted rash, —
Some phrase our calmness might disclaim;
Yet 't was the sunset lightning's flash,
No angry bolt, but harmless flame.

Man judges all, God knoweth each;
We read the rule, He sees the law;
How oft His laughing children teach
The truths His prophets never saw!
O friend, whose wisdom flowered in mirth!
Our hearts are sad, our eyes are dim;
He gave thy smiles to brighten earth, —
We trust thy joyous soul to Him!

Alas! — our weakness Heaven forgive!
We murmur, even while we trust,
"How long earth's breathing burdens live,
Whose hearts, before they die, are dust!"
But thou! — through grief's untimely tears
We ask with half-reproachful sigh,
"Couldst thou not watch a few brief years
Till Friendship faltered, 'Thou mayst die'?"

Who loved our boyish years so well?
Who knew so well their pleasant tales,
And all those livelier freaks could tell
Whose oft-told story never fails?
In vain we turn our aching eyes, —
In vain we stretch our eager hands, —
Cold in his wintry shroud he lies
Beneath the dreary drifting sands!

Ah, speak not thus! *He* lies not there!
We see him, hear him as of old!
He comes! he claims his wonted chair;
His beaming face we still behold!
His voice rings clear in all our songs,
And loud his mirthful accents rise;
To us our brother's life belongs, —
Dear boy, a classmate never dies!

WHITTIER.

It was some ten years ago that we first met John Greenleaf Whittier, the poet of the moral sentiment and of the heart and faith of the people of America. It chanced that we had then been making notes, with much interest, upon the genius of the Semitic nations. That peculiar simplicity, centrality, and intensity which caused them to originate Monotheism from two independent centres, the only systems of pure Monotheism which have had power in history, — while the same characteristics made their poetry always lyrical, never epic or dramatic, and their most vigorous thought a perpetual sacrifice on the altars of the will, — this had strongly impressed us; and we seemed to find in it a striking contrast to the characteristic genius of the Aryan or Indo-Germanic nations, with their imaginative interpretations of the religious sentiment, with their epic and dramatic expansions, and their taste for breadth and variety. Somewhat warm with these notions, we came to a meeting with our poet, and the first thought, on seeing him, was, "The head of a Hebrew prophet!" It is not Hebrew, — Saracen rather; the Jewish type is heavier, more material; but it corresponded strikingly to the conceptions we had formed of the Southern Semitic crania, and the whole make of the man was of the same character. The high cranium, so lofty especially in the dome, — the slight and symmetrical backward slope of the whole head, — the powerful level brows, and beneath these the dark, deep eyes, so full of shadowed fire, — the Arabian complexion, — the sharp-cut, intense lines of the face, — the light, tall, erect stature, — the quick axial poise of the movement, — all these answered with singular accuracy to the picture of those preachers, ~~aces~~ which had been shaping itself in our imagination. Indeed, the impression was so strong as to induce some little feeling of embarrassment. It seemed slightly awkward and insipid to be meeting a prophet

here in a parlor and in a spruce masquerade of modern costume, shaking hands, and saying, "Happy to meet you," after the fashion of our feeble civilities.

All this came vividly to remembrance, on taking up, the other day, Whittier's last book of poems, "In War-Time," — a volume that has been welcomed all over the land with enthusiastic delight. Had it been no more, however, than a mere private reminiscence, it should, at present, have remained private. But have we not here a key to Whittier's genius? Is not this Semitic centrality and simplicity, this prophetic depth, reality, and vigor, without great lateral and intellectual range, its especial characteristic? He has not the liberated, light-winged Greek imagination, — imagination not involved and included in the religious sentiment, but playing in epic freedom and with various interpretation between religion and intellect; he has not the flowing, Protean, imaginative sympathy, the power of instant self-identification with all forms of character and life, which culminated in Shakspeare; but that imaginative vitality which lurks in faith and conscience, producing what we may call *ideal force of heart*, this he has eminently; and it is this central, invisible, Semitic heat which makes him a poet.

Imagination exists in him, not as a separable faculty, but as a pure vital suffusion. Hence he is an *inevitable* poet. There is no drop of his blood, there is no fibre of his brain, which does not crave poetic expression. Mr. Carlyle desires to postpone poetry; but as Providence did not postpone Whittier, his wishes can hardly be gratified. Ours is, indeed, one of the plainest of poets. He is intelligible and acceptable to those who have little either of poetic culture or of fancy and imagination. Whoever has common sense and a sound heart has the powers by which he may be appreciated. And yet he is not only a real poet, but he is

all poet. The Muses have not merely sprinkled his brow; he was baptized by immersion. His notes are not many; but in them Nature herself sings. He is a sparrow that half sings, half chirps, on a bush, not a lark that floods with orient hilarity the skies of morning; but the bush burns, like that which Moses saw, and the sparrow herself is part of the divine flame.

This, then, is the general statement about Whittier. His genius is Hebrew, Biblical,—more so than that of any other poet now using the English language. In other words, he is organically a poem of the Will. He is a flower of the moral sentiment,—and of the moral sentiment, not in its flexible, feminine, vine-like dependence and play, but in its masculine rigor, climbing in direct, vertical affirmation, like a forest-pine. In this respect he affiliates with Wordsworth, and, going farther back, with Milton, whose tap-root was Hebrew, though in the vast epic flowering of his genius he passed beyond the imaginative range of Semitic mind.

In thus identifying our bard, spiritually, with a broad form of the genius of mankind, we already say with emphasis that his is indeed a Life. Yes, once more, a real Life. He is a nature. He was *born*, not manufactured. Here, once again, the old, mysterious, miraculous processes of spiritual assimilation. Here, a genuine root-clutch upon the elements of man's experience, and an inevitable, indomitable working-up of them into human shape. To look at him without discerning this vital depth and reality were as good as no looking at all.

Moreover, the man and the poet are one and the same. His verse is no literary Beau-Brummelism, but a *re-presentation* of that which is presented in his consciousness. First, there is inward vital conversion of the elements of his experience, then verse, or version,—first the soul, then the body. His voice, as such, has little range, nor is it any marvel of organic perfection; on the contrary, there is many a voice with nothing at all in it which far surpasses his in mere

vocal excellence; only in this you can hear the deep refrain of Nature, and of Nature chanting her moral ideal.

We shall consider Whittier's poetry in this light,—as a vital effluence, as a product of his being; and citations will be made, not by way of culling “beauties,”—a mode of criticism to which there are grave objections,—but of illustrating total growth, quality, and power. Our endeavor will be to get at, so far as possible, the processes of vital action, of spiritual assimilation, which go on in the poet, and then to trace these in his poetry.

God gave Whittier a deep, hot, simple, strenuous, and yet ripe and spherical, nature, whose twin necessities were, first, that it *must* lay an intense grasp upon the elements of its experience, and, secondly, that it *must* work these up into some form of melodious completeness. History and the world gave him Quakerism, America, and Rural Solitude; and through this solitude went winding the sweet, old Merri-mac stream, the river that we would not wish to forget, even by the waters of the river of life! And it is into these elements that his genius, with its peculiar vital simplicity and intensity, strikes root. Historic reality, the great *facts* of his time, are the soil in which he grows, as they are with all natures of depth and energy. “We did not wish,” said Goethe, “to learn, but to live.”

Quakerism and America—America ideally true to herself—quickly became, in his mind, one and the same. Quakerism means *divine democracy*. George Fox was the first forerunner, the John Baptist, of the new time,—leather-aproned in the British wilderness. Seeing the whole world dissolving into individualism, he did not try to tie it together, after the fashion of great old Hooker, with new cords of ecclesiasticism; but he did this,—he affirmed a Mount Sinai in the heart of the individual, and gave to the word *person* an INFINITE depth. To sound that word thus was his function in history. No wonder that England trembled with terror, and then blazed with rage. No

wonder that many an ardent James Naylor was crazed with the new wine.

Puritanism meant the same thing at bottom; but, accepting the more legal and learned interpretations of Calvin, it was, to a great degree, involved in the past, and also turned its eye more to political mechanisms. For this very reason it kept up more of fellowship with the broad world, and had the benefit of this in a larger measure of social fructification. Whatever is separated dies. Quakerism uttered a word so profound that the utterance made it insular; and, left to itself, it began to be lost in itself. Nevertheless, Quakerism and Puritanism are the two richest historic soils of modern time.

Our young poet got at the heart of the matter. He learned to utter the word *Man* so believingly that it sounded down into depths of the divine and infinite. He learned to say, with Novalis, "He touches heaven who touches a human body." And when he uttered this word, "Man," in full, *social* breadth, lo! it changed, and became AMERICA.

There begins the genesis of the conscious poet. All the depths of his heart rang with the resonance of these imaginations, — Man, America; meaning divine depth of manhood, divine spontaneity and rectitude of social relationship.

But what! what is this? Just as he would raise his voice to chant the new destinies of man, a harsh, heartless, human bark, and therewith a low, despairing stifle of sobbing, came to his ear! It is the bark of the auctioneer, "Going! going!" — it is the sobbing of the slave on the auction-block! And *this*, too, O Poet, this, too, is America! So you are not secure of your grand believing imaginations yet, but must fight for them. The faith of your heart would perish, if it did not put on armor.

Whittier's poetic life has three principal epochs. The first opens and closes with the "Voices of Freedom." We may use Darwin's phrase, and call it the period of Struggle for Life. His ideal itself is endangered; the atmosphere he would inhale is filled with poison; a desolating

moral prosaicism springs up to justify a great social ugliness, and spreads in the air where his young hopes would try their wings; and in the imperfect strength of youth he has so much of dependence upon actual surroundings, that he must either war with their evil or succumb to it. Of surrender his daring and unselfish soul never for a moment thought. Never did a trained falcon stoop upon her quarry with more fearlessness, or a spirit of less question, than that which bore our young hero to the moral fray; yet the choice was such as we have indicated.

The faith for which he fought is uttered with spirit in a stanza from "The Branded Hand."

"In thy lone and long night-watches, sky
above and wave below,
Thou didst learn a higher wisdom than the
babbling schoolmen know:
God's stars and silence taught thee, as His
angels only can,
That the one, sole sacred thing beneath the
cope of heaven is Man."

Our poet, too, conversing with God's stars and silence, has come to an understanding with himself, and made up his mind. That Man's being has an ideal or infinite value, and that all consecrated institutions are shams, and their formal consecration a blasphemous mockery, save as they look to that fact, — this in his Merrimac solitudes has come forth clearly to his soul, and, like old Hebrew David, he has said, "My heart is fixed." Make other selections who will, he has concluded to face life and death on this basis.

Did he not choose as a poet MUST? Between a low moral prosaicism and a generous moral ideal was it possible for him to hesitate? Are there those whose real thought is, that man, beyond his estimation as an animal, represents only a civil value, — that he is but the tailor's "dummy" and clothes-horse of institutions? Do they tell our poet that his notion of man as a divine revelation, as a pure spiritual or absolute value, is a mere dream, discountenanced by the truth of the universe? He might answer, "Let the universe look to it, then!

In that case, I stand upon my dream as the only worthy reality." What were a mere pot-and-pudding universe to him? Does Mr. Holyoke complain that these hot idealisms make the culinary kettles of the world boil over? Kitchen-prudences are good for kitchens; but the sun kindles his great heart without special regard to them.

These "Voices of Freedom" are no bad reading at the present day. They are of that strenuous quality, that the light of battle brings to view a finer print, which lay unseen between the lines. They are themselves battles, and stir the blood like the blast of a trumpet. What a beat in them of fiery pulses! What a heat, as of molten metal, or coal-mines burning underground! What anger! What desire! And yet we have in vain searched these poems to find one trace of base wrath, or of any degenerate and selfish passion. He is angry, and sins not. The sun goes down and again rises upon his wrath; and neither sets nor rises upon aught freer from meanness and egoism. All the fires of his heart burn for justice and mercy, for God and humanity; and they who are most scathed by them owe him no hatred in return, whether they pay him any or not.

Not a few of these verses seem written for the present day. Take the following from the poem entitled, "Texas"; they might be deemed a call for volunteers.

"Up the hill-side, down the glen,
Rouse the sleeping citizen,
Summon forth the might of men!

"Oh! for God and duty stand,
Heart to heart and hand to hand,
Round the old graves of the land.

"Whoso shrinks or falters now,
Whoso to the yoke would bow, —
Brand the craven on his brow!

"Perish party, perish clan!
Strike together, while ye can,
Like the arm of one strong man."

The Administration might have gone to these poems for a policy: he had fought the battle before them.

"Have they wronged us? Let us, then,
Render back nor threats nor prayers;
Have they chained our freeborn men?
LET US UNCHAIN THEIRS!"

Or look at these concluding stanzas of "The Crisis," which is the last of the "Voices." Has not our prophet written them for this very day?

"The crisis presses on us; face to face with us
it stands,
With solemn lips of question, like the Sphinx
in Egypt's sands!
This day we fashion Destiny, our web of
Fate we spin;
This day for all hereafter choose we holiness
or sin;
Even now from starry Gerizim, or Ebal's
cloudy crown,
We call the dews of blessing or the bolts of
cursing down.

"By all for which the Martyrs bore their agony
and shame,
By all the warning words of truth with which
the Prophets came,
By the Future which awaits us, by all the
hopes which cast
Their faint and trembling beams across the
darkness of the Past,
And by the blessed thought of Him who for
Earth's freedom died,
O my people! O my brothers! let us choose
the righteous side.

"So shall the Northern pioneer go joyful on
his way,
To wed Penobscot's waters to San Francisco's bay,
To make the rugged places smooth, and sow
the vales with grain,
And bear, with Liberty and Law, the Bible
in his train;
The mighty West shall bless the East, and
sea shall answer sea,
And mountain unto mountain call, 'PRAISE
GOD, FOR WE ARE FREE!'"

These are less to be named poems than pieces of rhythmic oratory, — oratory crystallized into poetic form, and carrying that deeper significance and force which from all vitalized form are inseparable. A poem, every work of Art, must rest in itself; oratory is a means toward a specific effect. The man who writes poems may have aims which underlie and suffuse his work; but they must not

be partial, they must be coextensive with the whole spirit of man, and must enter his work as the air enters his nostrils. The moment a definite, partial effect is sought, the attitude of poetry begins to be lost. These battle-pieces are therefore a warfare for the possession of the poet's ideal, not the joyous life-breath of that ideal already victorious in him. And the other poems of this first great epoch in his poetical life, though always powerful, often beautiful, yet never, we think, show a *perfect* resting upon his own poetic heart.

In the year 1850 appeared the "Songs of Labor, and other Poems"; and in these we reach the transition to his second epoch. Here he has already recognized the pure ground of the poem, —

"Art's perfect forms no moral need,
And beauty is its own excuse," —

but his modesty declines attempting that perfection, and assigns him a lower place. He must still seek definite uses, though this use be to lend imagination or poetic depth to daily labor: —

"But for the dull and flowerless weed
Some healing virtue still must plead,
And the rough ore must find its honors in its
use.

"So haply these my simple lays
Of homely toil may serve to show
The orchard-bloom and tasselled maize
That skirt and gladden duty's ways,
The unsung beauty hid life's common things
below."

Not pure gold as yet, but genuine silver. The aim at a definite use is still apparent, as he himself perceives; but there is nevertheless a constant native play into them of ideal feeling. It is no longer a struggle for room to draw poetic breath in, but only the absence of a perfectly free and unconscious poetic respiration. Yet they are sterling poems, with the stamp of the mint upon them. And some of the strains are such as no living man but Whittier has proven his power to produce. "Ichabod," for example, is the purest and profoundest *moral* lament, to the best of our knowl-

edge, in modern literature, whether American or European. It is the grief of angels in arms over a traitor brother slain on the battle-fields of heaven.

Two years later comes the "Chapel of the Hermits," and with it the second epoch in Whittier's poetic career. The epoch of Culture we name it. The poet has now passed the period of outward warfare. All the arrows in the quiver of his noble wrath are spent. Now on the wrong and shame of the land he looks down with deep, calm, superior eyes, sorrowful, indeed, and reproving, but no longer perturbed. His hot, eloquent, prophetic spirit now breathes freely, lurk in the winds of the moment what poison may; for he has attained to those finer airs of eternity which hide ever, like the luminiferous ether, in this atmosphere of time; so that, like the scholar-hero of Schiller, he is indeed "in the time, but not of it." Still his chant of high encouragement shall fly forth on wings of music to foster the nobilities of the land; still over the graves of the faithful dead he shall murmur a requiem, whose chastened depth and truth relate it to other and better worlds than this; still his lips utter brave rebuke, but it is a rebuke that falls, like the song of an unseen bird, out of the sky, so purely moral, so remote from earthly and egoistic passion, so sure and reposeful, that verse is its natural embodiment. The home-elements of his intellectual and moral life he has fairly assimilated; and his verse in its mellowness and rhythmical excellence reflects this achievement of his spirit.

But now, after the warfare, begins questioning. For modern culture has come to him, as it comes to all, with its criticism, its science, its wide conversation through books, its intellectual unrest; it has looked him in the eye, and said, "*Are you sure?*" The dear old traditions, — they are indeed *traditions*. The sweet customs which have housed our spiritual and social life, — these are *customs*. Of what are you *SURE?*" Matthew Arnold has recently said well (we cannot quote the words) that the

opening of the modern epoch consists in the discovery that institutions and habits of the earlier centuries, in which we have grown, are not absolute, and do not adjust themselves perfectly to our mental wants. Thus are we thrown back upon our own souls. We have to ask the first questions, and get such answer as we may. The meaning of the modern world is this,—an epoch which, in the midst of established institutions, of old consecrated habitudes of thought and feeling, of populous nations which cannot cast loose from ancient anchorage without peril of horrible wreck and disaster, has got to take up man's life again from the beginning. Of modern life this is the immediate key.

Our poet's is one of those deep and clinging natures which hold hard by the heart of bygone times; but also he is of a nature so deep and sensitive that the spiritual endeavor of the period must needs utter itself in him. "ART THOU SURE?"—the voice went sounding keenly, terribly, through the profound of his soul. And to this his spirit, not without struggle and agony, but at length clearly, made the faithful Hebrew response, "I TRUST." Bravely said, O deep-hearted poet! Rest there! Rest there and thus on your own believing filial heart, and on the Eternal, who in it accomplishes the miracle of that confiding!

Not eminently endowed with discursive intellect,—not gifted with that power, Homeric in kind and more than Homeric in degree, which might meet the old mythic imaginations on, or rather above, their own level, and out of them, together with the material which modern time supplies, build in the skies new architectures, wherein not only the feeling, but the *imagination* also, of future ages might house,—our poet comes with Semitic directness to the heart of the matter: he takes the divine *Yea*, though it be but a simple *Yea*, and no syllable more, in his own soul, and holds childlike by that. And he who has asked the questions of the time and reached this conclusion,—he who has stood alone with his

unclothed soul, and out of that nakedness before the Eternities said, "*I trust*,"—he is victorious; he has entered the modern epoch, and has not lost the spiritual crown from his brows.

The central poem of this epoch is "Questions of Life."

"I am: how little more I know!

Whence came I? Whither do I go?

A centred self, which feels and is;

A cry between the silences;

A shadow-birth of clouds at strife

With sunshine on the hills of life;

A shaft from Nature's quiver cast

Into the Future from the Past;

Between the cradle and the shroud

A meteor's flight from cloud to cloud."

Then to outward Nature, to mythic tradition, to the thought, faith, sanctity of old time he goes in quest of certitude, but returns to God in the heart, and to the simple heroic act by which he that believes BELIEVES.

"To Him, from wanderings long and wild,

I come, an over-wearied child,

In cool and shade His peace to find,

Like dew-fall settling on the mind.

Assured that all I know is best,

And humbly trusting for the rest,

I turn

From Nature and her mockery, Art,

And book and speech of men apart,

To the still witness in my heart;

With reverence waiting to behold

His Avatar of love unfold,

The Eternal Beauty new and old!"

"The Panorama and other Poems," together with "Later Poems,"* having the dates of 1856 and 1857, constitute the transition to his third and consummate epoch. Much in them deserves notice, but we must hasten. And yet, instead of hastening, we will pause, and take this opportunity to pick a small critical quarrel with Mr. Whittier. We charge him, in the first place, with sundry felonious assaults upon the good letter *r*. In the "Panorama," for example, we find *law* rhyming with *for*! You, Mr. Poet, you, who indulge fastidious objections to the whipping of women, to outrage that innocent

* Completing the two volumes of collected poems.

preposition thus! And to select the word *law* itself, with which to force it into this lawless connection! Secondly, *romance* and *allies* are constantly written by him with the accent on the first syllable. These be heinous offences! A poet, of all men, should cherish the liquid consonants, and should resist the tendency of the populace to make trochees of all dissyllables. In a graver tone we might complain that he sometimes — rarely — writes, not by vocation of the ancient Muses, who were daughters of Memory and immortal Zeus, but of those Muses in drab and scoop-bonnets who are daughters of Memory and George Fox. Some lines of the “Brown of Ossawatomic” we are thinking of now. We can regard them only as a reminiscence of his special Quaker culture.

With the “Home Ballads,” published in 1863, dawns fully his final period, — long may it last! This is the epoch of Poetic Realism. Not that he abandons or falls away from his moral ideal. The fact is quite contrary. He has so entirely established himself in that ideal that he no longer needs strivingly to assert it, — any more than Nature needs to pin upon oak-trees an affirmation that the idea of an oak dwells in her formative thought. Nature affirms the oak-idea by oaks; the consummate poet exhibits the same realism. He embodies. He lends a soul to forms. The real and ideal in Art are indeed often opposed to each other as contraries, but it is a false opposition. Let the artist represent reality, and all that is in him, though it were the faith of seraphs, will go into the representation. The sole condition is that he shall *select his subject from native, spontaneous choice*, — that is, leave his genius to make its own elections. Let one, whose genius so invites him, paint but a thistle, and paint it as faithfully as Nature grows it; yet, if the Ten Commandments are meantime uttering themselves in his thought, he will make the thistle-top a Sinai.

It is this poetic realism that Whittier has now, in a high degree, attained. Calm and sure, lofty in humility, strong

in childlikeness, — renewing the play-instinct of the true poet in his heart, — younger now than when he sat on his mother's knee, — chastened, not darkened, by trial, and toil, and time, — illumined, poet-like, even by sorrow, — he lives and loves, and chants the deep, homely beauty of his lays. He is as genuine, as wholesome and real as sweet-flag and clover. Even when he utters pure sentiment, as in that perfect lyric, “My Psalm,” or in the intrepid, exquisite humility — healthful and sound as the odor of new-mown hay or balsam-firs — of “Andrew Rykman's Prayer,” he maintains the same attitude of realism. He states God and inward experience as he would state sunshine and the growth of grass. This, with the devout depth of his nature, makes the rare beauty of his hymns and poems of piety and trust. He does not try to *make* the facts by stating them; he does not try to embellish them; he only seeks to utter, to state them; and even in his most perfect verse they are not half so melodious as they were in his soul.

All perfect poetry is simple statement of facts, — facts of history or of imagination. Whoever thinks to create poetry by words, and inclose in the verse a beauty which did not exist in his consciousness, has got hopelessly astray.

This attitude of simple divine abiding in the present is beautifully expressed in the opening stanzas of “My Psalm.”

“I mourn no more my vanished years:
Beneath a tender rain,
An April rain of smiles and tears,
My heart is young again.

“The west winds blow, and, singing low,
I hear the glad streams run;
The windows of my soul I throw
Wide open to the sun.

“No longer forward nor behind
I look in hope and fear;
But, grateful, take the good I find,
The best of now and here.

“I plough no more a desert land,
To harvest weed and tare;
The manna dropping from God's hand
Rebukes my painful care.

"I break my pilgrim-staff, I lay
 Aside the toiling oar;
 The angel sought so far away
 I welcome at the door."

It is, however, in his ballads that Whittier exhibits, not, perhaps, a higher, yet a rarer, power than elsewhere, — a power, in truth, which is very rare indeed. Already in the "Panorama" volume he had brought forth three of these, — all good, and the tender pathos of that fine ballad of sentiment, "Maud Muller," went to the heart of the nation. In how many an imagination does the innocent maiden, with her delicate brown ankles,

"Rake the meadow sweet with hay,"
 and

"The judge ride slowly down the lane"!

But though sentiment so simple and unconscious is rare, our poet has yet better in store for us. He has developed of late years the precious power of creating *homely beauty*,* — one of the rarest powers shown in modern literature. Homely life-scenes, homely old sanctities and heroisms, he takes up, delineates them with intrepid fidelity to their homeliness, and, lo! there they are, beautiful as Indian corn, or as ploughed land under an October sun! He has thus opened an inexhaustible mine right here under our New-England feet. What will come of it no one knows.

These poems of his are natural growths; they have their own circulation of vital juices, their own peculiar properties; they smack of the soil, are racy and strong and aromatic, like ground-juniper, sweet-fern, and the *arbor vitæ*. Set them out in the earth, and would they not sprout and grow? — nor would need vine-shields to shelter them from the weather! They are living and local, and lean toward the west from the pressure of east winds that blow on our coast. "Skipper Ireson's

* A taste for this had been early indicated, especially in the essays on Bunyan and Robert Dinwiddie, in "Old Portraits and Modern Sketches," and in passages of "Literary Recreations." Whittier's prose, by the way, is all worth reading.

Ride," — can any one tell what makes that poetry? This uncertainty is the highest praise. This power of telling a plain matter in a plain way, and leaving it there a symbol and harmony forever, — it is the power of Nature herself. And again we repeat, that almost anything may be found in literature more frequently than this pure creative simplicity. As a special instance of it, take three lines which occur in an exquisite picture of natural scenery, — and which we quote the more readily as it affords opportunity for saying that Whittier's landscape-pictures alone make his books worthy of study, — not so much those which he sets himself deliberately to draw as those that are incidental to some other purpose or effect.

"I see far southward, this quiet day,
 The hills of Newbury rolling away,
 With the many tints of the season gay,
 Dreamily blending in autumn mist
 Crimson and gold and amethyst.
 Long and low, with dwarf trees crowned,
 Plum Island lies, like a whale aground,
 A stone's toss over the narrow sound.
 Inland, as far as the eye can go,
 The hills curve round, like a bended bow;
 A silver arrow from out them sprung,
 I see the shine of the Quasayeung;
 And, round and round, over valley and hill,
 Old roads winding, as old roads will,
 Here to a ferry, and there to a mill."

Can any one tell what magic it is that is in these concluding lines, so that they even eclipse the rhetorical brilliancy of those immediately preceding?

Our deep-hearted poet has fairly arrived at his poetic youth. Never was he so strong, so ruddy and rich as to-day. Time has treated him as, according to Swedenborg, she does the angels, — chastened indeed, but vivified. Let him hold steadily to his true vocation as a poet, and never fear to be thought idle, or untrue to his land. To give imaginative and ideal depth to the life of the people, — what truer service than that? And as for war-time, — does he know that "Barbara Frietche" is the true sequel to the Battle of Gettysburg, is that other victory which the nation asked of Meade the soldier and obtained from Whittier the poet?

THE CONVULSIONISTS OF ST. MÉDARD.

SECOND PAPER.

HAVING, in a previous number, furnished a brief sketch of the phenomena, purely physical, which characterized the epidemic of St. Médard, it remains to notice those of a mental and psychological character.

One of the most common incidents connected with the convulsions of that period was the appearance of a mental condition, called, in the language of the day, a state of *ecstasy*, bearing unmistakable analogy to the artificial somnambulism produced by magnetic influence, and to the *trance* of modern spiritualism.

During this condition, there was a sudden exaltation of the mental faculties, often a wonderful command of language, sometimes the power of thought-reading, at other times, as was alleged, the gift of prophecy. While it lasted, the insensibility of the patients was occasionally so complete, that, as Montgéron says, "they have been pierced in an inhuman manner, without evincing the slightest sensation";* and when it passed off, they frequently did not recollect anything they had said or done during its continuance.

At times, like somnambulism, it seemed to assume something of a cataleptic character, though I cannot find any record of that most characteristic symptom of catalepsy, the rigid persistence of a limb in any position in which it may be placed. What was called the "state of death," is thus described by Montgéron:—

"The state of death is a species of *ecstasy*, in which the convulsionist, whose soul seems entirely absorbed by some vision, loses the use of his senses, wholly or in part. Some convulsionists have remained in this state two or even three days at a time, the eyes open, without any movement, the face very pale, the whole body insensible, immovable, and

* Montgéron, Tom. II. *Idée de l'État des Convulsionnaires*, p. 104.

stiff as a corpse. During all this time, they give little sign of life, other than a feeble, scarcely perceptible respiration. Most of the convulsionists, however, have not these *ecstasies* so strongly marked. Some, though remaining immovable an entire day or longer, do not continue during all that time deprived of sight and hearing, nor are they totally devoid of sensibility; though their members, at certain intervals, become so stiff that they lose almost entirely the use of them."*

The "state of death," however, was much more rare than other forms of this abnormal condition. The Abbé d'Asfeld, in his work against the convulsionists, alluding to the state of *ecstasy*, defines it as a state "in which the soul, carried away by a superior force, and, as it were, out of itself, becomes unconscious of surrounding objects, and occupies itself with those which imagination presents"; and he adds,—"It is marked by alienation of the senses, proceeding, however, from some cause other than sleep. This alienation of the senses is sometimes complete, sometimes incomplete."†

Montgéron, commenting on the above, says,—"This last phase, during which the alienation of the senses is imperfect, is precisely the condition of most of the convulsionists, when in the state of *ecstasy*. They usually see the persons present; they speak to them; sometimes they hear what is said to them; but as to the rest, their souls seem absorbed in the contemplation of objects which a superior power discloses to their vision."‡

And a little farther on he adds,—"In these *ecstasies* the convulsionists are

* Montgéron, Tom. II. *Idée de l'État*, etc., p. 104.

† *Vains Efforts des Discernans*, p. 36.

‡ Montgéron, Tom. II. *Idée de l'État*, etc., p. 66.

struck all of a sudden with the unexpected aspect of some object, the sight of which enchants them with joy. Their eyes beam; their heads are raised toward heaven; they appear as if they would fly thither. To see them afterwards absorbed in profound contemplation, with an air of inexpressible satisfaction, one would say that they are admiring the divine beauty. Their countenances are animated with a lively and brilliant fire; and their eyes, which cannot be made to close during the entire duration of the ecstasy, remain completely motionless, open, and fixed, as on the object which seems to interest them. They are in some sort transfigured; they appear quite changed. Even those who, out of this state, have in their physiognomy something mean or repulsive, alter so that they can scarcely be recognized. . . . It is during these ecstasies that many of the convulsionists deliver their finest discourses and their chief predictions,—that they speak in unknown tongues,—that they read the secret thoughts of others,—and even sometimes that they give their representations.” *

A provincial ecclesiastic, quoted by Montgéron, and who, it should be remarked, found fault with many of the doings of the convulsionists, admits the exalted character of these declamations. He says, — “ Their discourses on religion

* Montgéron, Tom. II. *Idée de l'Etat*, etc., p. 67. The latter part of the quotation alludes to crucifixion and other symbolical representations, to which the convulsionists were much given.

This state of ecstasy is one which has existed, probably, in occasional instances, through all past time, especially among religious enthusiasts. The writings of the ancient fathers contain constant allusions to it. St. Augustine, for example, speaks of it as a phenomenon which he has personally witnessed. Referring to persons thus impressed, he says, — “ I have seen some who addressed their discourse sometimes to the persons around them, sometimes to other beings, as if they were actually present; and when they came to themselves, some could report what they had seen, others preserved no recollection of it whatever.” — *De Gen. ad Litter.* Lib. XII. c. 13.

are spirited, touching, profound, — delivered with an eloquence and a dignity which our greatest masters cannot approach, and with a grace and appropriateness of gesture rivalling that of our best actors. . . . One of the girls who pronounced such discourses was but thirteen years and a half old; and most of them were utterly incompetent, in their natural state, thus to treat subjects far beyond their capacity.” *

Colbert, already quoted, bears testimony to the same effect. Writing to Madame de Coetquen, he says, — “ I have read extracts from these discourses, and have been greatly struck with them. The expressions are noble, the views grand, the theology exact. It is impossible that the imagination, and especially the imagination of a child, should originate such beautiful things. Sublimity full of eloquence reigns throughout these productions.” †

To judge fairly of this phenomenon, we must consider the previous condition and acquirements of those who pronounced such discourses. Montgéron, while declaring that among the convulsionists there were occasionally to be found persons of respectable standing, adds, — “ But it must be confessed that in general God has chosen the convulsionists among the common people; that they were chiefly young children, especially girls; that almost all of them had lived till then in ignorance and obscurity; that several of them were deformed, and some, in their natural state, even exhibited imbecility. Of such, for the most part, it was that God made choice, to show forth to us His power.” ‡

The staple of these discourses — wild and fantastic enough — may be gathered from the following : —

“ The Almighty thus raised up all of a sudden a number of persons, the greater part without any instruction; He op-

* Montgéron, Tom. II. *Idée de l'Etat*, etc., p. 77.

† *Lettre de M. Colbert*, du 8 Février, 1733, à Madame de Coetquen.

‡ Montgéron, Tom. II.

ened the mouths of a number of young girls, some of whom could not read; and He caused them to announce, in terms the most magnificent, that the times had now arrived, — that in a few years the Prophet Elias would appear, — that he would be despised and treated with outrage by the Catholics, — that he would even be put to death, together with several of those who had expected his coming and had become his disciples and followers, — that God would employ this Prophet to convert all the Jews, — that they, when thus converted, would immediately carry the light unto all nations, — that they would reestablish Christianity throughout the world, — and that they would preach the morality of the gospel in all its purity, and cause it to spread over the whole earth.*

Montgéron, commenting (as he expresses it) upon “the manner in which the convulsionists are supernaturally enlightened, and in which they deliver their discourses and their predictions,” says, —

“Ordinarily, the words are not dictated to them; it is only the ideas that are presented to their minds by a supernatural instinct, and they are left to express these thoughts in terms of their own selection. Hence it happens that occasionally their most beautiful discourses are marred by ill-chosen and incorrect expressions, and by phrases obscure and badly turned; so that the beauty of some of these consists rather in the depth of thought, the grandeur of the subjects treated, and the magnificence of the images presented, than in the language in which the whole is rendered.

“It is evident, that, when they are thus left to clothe in their own language the ideas given them, they are also at liberty to add to them, if they will. And, in fact, most of them declare that they perceive within themselves the power to mix in their own ideas with those supernaturally communicated, which suddenly seize their minds; and they are obliged to be extremely careful not to confound

their own thoughts with those which they receive from a superior intelligence. This is sometimes the more difficult, inasmuch as the ideas thus coming to them do not always come with equal clearness.

“Sometimes, however, the terms are dictated to them internally, but without their being forced to pronounce them, nor hindered from adding to them, if they choose to do so.

“Finally, in regard to certain subjects, — for example, the lights which illumine their minds, and oblige them to announce the second coming of the Prophet Elias, and all that has reference to that great event, — their lips pronounce a succession of words wholly independently of their will; so that they themselves listen like the auditors, having no knowledge of what they say, except only as, word for word, it is pronounced.”*

Montgéron appears, however, to admit that the exaltation of intelligence which is apparent during the state of ecstasy may, to some extent, be accounted for on natural principles. Starting from the fact, that, during the convulsions, external objects produce much less effect upon the senses than in the natural state, he argues that “the more the soul is disengaged from external impressions, the greater is its activity, the greater its power to frame thoughts, and the greater its lucidity.”† He admits, further, — “Although most of the convulsionists have, when in convulsion, much more intelligence than in their ordinary state, that intelligence is not always supernatural, but may be the mere effect of the mental activity which results when soul is disengaged from sense. Nay, there are examples of convulsionists availing themselves of the superior intelligence which they have in convulsion to make out dissertations on mere temporal affairs. This intelligence, also, may at times fail to subjugate their passions; and I am convinced that they may occasionally make a bad use of it.”‡

* Montgéron, Tom. II. *Idée de l'État*, etc. p. 82.

† *Ibid.* p. 17.

‡ *Ibid.* p. 19.

* Montgéron, Tom. II. *Idée de l'Œuvre*, etc., p. 123.

In another place, Montgéron says plainly, that "persons accustomed to receive revelations, but not raised to the state of the Prophets, may readily imagine things to be revealed to them which are but the promptings of their own minds,"*—and that this has happened, not only to the convulsionists, but (by the confession of many of the ancient fathers†) also to the greatest saints. But he protests against the conclusion, as illogical, that the convulsionists never speak by the spirit of God, because they do not always do so.

He admits, however,‡ that it is extremely difficult to distinguish between what ought to be received as divinely revealed and what ought to be rejected as originating in the convulsionist's own mind; nor does he give any rule by which this may be done. The knowledge necessary to the "discerning of spirits" he thinks can be obtained only by humble prayer. §

The power of prophecy is one of the gifts claimed by Montgéron as having been bestowed on various convulsionists during their ecstatic state. Yet he gives no detailed proofs of prophecies touching temporal matters having been literally fulfilled, unless it be prophecies by convulsionist-patients in regard to the future crises of their diseases. And he admits that false predictions were not infrequent, and that false interpretations of visions touching the future were of common occurrence. He says,—

"It is sometimes revealed to a convulsionist, for example, that there is to

happen to some person not named a certain accident, every detail of which is minutely given; and the convulsionist is ordered to declare what has been communicated to him, that the hand of God may be recognized in its fulfilment. . . . But, at the same time, the convulsionist receiving this vision believes it to apply to a certain person, whom he designates by name. The prediction, however, is not verified in the case of the person named, so that those who heard it delivered conclude that it is false; but it is verified in the case of another person, to whom the accident happens, attended by all the minutely detailed particulars."*

If this be correctly given, it is what animal magnetizers would call a case of imperfect lucidity.

The case as to the gift of tongues is still less satisfactorily made out. A few, Montgéron says, translate, after the ecstasy, what they have declaimed, during its continuance, in an unknown tongue; but for this, of course, we have their word only. The greater part know nothing of what they have said, when the ecstasy has passed. As to these, he admits,—

"The only proof we have that they understand the words at the time they pronounce them is that they often express, in the most lively manner, the various sentiments contained in their discourse, not only by their gestures, but also by the attitudes the body assumes, and by the expression of the countenance, on which the different sentiments are painted, by turns, in a manner the most expressive, so that one is able, up to a certain point, to detect the feelings by which they are moved; and it has been easy for the attentive observer to perceive that most of these discourses were detailed predictions as to the coming of the Prophet Elias," etc.†

If it be presumptuous, considering the marvels which modern observations disclose, to pronounce that the alleged unknown languages were unmeaning sounds

* Montgéron, Tom. II. *Idee de l'État*, etc., p. 77.

† In proof of this opinion, Montgéron gives numerous quotations from St. Augustine, St. Thomas, St. Gregory, and various theologians and ecclesiastics of high reputation, to the effect that "it often happens that errors and defects are mixed in with holy and divine revelations, (of saints and others, in ecstasy,) either by some vice of nature, or by the deception of the Devil, in the same way that our minds often draw false conclusions from true premises."—*Ibid.* pp. 88–96.

‡ *Ibid.* p. 94.

§ *Ibid.* p. 95.

* Montgéron, Tom. II. *Idee de l'État*, etc., pp. 102, 103.

† *Ibid.* p. 73.

only, it is evident, at least, that the above is inconclusive as to their true character.

Much more trustworthy appears to be the evidence touching the phenomenon of thought-reading.

The fact that many of the convulsionists were able "to discover the secrets of the heart" is admitted by their principal opponents. The Abbé d'Asfeld himself adduces examples of it.* M. Poncet admits its reality.† The provincial ecclesiastic whom I have already quoted says that he "found examples without number of convulsionists who discovered the secrets of the heart in the most minute detail: for example, to disclose to a person that at such a period of his life he did such or such a thing; to another, that he had done so and so before coming hither," etc.‡ The author of the "*Recherche de la Vérité*," a pamphlet on the phenomena of the convulsions, which seems very candidly written, acknowledges as one of these "the manifestation of the thoughts and the discovery of secret things."§

Montgéron testifies to the fact, from repeated personal observation, that they revealed to him things known to himself alone; and after adducing the admissions above alluded to, and some others, he adds,—"But it would be superfluous further to multiply testimony in proof of a fact admitted by all the world, even by the avowed adversaries of the convulsions, who have found no other method of explaining it than by doing Satan the honor to proclaim him the author of these revelations."||

Besides these gifts, real or alleged, there was occasionally observed, during ecstasy, an extraordinary development of the musical faculty. Montgéron tells us,—"Mademoiselle Dancogné, who, as

was well known, had no voice whatever in her natural state, sings in the most perfect manner canticles in an unknown tongue, and that to the admiration of all those who hear her."*

As to the general character of these psychological phenomena, the theologians of that day were, with few exceptions, agreed that they were of a supernatural character,—the usual question mooted between them being, whether they were due to a Divine or to a Satanic influence. The medical opponents of the movement sometimes took the ground that the state of ecstasy was allied to delirium or insanity,—and that it was a degraded condition, inasmuch as the patient abandoned the exercise of his free will: an argument similar to that which has been made in our day against somewhat analogous phenomena, by a Bostonian.†

In concluding a sketch, in which, though it be necessarily a brief one, I have taken pains to set forth with strict accuracy all the essential features which mark the character of this extraordinary epidemic, it is proper I should state that the opponents of Jansenism concur in bringing against the convulsionists the charge that many of them were not only ignorant and illiterate girls, but persons of bad character, occasionally of notoriously immoral habits; nay, that some of them justified the vicious courses in which they indulged by declaring these to be a representation of a religious tendency, emblematic of that degradation through which the Church must pass, before, recalled by the voice of Elias, it regained its pristine purity.

Montgéron, while admitting that such charges may justly be brought against some of the convulsionists, denies the general truth of the allegation, yet after such a fashion that one sees plainly he

* *Vains Efforts des Discernans*, pp. 39, 40.

† *Lettres de M. Poncet*, Let. VII. p. 129.

‡ Montgéron, Tom. II. *Idée de l'État*, etc., p. 76.

§ *Recherche de la Vérité*, p. 25.

|| Montgéron, Tom. II. *Idée de l'État*, etc., p. 76.

* Montgéron, Tom. II. *Idée de l'État*, etc., p. 73.

† *Philosophy of Mysterious Agents, Human and Mundane*, by E. C. Rogers, Boston, 1853, p. 321, and elsewhere. He argues, "that, in as far as persons become 'mediums,' they are mere automatons," surrendering all mental control, and resigning their manhood.

considers it necessary, in establishing the character and divine source of the discourses and predictions delivered in the state of ecstasy, to do so without reference to the moral standing of the ecstasies. When one of his opponents (the physician who addressed to him the satirical letter already referred to) ascribes to him the position, that one must decide the divine or diabolical state of a person alleged to be inspired by reference to that person's morals and conduct, he replies, — "God forbid that I should advance so false a proposition!" And he proceeds to argue that the Deity often avails Himself, as a medium for expressing His will, of unworthy subjects. He says, —

"Who does not know that the Holy Spirit, whose divine rays are never stained, let them shine where they will, 'bloweth where it listeth,' and distributes its gifts to whom best it seems, without always causing these to be accompanied by internal virtues? Does not Scripture inform us that God caused miracles to be wrought and great prophecies to be delivered by very vicious persons, as Judas, Caiaphas, Balaam, and others? Jesus Christ himself teaches us that there will be workers of iniquity among the number of those who prophesy and of those who will work miracles in his name, declaring that on the Day of Judgment many will say unto him, 'Lord, have we not prophesied in thy name, and in thy name done many wonderful works?' and that he will reply to them, 'Depart from me, ye that work iniquity.'"

And he proceeds thus: — "If, therefore, all that our enemies allege against the character of the convulsionists were true, it does not follow that God would not employ such persons as the ministers of His miracles and His prophecies, provided, always, that these miracles and these prophecies have a worthy object, and tend to a knowledge of the truth, to the spread of charity, and to the reformation of the morals of mankind." *

* Montgéron, Tom. II. *Idee de l'État*, etc., pp. 34, 35.

These accusations of immorality are, probably, greatly exaggerated by the enemies of the Jansenists; yet one may gather, even from the tenor of Montgéron's defence, that there was more or less truth in the charges brought against the conduct of some of the convulsionists, and that the state of ecstasy, whatever its true nature, was by no means confined to persons of good moral character.

Such are the alleged facts, physical and mental, connected with this extraordinary episode in the history of mental epidemics.

On the perusal of such a narrative as the above, the questions which naturally suggest themselves are, — To what extent can we rationally attach credit to it? And, if true, what is the explanation of phenomena apparently so incredible?

As to the first, the admission of a distinguished contemporary historian, noted for his skeptical tendencies, in regard to the evidence for these alleged miracles, is noteworthy. It is in these words: — "Many of them were immediately proved on the spot before judges of unquestioned integrity, attested by witnesses of credit and distinction, in a learned age, and on the most eminent theatre that is now in the world; nor were the Jesuits, though a learned body, supported by the civil magistrate, and determined enemies to those opinions in whose favor the miracles were supposed to have been wrought, ever able distinctly to refute or detect them." *

Similar is the admission of another celebrated author, at least as skeptical as Hume, and writing at the very time, and on the very spot where these marvellous events were occurring. Diderot, speaking of the St.-Médard manifestations, says, — "We have of these pretended miracles a vast collection, which may brave the most determined incredulity. Its author, Carré de Montgéron, is a magistrate, a man of gravity, who up to that

* Hume's *Essays*, Vol. II. sect. 10.

time had been a professed materialist, — on insufficient grounds, it is true, but yet a man who certainly had no expectation of making his fortune by becoming a Jansenist. An eye-witness of the facts he relates, and of which he had an opportunity of judging dispassionately and disinterestedly, his testimony is indorsed by that of a thousand others. All relate what they have seen; and their depositions have every possible mark of authenticity; the originals being recorded and preserved in the public archives.”*

Even in the very denunciations of opponents we find corroboratory evidence of the main facts in question. Witness the terms in which the Bishop of Bethléem declaims against the scenes of St. Médard: — “What! we find ecclesiastics, priests, in the midst of numerous assemblies composed of persons of every rank and of both sexes, doffing their cassocks, habiting themselves in shirt and trousers, the better to be able to act the part of executioners, casting on the ground young girls, dragging them face-downward along the earth, and then discharging on their bodies innumerable blows, till they themselves, the dealers of these blows, are reduced to such a state of exhaustion that they are obliged to have water poured on their heads! What! we find men pretending to sentiments of religion and humanity dealing, with the full swing of their arms, thirty or forty thousand blows with heavy clubs on the arms, on the legs, on the heads of young girls, and making other desperate efforts capable of crushing the skulls of the sufferers! What! we find cultivated ladies, pious and of high rank, doctors of law, civil and canonical, laymen of character, even curates, daily witnessing this spectacle of fanaticism and horror in silence, instead of opposing it with all their force; nay, they applaud it by their presence, even by their countenance and their conversation! Was ever, throughout all history, such another example

* Diderot's *Pensées Philosophiques*. The original edition appeared in 1746, published in Paris.

of excesses thus scandalous, thus multiplied?”*

De Lan, another opponent, thus sketches the same scenes: — “Young girls, bareheaded, dashed their heads against a wall or against a marble slab; they caused their limbs to be drawn by strong men, even to the extent of dislocation; † they caused blows to be given them that would kill the most robust, and in such numbers that one is terrified. I know one person who counted four thousand at a single sitting; they were given sometimes with the palm of the hand, sometimes with the fist; sometimes on the back, sometimes on the stomach. Occasionally, heavy cudgels or clubs were employed instead. ‡ . . . Some convulsionists ran pins into their heads, without suffering any pain; others would have thrown themselves from the windows, had they not been prevented. Others, again, carried their zeal so far as to cause themselves to be hanged up by a hook,” etc. §

* Dom La Taste's *Lettres Théologiques*, Tom. II. p. 878.

† Montgéron expressly tells us, that, in the case of Marguerite Catherine Turpin, her limbs were drawn, by means of strong bands, “with such extreme violence that the bones of her knees and thighs cracked with a loud noise.” — Tom. III. p. 553.

‡ Montgéron supplies evidence that the expression *clubs*, here used, is not misapplied. He furnishes quotations from a petition addressed to the Parliament of Paris by the mother of the girl Turpin, praying for a legal investigation of her daughter's case by the attorney-general, and offering to furnish him with the names, station in life, and addresses of the witnesses to the wonderful cure, in this case, of a monstrous deformity that was almost congenital; in which petition it is stated, — “Little by little the force with which she was struck was augmented, and at last the blows were given with billets of oak-wood, one end of which was reduced in diameter so as to form a handle, while the other end, with which the strokes were dealt, was from seven to eight inches in circumference, so that these billets were in fact small clubs.” (Montgéron, Tom. III. p. 552.) This would give from eight to nine inches, English measure, or nearly three inches in diameter, and of oak!

§ *Dissertation Théologique sur les Convulsions*, pp. 70, 71.

Modern medical writers of reputation usually admit the main facts, and seek a natural explanation of them. In the article, "Convulsions," in the great "Dictionnaire des Sciences Médicales," (published in 1812-22,) which article is from the pen of an able physiologist, Dr. Montègre, we find the following, in regard to the St.-Médard phenomena:—"Carré de Montgéron surrounded these prodigies with depositions so numerous and so authentic, that, after having examined them, no doubt can remain. . . . However great my reluctance to admit such facts, it is impossible for me to refuse to receive them." As to the *succors*, so-called, he frankly confesses that they seem to him as fully proved as the rest. He says,—"There are the same witnesses, and the incidents themselves are still more clear and precise. It is not so much of cures that there is question in this case, as of apparent and external facts, in regard to which there can be no misconception."

Dr. Calmeil, in his well-known work on *Insanity*, while regarding this epidemic as one of the most striking examples of religious mania, accepts the relation of Montgéron as in the main true. "From various motives," says he, "these theomaniacs sought out the most frightful bodily tortures. Would it be credible, if it were not that the entire population of Paris concurred in testifying to the fact, that more than five hundred women pushed the rage of fanaticism or the perversion of sensibility to such a point, that they exposed themselves to burning fires, that they had their heads compressed between boards, that they caused to be administered on the abdomen, on the breast, on the stomach, on every part of the body, blows of clubs, stampings of the feet, blows with weapons of stone, with bars of iron? Yet the theomaniacs of St. Médard braved all these tests, sometimes as proofs that God had rendered them invulnerable, sometimes to demonstrate that God could cure them by means calculated to kill them, had they not been the objects of His special protection, sometimes to show that blows usually painful

only caused to them pleasant relief. The picture of the punishments to which the convulsionists submitted, as if by inspiration, so that no one might doubt, as Montgéron has it, that it was easy for the Almighty to render invulnerable and insensible bodies the most frail and delicate, would induce us to believe, if the contrary were not so conclusively established, that a rage for homicide and suicide had taken possession of the greater part of the sect of the Appellants.*

Though I am acquainted with no class of phenomena occurring elsewhere that will match the "Great Succors" of St. Médard, yet we find occasional glimpses of instincts somewhat analogous to those claimed for the convulsionists, in other examples.

In Hecker's "Epidemics of the Middle Ages" there is a chapter devoted to what he calls the "Dancing Mania," the account of which he thus introduces:—"So early as the year 1374, assemblages of men and women were seen at Aix-la-Chapelle, who had come out of Germany, and who, united by one common delusion, exhibited to the public, both in the streets and in the churches, the following strange spectacle. They formed circles hand in hand, and, appearing to have lost all control over their senses, continued dancing, regardless of the bystanders, for hours together, in wild delirium, until at length they fell to the ground in a state of exhaustion. They then complained of extreme oppression, and groaned as if in the agonies of death, until they were swathed in cloths bound tightly round their waists; upon which they recovered, and remained free from complaint until the next attack. This practice of swathing was resorted to on account of the tympany† which followed these spasmodic ravings; but the bystanders frequently relieved patients in a less artificial manner, *by thumping and trampling upon the parts affected*. While dan-

* *De la Folie*, Tom. II. p. 373.

† Tympany is defined by Johnson, "A kind of obstructed flatulence that swells the body like a drum."

cing they neither saw nor heard, being insensible to external impressions through the senses, but were haunted by visions." And again, — "In Liege, Utrecht, Tongres, and many other towns of Belgium, the dancers appeared with garlands in their hair, and their waists girt with cloths, that they might, as soon as the paroxysm was over, receive immediate relief from the attack of tympany. This bandage, by the insertion of a stick, was easily twisted tight; many, however, obtained more relief from kicks and blows, which they found numbers of persons ready to administer."*

Physicians of our own day, while magnetizing, have occasionally encountered not dissimilar phenomena. Dr. Bertrand tells us that the first patient he ever magnetized, being attacked by a disease of an hysterical character, became subject to convulsions of so long duration and so violent in character, that he had never, in all his practice, seen the like; and that she suffered horribly. He adds, — "Here is what happened during her first convulsion-fits. This unhappy girl, whose instinct was perverted by intensity of pain, earnestly entreated the persons present to press upon her with such force as at any other time would have produced the most serious injury. I had the greatest difficulty to prevent those around her from acceding to her urgent requests that they would kneel upon her with all their weight, that they would exert with their hands the utmost pressure on the pit of her stomach, even on her throat, with the view of driving off the imaginary hysterical ball of which she complained. Though at any other time such treatment would have produced severe pain, she declared that it relieved her; and when the fit passed off, she did not seem to suffer the least inconvenience from it."†

* *The Epidemics of the Middle Ages*, pp. 89-91. The same work supplies other points of analogy between this epidemic and that of St. Médard; for example: "Where the disease was completely developed, the attack commenced with epileptic convulsions." — p. 88.
† *Traité du Somnambulisme*, pp. 384, 385.

The above, connecting as it does the phenomena exhibited during the St.-Médard epidemic with those observed by animal magnetizers, brings us to the second query, namely, as to the cause of these phenomena.

And here we find physicians, not mesmerists, comparing these phenomena, and others of the same class, with the effects observed by animal magnetizers. Dr. Montègre, already quoted, says, — "The phenomena of magnetism, and those presented by cases of possession and of fascination, connect themselves with those observed among the convulsionists, not only by the most complete resemblance, but also by the cause which determines them. There is not a single phenomenon observed in the one case that has not its counterpart in the others."*

Calmeil, while admitting that the "nervous effects produced by animal magnetizers bear a close resemblance to those which have been observed at Loudun, at Louviers, and during other convulsive epidemics," offers the following, in explanation of the physical phenomena connected with the "Great Succors": —

"The energetic resistance, which, in the case of the convulsionists, the skin, the cellular tissue, and the surface of the body and limbs offered to the shock of blows, is certainly calculated to excite surprise. But many of these fanatics greatly deceived themselves, when they imagined that they were invulnerable; for it has been repeatedly proved that several of them, as a consequent of the cruel trials they solicited, suffered from large ecchymoses on the integuments, and numerous contusions on those portions of the surface which were exposed to the rudest attacks. For the rest, the blows were never administered except during the torments of convulsion; and at that time the tympany (*météorisme*) of the abdomen, the state of spasm of the uterus in women and of the alimentary canal in both sexes, the state of contraction, of orgasm, of turgescence in the

* *Dictionnaire des Sciences Médicales*, Art. *Convulsions*.

fleshy envelopes, in the muscular layers which protect and inclose the abdomen, the thorax, the principal vascular trunks, and the bony surfaces, must essentially contribute to weaken, to deaden, to nullify, the effect of the blows. Is it not by means of an analogous state of orgasm, which an over-excited will produces, that boxers and athletes find themselves in a condition to brave, to a certain point, the dangers of their profession? In fine, it is to be remarked, that, when dealing blows on the bodies of the convulsionists, the assistants employed weapons of considerable volume, having flat or rounded surfaces, cylindrical or blunted. But the action of such physical agents is not to be compared, as regards its danger, with that of thongs, switches, or other supple and flexible instruments with distinct edges. Finally, the contact and the repeated impression of the blows produced on the convulsionists the effect of a sort of salutary pounding, and rendered less poignant and less sensible the tortures of hysteria. It would have been preferable, doubtless, to make use of less murderous succors; the rage for distinction as the possessor of a miraculous gift, even more perhaps than the instinctive need of immediate relief, prompting these convulsionary theomaniacs to make choice of means calculated to act on the imagination of a populace, whose interest could be kept awake only by a constant repetition of wonders."*

Calmeil, of all the medical authors I have consulted, appears to have the most closely studied the various phases of the St.-Médard epidemic.† Yet the explanations above given seem to me quite incommensurate with the phenomena admitted.

Some of the patients, he says, suffered from ecchymosis and contusions. In plain,

unprofessional language, they were beaten black and blue. That is such a result as usually follows a few blows from a boxer's fist or from an ordinary walking-stick. But when the weapon employed is a rough iron bar weighing upwards of twenty-nine pounds, when the number of blows dealt in succession on the pit of the stomach of a young girl exceeds a hundred and fifty, and when these are delivered with the utmost force of an athletic man, is it bruises and contusions we look for as the only consequence? Or does it explain the immunity with which this frightful infliction was received, to call it a salutary pounding? The argument drawn from the turgescence of the viscera and other organs, from the spasmodic contraction of the muscles and the general state of orgasm of the system, has doubtless great weight; but does it reach far enough to explain to us the fact, (if it be a fact, and as such Calmeil accepts it,) that a girl, bent back so that her head and feet touched the floor, the centre of the vertebral column being supported on a sharp-pointed stake, received, day after day, with impunity, directly on her stomach and bowels, one hundred times in succession, a flint stone weighing fifty pounds, dropped suddenly from a height of twelve or fifteen feet? Boxers, it is true, in the excited state in which they enter the ring, receive, unmoved, from their opponents blows which would prostrate a man not prepared, by hard training, for the trial. But even such blows, in the end, sometimes prove mortal; and what should we say of substituting for the human fist a sharp-pointed rapier, and expecting that the tension of the nervous system would render impenetrable the skin of the combatant? Finally, it is to be admitted, that flexible weapons, especially if loaded, as the cat-o'-nine-tails, still used in some countries as an instrument of military punishment, occasionally is, with hard, angular substances, are among the most severe that can be employed to inflict punishment or destroy life. But what would even the poor condemned soldier, shrinking from that terrible in-

* *De la Folie, considérée sous le Point de Vue Pathologique, Philosophique, Historique, et Judiciaire*, par le Dr. Calmeil, Paris, 1845, Tom. II. pp. 386, 387.

† See, in Calmeil's work cited above, the chapter entitled *Théomanie Extato-Convulsive parmi les Jansenistes*, Tom. II. pp. 313-400.

strument of torture which modern civilization has not yet been shamed into discarding, think of the proposal to substitute for it the andiron with which Montgérón, at the twenty-fifth blow, broke an opening through a stone wall,—the executioner-drummer being commanded to deal, with his utmost strength, one hundred and sixty blows in succession, with that ponderous bar, (a bar with rough edges, no cylindrical rod,) not on the back of the culprit, but on his unprotected breast?

No wonder that De Gasparin, with all his aversion for the supernatural, and all his disinclination to admit anything which he cannot explain, after quoting from Calmeil the above explanation, feels its insufficiency, and seeks another. These are his words:—

“How does it happen, that, after being struck with the justice of these observations, one still retains a sort of intellectual uneasiness, a certain suspicion of the disproportion between the explanation and the phenomena it seeks to explain? How does it happen, that, under the influence of such an impression, many suffer themselves to be seduced into an admission of diabolical or miraculous agency? It happens, because Dr. Calmeil, faithful to the countersign of all learned bodies in England and France, refuses to admit fluidic action, or to make a single step in advance of the ordinary theory of nervous excitement. Now it is in vain to talk of contractions, of spasms, of turgescence; all this evidently fails to reach the case of the St.-Médard *succors*. To reach it we need the intervention of a peculiar force,—of a fluid which is disengaged, sometimes by the effect of certain crises, sometimes by the power of magnetism itself. Those who systematically keep up this hiatus in the study of human physiology are the best allies of the superstitions they profess to combat. . . . Suppose that study seriously undertaken, with what precision should we resolve the problem of which now we can but indicate the solution! Habituated to the wonders of the ner-

vous fluid, knowing that it can raise, at a distance, inert objects, that it can biologize, that it can communicate suppleness or rigidity, the highest development of the senses or absolute insensibility, we should not be greatly surprised to discover that it communicates also, in certain cases, elasticity and that degree of impenetrability which characterizes gum-elastic.”*

De Gasparin further explains his theory in the following passage:—“The great difficulty is not to explain the perversion of sensibility exhibited by the convulsionists. Aside from that question, does it not remain incomprehensible that feeble women should have received, without being a hundred times crushed to pieces, the frightful blows of which we have spoken? How can we explain such a power of resistance? A very small change, operated by the nervous fluid, would suffice to render the matter very simple. Let us suppose the skin and fibres of the convulsionists to acquire, in virtue of their peculiar state of excitement, a consistency analogous to that of gum-elastic; then all the facts that astonish us would become as natural as possible. With convulsionists of gum-elastic,† or, rather, whose bony framework was covered with muscles and tissues of gum-elastic, what would happen?”

He then proceeds to admit that “a vigorous thrust with a rapier, or stroke with a sabre, as such thrusts and strokes are usually dealt, would doubtless penetrate such an envelope”; but, he alleges, the St.-Médard convulsionists never, in a single instance, permitted such thrusts or strokes, with rapier or sabre, to be given; prudently restricting themselves to pressure only, exerted after the sword-point had been placed against the body. He reminds us, further, that neither razors nor pistol-balls, both of which would penetrate gum-elastic, were ever tried on the convulsionists; and he adds,—“Nei-

* *Du Surnaturel en Général*, Tom. II. pp. 94, 95.

† I translate literally the words of the original: “avec des convulsionnaires en gomme élastique,” p. 90.

ther flint stones nor andirons nor clubs nor swords and spits, pressed against it, would have broken the surface of the gum-elastic envelope. They would have produced no visible injury. At the most, they might have caused a certain degree of internal friction, more or less serious, according to the thickness of the gum-elastic cuirass which covered the bones and the various organs.*

I am fain to confess, that this imagining of men and women of gum-elastic, all but the skeleton, does not seem to me so simple a matter as it appears to have been regarded by M. de Gasparin. Let us take it for granted that his theory of a nervous fluid, which is the agent in table-moving,† is the true one. How is the mere disengaging of such a fluid to work a sudden transmutation of muscular and tendinous fibre and cellular tissue into a substance possessing the essential properties of a vegetable gum? And what becomes of the skin, ordinarily so delicate, so easily abraded or pierced, so readily injured? Is that transmuted also? Let us concede it. But the concession does not suffice. There remain the bones and cartilages, naturally so brittle, so liable to fracture. Let us even suppose the breast and stomach of a convulsionist protected by an artificial coating of actual gum-elastic, would it be a safe experiment to drop upon it, from a height of twelve feet, a flint stone weighing fifty pounds? We are expressly told that the ribs bent under the terrible shock, and sank, flattened, even to the backbone. Is it not certain, that human ribs and cartilages, in their normal state, would have snapped off, in spite of the interposed protection? Must we not, then, imagine osseous and cartilaginous fibre, too, transmuted? Indeed, while we are about it, I do not see why we should stop short of the skeleton. Since we understand nothing of the manner of transmutation, it is as easy to imagine bone turned

to gum-elastic, as skin and muscle and tendon.

In truth, if we look at it narrowly, this theory of De Gasparin is little more than a virtual admission, that, during convulsion, by some sudden change, the bodies of the patients did, as they themselves declared, become, to a marvellous extent, invulnerable, — with the suggestion added, that the nervous fluid may, after some unexplained fashion, have been the agent of that change.

For the rest, though the alleged analogy between the properties of gum-elastic and those which, in this abnormal state, the human body seems to acquire, is, to a certain extent, sustained by many of the observations above recorded, — for example, when a sharp-pointed rapier, violently pushed against Gabrielle Moler's throat, sank to the depth of four finger-breadths, and, when drawn back, seeming to attach itself to the skin, drew it back also, causing a trifling injury, — yet others seem to prove that there is little strictness in that analogy. The King's Chaplain and the Advocate of Parliament, whose testimony I have cited, both certify that the flesh occasionally reacted under the sword, swelling up, so as to thrust back the weapons, and even push back the assistants. There is no corresponding property in gum-elastic. And Montgéron expressly tells us, that, at the close of a terrible succor called for by Gabrielle Moler, when she caused four sharpened shovels, placed, one above, one below, and one on each side, of one of her breasts, to be pushed by the main force of four assistants, a committee of ladies present "had the curiosity to examine her breast immediately after this operation, and unanimously certified that they found it as hard as a stone."* If this observation can be depended on, the gum-elastic theory, even as an analogically approximating explanation of this entire class of phenomena, is untenable.

It is further to be remarked, that one of the positions assumed by M. de Gas-

* *Du Surnaturel en Général*, Tom. II. pp. 90, 91.

† See note in De Gasparin's "Experiments in Table-Moving."

* Montgéron, Tom. III. p. 703.

parin, as the basis of his hypothesis, does not tally with some of the facts detailed by Montgéron. It was *pushes* with swords, the former alleges, never *thrusts*, to which the convulsionists were exposed. I have already stated that this was *usually* the fact; but there seem to have been striking exceptions. On the authority of a priest and of an officer of the royal household, Montgéron gives us the details of a symbolical combat of the most desperate character, with rapiers, between Sisters Madeleine and Félicité, occurring in May, 1744, in the presence of thirty persons. One of the witnesses says, — “I know not if I ever saw enemies attack each other with more fury or less circumspection. They fell upon one another without the slightest precaution, thrusting against each other with the points of their rapiers at hap-hazard, wherever the thrust happened to take effect. And this they did again and again, and with all the force of which, in convulsion, they were capable, — which, as all the world knows, is a force far greater than the same persons possess in their ordinary state.”

And the officer thus further certifies: — “After the combat, Madeleine took two short swords, resembling daggers, and, holding one in each hand, dealt seven or eight blows, pushed home with all her strength, on the breast of Félicité, raising her hands and then stabbing with the utmost eagerness, just as an assassin who wished to murder some one would plunge two daggers repeatedly into his breast. Félicité received the strokes with perfect tranquillity, and without evincing the slightest emotion. Then, taking two similar daggers, she did the very same to Madeleine, who, with her arms crossed, received the thrusts as tranquilly as the other had done. Immediately afterwards, these two convulsionists attacked one another with daggers, as with the fury of two maniacs, who, having resolved on mutual destruction, were solely bent each on poniarding the other.” *

* Montgéron, Tom. III. pp. 712, 713.

It is added, that “neither the one nor the other received the least appearance of a wound, nor did either seem at all fatigued by so long and furious an exercise.”

It is not stated, in this particular instance, as it is in others, that these girls were examined by a committee of their sex, before or after the combat, to ascertain that they had under their dresses no concealed means of protection; so that the possibility of trickery must be admitted. If, as the officer who certifies appears convinced, all was fair, then M. de Gasparin's admission that a vigorous sword-thrust would penetrate the gum-elastic envelope is fatal to the theory he propounds.

Yet, withal, we may reasonably assent to the probability that M. de Gasparin, in seeking an explanation of these marvellous phenomena, may have proceeded in the right direction. Modern physicians admit, that, at times, during somnambulism, complete insensibility, resembling hysteric coma, prevails.* But if, as is commonly believed, this insensibility is caused by some modification or abnormal condition of the nervous fluid, then to some other modification or changed condition of the same fluid comparative invulnerability may be due. For there is connection, to a certain extent, between insensibility and invulnerability. A patient rendered unconscious of pain, by chloroform or otherwise, throughout the duration of a severe and prolonged surgical operation; escapes a perilous shock to the nervous system, and may survive an ordeal which, if he had felt the agony usually induced, would have proved fatal. Pain is not only a warning monitor, it becomes also, sometimes, the agent of punishment, if the warning be disregarded.

But, on the other hand, we must not forget that insensibility and invulnerability, though to a certain extent allied, are two distinct things. Injury the most serious may occur without the premoni-

* Carpenter's *Principles of Human Physiology*, p. 647.

tory warning, even without immediate subsequent suffering. A person in a perfect state of insensibility might doubtless receive, without experiencing any pain whatever, a blow that would shatter the bones of a limb, and render it powerless for life. Indeed, there is on record a well-attested case of a poor pedestrian, who, having laid himself down on the platform of a lime-kiln, and dropping asleep, and the fire having increased and burnt off one foot to the ankle, rose in the morning to depart, and knew nothing of his misfortune, until, putting his burnt limb to the ground, to support his body in rising, the extremity of his leg-bone, calcined into lime, crumbled to fragments beneath him.*

Contemporary medical authorities, even when they have the rare courage to deny to the convulsions either a divine or a diabolical character, furnish no explanation of them more satisfactory than the citing of similar cases, more or less strongly attested, in the past.† This may confirm our faith in the reality of the phenomena, but does not resolve our difficulties as to the causes of them.

It does not fall within my purpose to hazard any opinion as to these causes, nor, if it did, am I prepared to offer any. Some considerations might be adduced, calculated to lessen our wonder as to an

occasional phenomenon on this marvellous record. Physiologists, for example, are agreed that the common opinion as to the sensibility of the interior of the eye is an incorrect one; * and that consideration might be put forth, when we read that Sisters Madeleine and Félicité suffered with impunity swords to be pressed against that delicate organ; until the point sank an inch beneath its surface. But all such isolated considerations are partial, inconclusive, and, as regards any general satisfactory explanation, far short of the requirements of the case.

More weight may justly be given to another consideration: to the exaggerations inseparable from enthusiasm, and the inaccuracies into which inexperienced observers must ever fall. As to the necessity of making large allowance for these, I entirely agree with Calmeil and De Gasparin. But let the allowance made for such errors be more or less, it cannot extend to an absolute denial of the chief phenomena, unless we are prepared to follow Hume in his assertion that what is contrary to our experience can be proved by no evidence of testimony whatever,—and that, though we have here nothing, save the marvellous character of the events, to oppose to the cloud of witnesses who attest them, that alone, in the eyes of reasonable people, should be regarded as a sufficient refutation.†

The mental and psychological phenomena, only less marvellous than the physical because we have seen more of their like, will, on that account, be more readily received.

* Carpenter's *Principles of Human Physiology*, p. 561. The story, incredible if it appear, is indorsed by Carpenter as vouched for by Mr. Richard Smith, late Senior Surgeon of the Bristol Infirmary, under whose care the sufferer had been. The case resulted, after a fortnight, in death.

† Such will be found throughout Hecquet's "Le Naturalisme des Convulsions dans les Maladies," Paris, 1733. Dr. Philippe Hecquet, born in 1661, acquired great reputation in Paris as a physician, being elected in 1712 President of the Faculty of Medicine in that city. He is the author of numerous works on medical subjects. In his "Naturalisme des Convulsions," published at the very time when the St.-Médard excitement was at the highest, he admits the main facts, but denies their miraculous character.

* "The eye, contrary to the usual notions, is a very insensible part of the body, unless affected with inflammation; for, though the mucous membrane which covers its surface, and which is prolonged from the skin, is acutely sensible to tactile impressions, the interior is by no means so, as is well known to those who have operated much on this organ." — Carpenter's *Principles of Human Physiology*, p. 682.

† Hume's *Essays*, Vol. II. p. 133.

HOUSE AND HOME PAPERS.

BY CHRISTOPHER CROWFIELD.

III.

It is among the sibylline secrets which lie mysteriously between you and me, O reader, that these papers, besides their public aspect, have a private one proper to the bosom of mine own particular family.

They are not merely an *ex post facto* protest in regard to that carpet and parlor of celebrated memory, but they are forth-looking towards other homes that may yet arise near us.

For, among my other confidences, you may recollect I stated to you that our Marianne was busy in those interesting cares and details which relate to the preparing and ordering of another dwelling.

Now, when any such matter is going on in a family, I have observed that every feminine instinct is in a state of fluttering vitality,—every woman, old or young, is alive with womanliness to the tips of her fingers; and it becomes us of the other sex, however consciously respected, to walk softly, and put forth our sentiments discreetly and with due reverence for the mysterious powers that reign in the feminine breast.

I had been too well advised to offer one word of direct counsel on a subject where there were such charming voices, so able to convict me of absurdity at every turn. I had merely so arranged my affairs as to put into the hands of my bankers, subject to my wife's order, the very modest marriage-portion which I could place at my girl's disposal; and Marianne and Jennie, unused to the handling of money, were incessant in their discussions with ever-patient mamma as to what was to be done with it. I say Marianne and Jennie, for, though the case undoubtedly is Marianne's, yet, like everything else in our domestic proceedings, it seems to fall, somehow or other, into Jennie's hands, through the intensity

and liveliness of her domesticity of nature. Little Jennie is so bright and wide-awake, and with so many active plans and fancies touching anything in the housekeeping world, that, though the youngest sister, and second party in this affair, a stranger, hearkening to the daily discussions, might listen a half-hour at a time without finding out that it was not Jennie's future establishment that was in question. Marianne is a soft, thoughtful, quiet girl, not given to many words; and though, when you come fairly at it, you will find, that, like most quiet girls, she has a will five times as inflexible as one who talks more, yet, in all family-counsels, it is Jennie and mamma that do the discussion, and her own little well-considered "Yes," or "No," that finally settles each case.

I must add to this family-*tableau* the portrait of the excellent Bob Stephens, who figured as future proprietor and householder in these consultations. So far as the question of financial possibilities is concerned, it is important to remark that Bob belongs to the class of young Edmunds celebrated by the poet:—

"Wisdom and worth were all he had."

He is, in fact, an excellent-hearted and clever fellow, with a world of agreeable talents, a good tenor in a parlor-duet, a good actor at a charade, a lively, off-hand conversationist, well up in all the current literature of the day, and what is more, in my eyes, a well-read lawyer, just admitted to the bar, and with as fair business-prospects as usually fall to the lot of young aspirants in that profession.

Of course, he and my girl are duly and truly in love, in all the proper moods and tenses; but as to this work they have

in hand of being householders, managing fuel, rent, provision, taxes, gas- and water-rates, they seem to my older eyes about as sagacious as a pair of this year's robins. Nevertheless, as the robins of each year do somehow learn to build nests as well as their ancestors, there is reason to hope as much for each new pair of human creatures. But it is one of the fatalities of our ill-jointed life that houses are usually furnished for future homes by young people in just this state of blissful ignorance of what they are really wanted for, or what is likely to be done with the things in them.

Now, to people of large incomes, with ready wealth for the rectification of mistakes, it does n't much matter how the *menage* is arranged at first; they will, if they have good sense, soon rid themselves of the little infelicities and absurdities of their first arrangements, and bring their establishment to meet their more instructed tastes.

But to that greater class who have only a modest investment for this first start in domestic life mistakes are far more serious. I have known people go on for years groaning under the weight of domestic possessions they did not want, and pining in vain for others which they did, simply from the fact that all their first purchases were made in this time of blissful ignorance.

I had been a quiet auditor to many animated discussions among the young people as to what they wanted, and were to get, in which the subject of prudence and economy was discussed, with quotations of advice thereon given in serious good-faith by various friends and relations who lived easily on incomes four or five times larger than our own. Who can show the ways of elegant economy more perfectly than people thus at ease in their possessions? From what serene heights do they instruct the inexperienced beginners! Ten thousand a year gives one leisure for reflection, and elegant leisure enables one to view household economies dispassionately; hence the unction with which these gifted daugh-

ters of upper-air delight to exhort young neophytes.

"Depend upon it, my dear," Aunt Sophia Easygo had said, "it's always the best economy to get the best things. They cost more in the beginning, but see how they last! These velvet carpets on my floor have been in constant wear for ten years, and look how they wear! I never have an ingrain carpet in my house,—not even on the chambers. Velvet and Brussels cost more to begin with, but then they last. Then I cannot recommend the fashion that is creeping in, of having plate instead of solid silver. Plate wears off, and has to be renewed, which comes to about the same thing in the end as if you bought all solid at first. If I were beginning as Marianne is, I should just set aside a thousand dollars for my silver, and be content with a few plain articles. She should buy all her furniture at Messrs. David and Saul's. People call them dear, but their work will prove cheapest in the end, and there is an air and style about their things that can be told anywhere. Of course, you won't go to any extravagant lengths,—simplicity is a grace of itself."

The waters of the family-council were troubled, when Jennie, flaming with enthusiasm, brought home the report of this conversation. When my wife proceeded, with her well-trained business-knowledge, to compare the prices of the simplest elegancies recommended by Aunt Easygo with the sum-total to be drawn on, faces lengthened perceptibly.

"How are people to go to housekeeping," said Jennie, "if everything costs so much?"

My wife quietly remarked, that we had had great comfort in our own home,—had entertained unnumbered friends, and had only ingrain carpets on our chambers and a three-ply on our parlor, and she doubted if any guest had ever thought of it,—if the rooms had been a shade less pleasant; and as to durability, Aunt Easygo had renewed her carpets oftener than we. Such as ours were, they had worn longer than hers.

"But, mamma, you know everything has gone on since your day. Everybody must at least approach a certain style nowadays. One can't furnish so far behind other people."

My wife answered in her quiet way, setting forth her doctrine of a plain average to go through the whole establishment, placing parlors, chambers, kitchen, pantries, and the unseen depths of linen-closets in harmonious relations of just proportion, and showed by calm estimates how far the sum given could go towards this result. *There* the limits were inexorable. There is nothing so damping to the ardor of youthful economies as the hard, positive logic of figures. It is so delightful to think in some airy way that the things we *like* best are the cheapest, and that a sort of rigorous duty compels us to get them at any sacrifice. There is no remedy for this illusion but to show by the multiplication and addition tables what things are and are not possible. My wife's figures met Aunt Easygo's assertions, and there was a lull among the high contracting parties for a season; nevertheless, I could see Jennie was secretly uneasy. I began to hear of journeys made to far places, here and there, where expensive articles of luxury were selling at reduced prices. Now a gilded mirror was discussed, and now a velvet carpet which chance had brought down temptingly near the sphere of financial possibility. I thought of our parlor, and prayed the good fairies to avert the advent of ill-assorted articles.

"Pray keep common sense uppermost in the girls' heads, if you can," said I to Mrs. Crowfield, "and don't let the poor little puss spend her money for what she won't care a button about by-and-by."

"I shall try," she said; "but you know Marianne is inexperienced, and Jennie is so ardent and active, and so confident, too. Then they both, I think, have the impression that we are a little behind the age. To say the truth, my dear, I think your papers afford a good opportunity of dropping a thought now and then in their

minds. Jennie was asking last night when you were going to write your next paper. The girl has a bright, active mind, and thinks of what she hears."

So flattered, by the best of flatterers, I sat down to write on my theme; and that evening, at fire-light time, I read to my little senate as follows:—

WHAT IS A HOME, AND HOW TO KEEP IT.

I HAVE shown that a dwelling, rented or owned by a man, in which his own wife keeps house, is not always, or of course, a home. What is it, then, that makes a home? All men and women have the indefinite knowledge of what they want and long for when that word is spoken. "Home!" sighs the disconsolate bachelor, tired of boarding-house fare and buttonless shirts. "Home!" says the wanderer in foreign lands, and thinks of mother's love, of wife and sister and child. Nay, the word has in it a higher meaning, hallowed by religion; and when the Christian would express the highest of his hopes for a better life, he speaks of his *home* beyond the grave. The word home has in it the elements of love, rest, permanency, and liberty; but besides these it has in it the idea of an education by which all that is purest within us is developed into nobler forms, fit for a higher life. The little child by the home-fire-side was taken on the Master's knee when he would explain to his disciples the mysteries of the kingdom.

Of so great dignity and worth is this holy and sacred thing, that the power to create a HOME ought to be ranked above all creative faculties. The sculptor who brings out the breathing statue from cold marble, the painter who warms the canvas into a deathless glow of beauty, the architect who built cathedrals and hung the world-like dome of St. Peter's in mid-air, is not to be compared, in sanctity and worthiness, to the humblest artist, who, out of the poor materials afforded by this shifting, changing, selfish world, creates the secure Eden of a *home*.

A true home should be called the no-

blest work of art possible to human creatures, inasmuch as it is the very image chosen to represent the last and highest rest of the soul, the consummation of man's blessedness.

Not without reason does the oldest Christian church require of those entering on marriage the most solemn review of all the past life, the confession and repentance of every sin of thought, word, and deed, and the reception of the holy sacrament; for thus the man and woman who approach the august duty of creating a home are reminded of the sanctity and beauty of what they undertake.

In this art of home-making I have set down in my mind certain first principles, like the axioms of Euclid, and the first is, —

No home is possible without love.

All business-marriages and marriages of convenience, all mere culinary marriages and marriages of mere animal passion, make the creation of a true home impossible in the outset. Love is the jewelled foundation of this New Jerusalem descending from God out of heaven, and takes as many bright forms as the amethyst, topaz, and sapphire of that mysterious vision. In this range of creative art all things are possible to him that loveth, but without love nothing is possible.

We hear of most convenient marriages in foreign lands, which may better be described as commercial partnerships. The money on each side is counted; there is enough between the parties to carry on the firm, each having the appropriate sum allotted to each. No love is pretended, but there is great politeness. All is so legally and thoroughly arranged, that there seems to be nothing left for future quarrels to fasten on. Monsieur and Madame have each their apartments, their carriages, their servants, their income, their friends, their pursuits,—understand the solemn vows of marriage to mean simply that they are to treat each other with urbanity in those few situations where the path of life must necessarily bring them together.

We are sorry that such an idea of

marriage should be gaining foothold in America. It has its root in an ignoble view of life, — an utter and pagan darkness as to all that man and woman are called to do in that highest relation where they act as one. It is a mean and low contrivance on both sides, by which all the grand work of home-building, all the noble pains and heroic toils of home-education, — that education where the parents learn more than they teach, — shall be (let us use the expressive Yankee idiom) *shirked*.

It is a curious fact that in those countries where this system of marriages is the general rule there is no word corresponding to our English word *home*. In many polite languages of Europe it would be impossible neatly to translate the sentiment with which we began this essay, that a man's *house* is not always his *home*.

Let any one try to render the song, "Sweet Home," into French, and one finds how Anglo-Saxon is the very genius of the word. The structure of life, in all its relations, in countries where marriages are matter of arrangement, and not of love, excludes the idea of home.

How does life run in such countries? The girl is recalled from her convent or boarding-school, and told that her father has found a husband for her. No objection on her part is contemplated or provided for; none generally occurs, for the child is only too happy to obtain the fine clothes and the liberty which she has been taught come only with marriage. Be the man handsome or homely, interesting or stupid, still he brings these.

How intolerable such a marriage! we say, with the close intimacies of Anglo-Saxon life in our minds. They are not intolerable, because they are provided for by arrangements which make it possible for each to go his or her several way, seeing very little of the other. The son or daughter, which in due time makes its appearance in this *menage*, is sent out to nurse in infancy, sent to boarding-school in youth, and in maturity portioned and married, to repeat the same pro-

cess for another generation. Meanwhile, father and mother keep a quiet establishment, and pursue their several pleasures. Such is the system.

Houses built for this kind of life become mere sets of reception-rooms, such as are the greater proportion of apartments to let in Paris, where a hearty English or American family, with their children about them, could scarcely find room to establish themselves. Individual character, it is true, does something to modify this programme. There are charming homes in France and Italy, where warm and noble natures, thrown together, perhaps, by accident, or mated by wise paternal choice, infuse warmth into the coldness of the system under which they live. There are in all states of society some of such domesticity of nature that they will create a home around themselves under any circumstances, however barren. Besides, so kindly is human nature, that Love, uninvited before marriage, often becomes a guest after, and with Love always comes a home.

My next axiom is, —

There can be no true home without liberty.

The very idea of home is of a retreat where we shall be free to act out personal and individual tastes and peculiarities, as we cannot do before the wide world. We are to have our meals at what hour we will, served in what style suits us. Our hours of going and coming are to be as we please. Our favorite haunts are to be here or there, our pictures and books so disposed as seems to us good, and our whole arrangements the expression, so far as our means can compass it, of our own personal ideas of what is pleasant and desirable in life. This element of liberty, if we think of it, is the chief charm of home. "Here I can do as I please," is the thought with which the tempest-tossed earth-pilgrim blesses himself or herself, turning inward from the crowded ways of the world. This thought blesses the man of business, as he turns from his day's care, and crosses the sacred threshold. It is as restful to him as

the slippers and gown and easy-chair by the fireside. Everybody understands him here. Everybody is well content that he should take his ease in his own way. Such is the case in the *ideal* home. That such is not always the case in the real home comes often from the mistakes in the house-furnishing. Much house-furnishing is *too fine* for liberty.

In America there is no such thing as rank and station which impose a sort of prescriptive style on people of certain income. The consequence is that all sorts of furniture and belongings, which in the Old World have a recognized relation to certain possibilities of income, and which require certain other accessories to make them in good keeping, are thrown in the way of all sorts of people.

Young people who cannot expect by any reasonable possibility to keep more than two or three servants, if they happen to have the means in the outset, furnish a house with just such articles as in England would suit an establishment of sixteen. We have seen houses in England having two or three house-maids, and tables served by a butler and two waiters, where the furniture, carpets, china, crystal, and silver were in one and the same style with some establishments in America where the family was hard pressed to keep three Irish servants.

This want of servants is the one thing that must modify everything in American life; it is, and will long continue to be, a leading feature in the life of a country so rich in openings for man and woman that domestic service can be only the stepping-stone to something higher. Nevertheless, we Americans are great travellers; we are sensitive, appreciative, fond of novelty, apt to receive and incorporate into our own life what seems fair and graceful in that of other people. Our women's wardrobes are made elaborate with the thousand elegancies of French toilet, — our houses filled with a thousand knick-knacks of which our plain ancestors never dreamed. Cleopatra did not set sail on the Nile in more

state and beauty than that in which our young American bride is often ushered into her new home. Her wardrobe all gossamer lace and quaint frill and crimp and embroidery, her house a museum of elegant and costly gewgaws; and amid the whole collection of elegancies and fragilities, she, perhaps, the frailest.

Then comes the tug of war. The young wife becomes a mother, and while she is retired to her chamber, blundering Biddy rusts the elegant knives, or takes off the ivory handles by soaking in hot water,—the silver is washed in greasy soap-suds, and refreshed now and then with a thump, which cocks the nose of the teapot awry, or makes the handle assume an air of drunken defiance. The fragile China is chipped here and there around its edges with those minute gaps so vexatious to a woman's soul; the handles fly hither and thither in the wild confusion of Biddy's washing-day hurry, when cook wants her to help hang out the clothes. Meanwhile, Bridget sweeps the parlor with a hard broom, and shakes out showers of ashes from the grate, forgetting to cover the damask lounges, and they directly look as rusty and time-worn as if they had come from an auction-store; and all together unite in making such havoc of the delicate ruffles and laces of the bridal outfit and baby-*layette*, that, when the poor young wife comes out of her chamber after her nurse has left her, and, weakened and embarrassed with the demands of the new-comer, begins to look once more into the affairs of her little world, she is ready to sink with vexation and discouragement. Poor little princess! Her clothes are made as princesses wear them, her baby's clothes like a young duke's, her house furnished like a lord's, and only Bridget and Biddy and Polly to do the work of cook, scullery-maid, butler, footman, laundress, nursery-maid, house-maid, and lady's maid. Such is the array that in the Old Country would be deemed necessary to take care of an establishment got up like hers. Everything in it is *too fine*,—not too fine to be pretty, not in bad taste in itself, but

too fine for the situation, too fine for comfort or liberty.

What ensues in a house so furnished? Too often, ceaseless fretting of the nerves, in the wife's despairing, conscientious efforts to keep things as they should be. There is no freedom in a house where things are too expensive and choice to be freely handled and easily replaced. Life becomes a series of petty embarrassments and restrictions, something is always going wrong, and the man finds his fire-side oppressive,—the various articles of his parlor and table seem like so many temper-traps and spring-guns, menacing explosion and disaster.

There may be, indeed, the most perfect home-feeling, the utmost coziness and restfulness, in apartments crusted with gilding, carpeted with velvet, and upholstered with satin. I have seen such, where the home-like look and air of free use was as genuine as in a Western log-cabin; but this was in a range of princely income that made all these things as easy to be obtained or replaced as the most ordinary of our domestic furniture. But so long as articles must be shrouded from use, or used with fear and trembling, because their cost is above the general level of our means, we had better be without them, even though the most lucky of accidents may put their possession in our power.

But it is not merely by the effort to maintain too much elegance that the sense of home-liberty is banished from a house. It is sometimes expelled in another way, with all painstaking and conscientious strictness, by the worthiest and best of human beings, the blessed followers of Saint Martha. Have we not known them, the dear, worthy creatures, up before daylight, causing most scrupulous lustrations of every pane of glass and inch of paint in our parlors, in consequence whereof every shutter and blind must be kept closed for days to come, lest the flies should speck the freshly washed windows and wainscoting? Dear shade of Aunt Mehitabel, forgive our boldness! Have we not been driven for

days, in our youth, to read our newspaper in the front veranda, in the kitchen, out in the barn,—anywhere, in fact, where sunshine could be found, because there was not a room in the house that was not cleaned, shut up, and darkened? Have we not shivered with cold, all the glowering, gloomy month of May, because, the august front-parlor having undergone the spring cleaning, the andirons were snugly tied up in tissue-paper, and an elegant frill of the same material was trembling before the mouth of the once glowing fireplace? Even so, dear soul, full of loving-kindness and hospitality as thou wast, yet ever making our house seem like a tomb! And with what patience wouldst thou sit sewing by a crack in the shutters, an inch wide, rejoicing in thy immaculate paint and clear glass! But was there ever a thing of thy spotless and unsullied belongings which a boy might use? How I trembled to touch thy scoured tins, that hung in appalling brightness! with what awe I asked for a basket to pick strawberries! and where in the house could I find a place to eat a piece of gingerbread? How like a ruffian, a Tartar, a pirate, I always felt, when I entered thy domains! and how, from day to day, I wondered at the immeasurable depths of depravity which were always leading me to upset something, or break or tear or derange something, in thy exquisitely kept premises! Somehow, the impression was burned with overpowering force into my mind, that houses and furniture, scrubbed floors, white curtains, bright tins and brasses were the great, awful, permanent facts of existence,—and that men and women, and particularly children, were the meddlesome intruders upon this divine order, every trace of whose intermeddling must be scrubbed out and obliterated in the quickest way possible. It seemed evident to me that houses would be far more perfect, if nobody lived in them at all; but that, as men had really and absurdly taken to living in them, they must live as little as possible. My only idea of a house was a place full of traps and pitfalls for boys, a deadly temptation

to sins which beset one every moment; and when I read about a sailor's free life on the ocean, I felt an untold longing to go forth and be free in like manner.

But a truce to these fancies, and back again to our essay.

If liberty in a house is a comfort to a husband, it is a necessity to children. When we say liberty, we do not mean license. We do not mean that Master Johnny be allowed to handle elegant volumes with bread-and-butter fingers, or that little Miss be suffered to drum on the piano, or practise line-drawing with a pin on varnished furniture. Still it is essential that the family-parlors be not too fine for the family to sit in,—too fine for the ordinary accidents, haps and mishaps, of reasonably well-trained children. The elegance of the parlor where papa and mamma sit and receive their friends should wear an inviting, not a hostile and bristling, aspect to little people. Its beauty and its order gradually form in the little mind a love of beauty and order, and the insensible carefulness of regard.

Nothing is worse for a child than to shut him up in a room which he understands is his, *because* he is disorderly,—where he is expected, of course, to maintain and keep disorder. We have sometimes pitied the poor little victims who show their faces longingly at the doors of elegant parlors, and are forthwith collared by the domestic police and consigned to some attic-apartment, called a play-room, where chaos continually reigns. It is a mistake to suppose, because children derange a well-furnished apartment, that they like confusion. Order and beauty are always pleasant to them as to grown people, and disorder and defacement are painful; but they know neither how to create the one nor to prevent the other,—their little lives are a series of experiments, often making disorder by aiming at some new form of order. Yet, for all this, I am not one of those who feel that in a family everything should bend to the sway of these little people. They are the worst of tyrants in such houses,—still, where children are, though the fact must

not appear to them, *nothing must be done without a wise thought of them.*

Here, as in all high art, the old motto is in force, "*Ars est celare artem.*" Children who are taught too plainly by every anxious look and word of their parents, by every family-arrangement, by the impressment of every chance guest into the service, that their parents consider their education as the one important matter in creation, are apt to grow up fantastical, artificial, and hopelessly self-conscious. The stars cannot stop in their courses, even for our personal improvement, and the sooner children learn this, the better. The great art is to organize a home which shall move on with a strong, wide, generous movement, where the little people shall act themselves out as freely and impulsively as can consist with the comfort of the whole, and where the anxious watching and planning for them shall be kept as secret from them as possible.

It is well that one of the sunniest and airiest rooms in the house be the children's nursery. It is good philosophy, too, to furnish it attractively, even if the sum expended lower the standard of parlor-luxuries. It is well that the children's chamber, which is to act constantly on their impressible natures for years, should command a better prospect, a sunnier aspect, than one which serves for a day's occupancy of the transient guest. It is well that journeys should be made or put off in view of the interests of the children,—that guests should be invited with a view to their improvement,—that some intimacies should be chosen and some rejected on their account. But it is *not* well that all this should, from infancy, be daily talked out before the child, and he grow up in egotism from moving in a sphere where everything from first to last is calculated and arranged with reference to himself. A little appearance of wholesome neglect combined with real care and never-ceasing watchfulness has often seemed to do wonders in this work of setting human beings on their own feet for the life-journey.

Education is the highest object of home,

but education in the widest sense,—education of the parents no less than of the children. In a true home the man and the woman receive, through their cares, their watchings, their hospitality, their charity, the last and highest finish that earth can put upon them. From that they must pass upward, for earth can teach them no more.

The home-education is incomplete, unless it include the idea of hospitality and charity. Hospitality is a biblical and apostolic virtue, and not so often recommended in Holy Writ without reason. Hospitality is much neglected in America for the very reasons touched upon above. We have received our ideas of propriety and elegance of living from old countries, where labor is cheap, where domestic service is a well-understood, permanent occupation, adopted cheerfully for life, and where of course there is such a subdivision of labor as insures great thoroughness in all its branches. We are ashamed or afraid to conform honestly and hardily to a state of things purely American. We have not yet accomplished what our friend the Doctor calls "our weaning," and learned that dinners with circuitous courses and divers other Continental and English refinements, well enough in their way, cannot be accomplished in families with two or three untrained servants, without an expense of care and anxiety which makes them heart-withering to the delicate wife, and too severe a trial to occur often. America is the land of subdivided fortunes, of a general average of wealth and comfort, and there ought to be, therefore, an understanding in the social basis far more simple than in the Old World.

Many families of small fortunes know this,—they are quietly living so,—but they have not the steadiness to share their daily average living with a friend, a traveller, or guest, just as the Arab shares his tent and the Indian his bowl of succotash. They cannot have company, they say. Why? Because it is such a fuss to get out the best things, and then to put them back again. But why get out the

best things? Why not give your friend, what he would like a thousand times better, a bit of your average home-life, a seat at any time at your board, a seat at your fire? If he sees that there is a handle off your tea-cup, and that there is a crack across one of your plates, he only thinks, with a sigh of relief, "Well, mine a'n't the only things that meet with accidents," and he feels nearer to you ever after; he will let you come to his table and see the cracks in his tea-cups, and you will condole with each other on the transient nature of earthly possessions. If it become apparent in these entirely undressed rehearsals that your children are sometimes disorderly, and that your cook sometimes overdoes the meat, and that your second girl sometimes is awkward in waiting, or has forgotten a table-propriety, your friend only feels, "Ah, well, other people have trials as well as I," and he thinks, if you come to see him, he shall feel easy with you.

"*Having company*" is an expense that may always be felt; but easy daily hospitality, the plate always on your table for a friend, is an expense that appears on no account-book, and a pleasure that is daily and constant.

Under this head of hospitality, let us suppose a case. A traveller comes from England; he comes in good faith and good feeling to see how Americans live. He merely wants to penetrate into the interior of domestic life, to see what there is genuinely and peculiarly American about it. Now here is Smilax, who is living, in a small, neat way, on his salary from the daily press. He remembers hospitalities received from our traveller in England, and wants to return them. He remembers, too, with dismay, a well-kept establishment, the well-served table, the punctilious, orderly servants. Smilax keeps two, a cook and chambermaid, who divide the functions of his establishment between them. What shall he do? Let him say, in a fair, manly way, "My dear fellow, I'm delighted to see you. I live in a small way, but I'll do my best for you, and Mrs. Smilax will be delight-

ed. Come and dine with us, so and so, and we'll bring in one or two friends." So the man comes, and Mrs. Smilax serves up such a dinner as lies within the limits of her knowledge and the capacities of her servants. All plain, good of its kind, unpretending, without an attempt to do anything English or French, — to do anything more than if she were furnishing a gala-dinner for her father or returned brother. Show him your house freely, just as it is, talk to him freely of it, just as he in England showed you his larger house and talked to you of his finer things. If the man is a true man, he will thank you for such unpretending, sincere welcome; if he is a man of straw, then he is not worth wasting Mrs. Smilax's health and spirits for, in unavailing efforts to get up a foreign dinner-party.

A man who has any heart in him values a genuine little bit of home more than anything else you can give him. He can get French cooking at a restaurant; he can buy expensive wines at first-class hotels, if he wants them; but the traveller, though ever so rich and ever so well-served at home, is, after all, nothing but a man as you are, and he is craving something that does n't seem like an hotel, — some bit of real, genuine heart-life. Perhaps he would like better than anything to show you the last photograph of his wife, or to read to you the great, round-hand letter of his ten-year-old which he has got to-day. He is ready to cry when he thinks of it. In this mood he goes to see you, hoping for something like home, and you first receive him in a parlor opened only on state occasions, and that has been circumstantially and exactly furnished, as the upholsterer assures you, as every other parlor of the kind in the city is furnished. You treat him to a dinner got up for the occasion, with hired waiters, — a dinner which it has taken Mrs. Smilax a week to prepare for, and will take her a week to recover from, — for which the baby has been snubbed and turned off, to his loud indignation, and your young four-year-old sent to his aunts. Your traveller eats your dinner,

and finds it inferior, as a work of art, to other dinners,—a poor imitation. He goes away and criticizes; you hear of it, and resolve never to invite a foreigner again. But if you had given him a little of your heart, a little home-warmth and feeling,—if you had shown him your baby, and let him romp with your four-year-old, and eat a genuine dinner with you,—would he have been false to that? Not so likely. He wanted something real and human,—you gave him a bad dress-rehearsal, and dress-rehearsals always provoke criticism.

Besides hospitality, there is, in a true home, a mission of charity. It is a just law which regulates the possession of great or beautiful works of art in the Old World, that they shall in some sense be considered the property of all who can appreciate. Fine grounds have hours when the public may be admitted,—pictures and statues may be shown to visitors; and this is a noble charity. In the same manner the fortunate individuals who have achieved the greatest of all human works of art should employ it as a sacred charity. How many, morally wearied, wandering, disabled, are healed and comforted by the warmth of a true home! When a mother has sent her son to the temptations of a distant city, what news is so glad to her heart as that he has found some quiet family where he visits often and is made to feel *AT HOME*? How many young men have good women saved from temptation and shipwreck by drawing them often to the sheltered corner by the fireside! The poor artist,—the wandering genius who has lost his way in this world, and stumbles like a child among hard realities,—the many men and women who, while they have houses, have no homes,—see from afar, in their distant, bleak life-journey, the light of a true home-fire, and, if made welcome there, warm their stiffened limbs, and go forth stronger to their pilgrimage. Let those who have accomplished this beautiful and perfect work of divine art be liberal of its influence. Let them not seek to bolt the doors and

draw the curtains; for they know not, and will never know till the future life, of the good they may do by the ministration of this great charity of home.

We have heard much lately of the restricted sphere of woman. We have been told how many spirits among women are of a wider, stronger, more heroic mould than befits the mere routine of housekeeping. It may be true that there are many women far too great, too wise, too high, for mere housekeeping. But where is the woman in any way too great, or too high, or too wise, to spend herself in creating a home? What can any woman make diviner, higher, better? From such homes go forth all heroisms, all inspirations, all great deeds. Such mothers and such homes have made the heroes and martyrs, faithful unto death, who have given their precious lives to us during these three years of our agony!

Homes are the work of art peculiar to the genius of woman. Man *helps* in this work, but woman leads; the hive is always in confusion without the *queen-bee*. But what a woman must she be who does this work perfectly! She comprehends all, she balances and arranges all; all different tastes and temperaments find in her their rest, and she can unite at one hearthstone the most discordant elements. In her is order, yet an order ever veiled and concealed by indulgence. None are checked, reproofed, abridged of privileges by her love of system; for she knows that order was made for the family, and not the family for order. Quietly she takes on herself what all others refuse or overlook. What the unwary disarrange she silently rectifies. Everybody in her sphere breathes easy, feels free; and the driest twig begins in her sunshine to put out buds and blossoms. So quiet are her operations and movements, that none sees that it is she who holds all things in harmony; only, alas, when she is gone, how many things suddenly appear disordered, inharmonious, neglected! All these threads have been smilingly held in her weak hand. Alas, if that is no longer there!

Can any woman be such a housekeeper without inspiration? No. In the words of the old church-service, "Her soul must ever have affiance in God." The New Jerusalem of a perfect home cometh down from God out of heaven. But to make such a home is ambition high and worthy enough for *any* woman, be she what she may.

One thing more. Right on the threshold of all perfection lies *the cross* to be

taken up. No one can go over or around that cross in science or in art. Without labor and self-denial neither Raphael nor Michel Angelo nor Newton was made perfect. Nor can man or woman create a true home who is not willing in the outset to embrace life heroically, to encounter labor and sacrifice. Only to such shall this divinest power be given to create on earth that which is the nearest image of heaven.

SONG.

WE have been lovers now, my dear,
 It matters nothing to say how long,
 But still at the coming round o' th' year
 I make for my pleasure a little song;
 And thus of my love I sing, my dear, —
 So much the more by a year, by a year.

And still as I see the day depart,
 And hear the bat at my window flit,
 I sing the little song to my heart,
 With just a change at the close of it;
 And thus of my love I sing away, —
 So much the more by a day, by a day.

When in the morning I see the skies
 Breaking into a gracious glow,
 I say you are not my sweetheart's eyes,
 Your brightness cannot mislead me so;
 And I sing of my love in the rising light, —
 So much the more by a night, by a night.

Both at the year's sweet dawn and close,
 When the moon is filling, or fading away,
 Every day, as it comes and goes,
 And every hour of every day,
 My little song I repeat and repeat, —
 So much the more by an hour, my sweet!

OUR SOLDIERS.

WE entered gayly on our great contest. At the first sound from Sumter, enthusiasm blazed high and bright. Bells rang out, flags waved, the people rose as one man to cheer on our troops, and the practical American nation, surveying itself with astonishment, pronounced itself — finger on pulse — enthusiastic; and though, in the light of the present steadily burning determination, it has been the fashion gently to smile at that quick upspringing blaze, and at the times when it was gravely noted how the privates of our army took daily baths and wore Colt's revolvers, and pet regiments succumbed under showers of Havelocks, in contrast with the grim official reports of to-day, I cannot but think that enthusiasm healthful, and in itself a lesson, if only that it proves beyond question that our patriotism was not simply a dweller on the American tongue, but a thing of the American heart, so vitalizing us, so woven every day into the most minute ramifications of our living, so inner and recognized a part of our thinking, that there have been found some to doubt its existence, just as we half forget the gracious air, because no labored gasps, in place of our sure and even breathing, ever by any chance announce to us that somewhere there have been error and confusion in its vast workings.

Bitterer texts were ready all too soon. When we heard how one had fallen, bayoneted at the guns, and another was struck, charging on the foe, and a third had died after long lingering in hospital, — when we saw our brave boys, whom we had sent out with huzzas, coming back to us with the blood and grime of battle upon them, maimed, ghastly, dying, dead, — we knew that we, whom God had hitherto so blessed that we were compelled to look into the annals of other nations for misery and strife, had now commenced a record of our own. Henceforth there was for us a new literature,

new grooves of thought, new interests. By all the love of father, brother, husband, and children, we must learn more of this tragic and tender lore; and our soldiers have been a thought not far from the heart and lips of any one of us, and what is done, or doing, or possible for them, held worthiest of our thought and time.

Respecting these, we have had all to learn. True, with us, satisfaction has at all times followed close upon the announcement of a need; but wisdom in planning and administering is not a marketable commodity, and so we are educating ourselves up to the emergency, — the whole mighty nation at school, and learning, we are bound to say, with Yankee quickness. Love has been for us, also, a marvellous brain-prompter. Some of our grandest charities — I mean charities in the broadest and sweetest sense, for it is we who owe, not our soldiers — have been the inspiration of a moment's need, — thoughts of the people, who, in crises and at instance of the heart, think well and swiftly. Take this one example.

When New England's sons seized their arms, the first to answer the trumpet-call that rang out over the land, and went in the spirit of their fathers to the battle, — when these men passed through Philadelphia, hungry and weary, the great heart of the city went out to meet them. Citizens brought them into their houses, the neighboring shops gave gladly what they could, women came running with food snatched from their own tables, and even little squalid children toddled out of by-lanes and alleys with loaves and half-loaves, all that they had to give, so did the whole people yearn over their defenders; and then it was seen how other regiments would come to them, ready for the fray, but dusty and way-worn, and how the ambulances would bring them back parched and fainting,

and — it was hardly known how, only that, as in the old times, “the people were of one mind and one accord,” and brought of such things as they had; but on that sad, yet proud day, that brought back to them those who fell in Baltimore on the memorable nineteenth of April, — the heroes in whom all claim a share, and the right to say, not only Massachusetts’s dead and wounded, but ours — there was ready for them a shelter in the unpretending building famous since as the Cooper Shop. There the people crowded about them, weeping, blessing, consoling; and from that day there has no regiment from New England, New York, or any other State, been suffered to pass through Philadelphia unrefreshed. Water was supplied them, and tables ready spread, by the Volunteer Corps always in attendance, within five minutes after the firing of the gun that announced their arrival. There was shortly added, also, a volunteer hospital for the more dangerously wounded when first brought from the battle-field, and of it is told a story that Americans will like to hear.

It is of a Wisconsin soldier, who, taken prisoner, effected his escape from Richmond. Hiding by day, he forced his way at night through morass and forest, snatched such sleep as he dared on the damp and sodden earth, went without food whole days, reached our lines bruised, torn, shivering, starving, and his wounds, which had never been properly cared for, opened afresh. Let him tell the rest, straight from his heart.

“When I had my rubber blanket to wrap about me, I was comfortable, and, snug and warm in the ears, I thought myself happy; and when I heard them talk of the ‘Cooper Shop,’ I said to myself, ‘A cooper’s shop! that will be the very place of all the earth, for there I shall have a roof over me, and the shavings will be so warm and dry to lie upon!’ but when they carried me in, and I opened my eyes and saw what was the Cooper Shop, and the long tables all loaded for the poor soldiers, and when they took me to the hospital up-stairs, and placed me

in a bed, and real ladies and gentlemen, with tears in their eyes, came and waited on me, my manliness left me.”

A want of manliness, O honest heart, for which there need be no shame! Precious tribute to our country’s great love for her sons! For this is no sectional charity, only one example culled from thousands; for the land must, of a necessity, be overshadowed by the tree that has a root under almost every Northern hearth-stone; and then see how we are all bound together by the heart-strings!

Forty thousand men-at-arms are looking gravely at the height towering above the valley in which they stand. “Impregnable” military science pronounced it; but the men scaling it know nothing of this word “impregnable.” They have heard nothing of an order for retreat, — they are filled with a divine wrath of battle, and each man is as mad as his neighbor, and the officers are powerless to hold them back, and catch the infection and are swept on with them, and climbing, jumping, slipping, toiling on hands and knees, swinging from tree and bush, any way, any how, but always onward, never backward, they surge up over the mountain-top, deadly volleys crashing right in among them, and set on the Rebels with a wild hurrah! and the hearts below beat faster, and rough lips curse the blinding smoke and fog that veil all the crest, and on a sudden a shout, — such a one as the children of Israel gave, when the high-piled walls of water bent and swayed and came waving and thundering down on Pharaoh’s hopeless hosts, — for there, high up in heaven, streaming out through parting smoke, is the flag, torn, blood-stained, ball-riddled, but the dear old red, white, and blue, waving over the enemy’s works; and then the telegraph flashed out the brave news over the exulting country, and the press took up the story, and women said, with kindling faces, “My son, or my brother, or my husband may be dead, but, oh, our boys have done glorious things at Lookout Mountain!” — and History will tell how a grander charge was never made, and

calmly note the loss in dead and wounded, — so many thousands, — and pass on.

But we are not History, and our dead, — well, we will give them graves that shall be ever green with laurels, and their swords shall be our most precious legacy to our children, and their memories shall be a part of our household; but our wounded, for whom there is yet hope, who may yet live, — the cry goes up from Wisconsin, and Maine, and Iowa, and New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Massachusetts, Where are they, and how cared for? We are all, as I said, bound by the heart-strings in a common interest. The Boston woman with her boy in the Army of the Cumberland, and the Maine mother with one in New Orleans or Texas, and the Kansas father with a son in the Army of the Potomac, all clamor, "Is mine among the wounded, and do care and science for him all that care and science should?"

The Field Relief Corps of the Sanitary Commission are prompt on the battle-field, reaching the groaning sufferers even before their own surgeons. Said one man, lying there badly wounded, —

"And what do they pay yez for this? What do you get?"

"Pay! We ask nothing, only the soldier's 'God bless you.'"

"And is that all? Then sure here 's plenty of the coin, fresh minted! God bless you! God bless you! and the good Lord be good to you, and remember yez as you have remembered us, and love yez and your children after you; and sure, if that is all, it 's plenty of that sort of pay the poor soldier has for you!"

God bless such men! we echo; but after that, what then? Our beloved are taken to the hospitals, and we know, in a general way, that hospitals are buildings containing long rows of beds, and that science is doing its utmost in their behalf; but when our friends write us from across seas, they tell us, not only how they are, but where, — jotting down little pen-and-ink pictures to show us how stands the writing-table, and how hangs the picture, and where is the *fauteuil*, that we may see them as they are daily; so we crave

something more, we feel shut out, we want to get at their daily living, to know something of hospital-life.

Hospitals have sprung up as if sown broadcast, and these, too, of no mean order. True, in our first haste and inexperience, viciously planned hospitals were erected; but these and the Crimean blunders have served us as beacons, and the anxious care of the Government has been untiring, the outlay of money and things more precious unbounded; and those who have had this weighty matter in charge have no reason to fear an account of their stewardship. The Boston Free Hospital in excellence of plan and beauty of design can be excelled by none. Philadelphia boasts the two largest military hospitals in the world. Of the twenty-three in and about Washington many are worthy of all praise. The general hospital at Fort Schuyler is admirable in plan and *locale*, and this latter condition is found to be of vast importance. A Rebel battery, with an incurable habit of using the hospital as a target, would scarcely be so dangerous as a low, water-sogged, clayey soil, with its inevitable results of fever, rheumatism, and bowel-complaints.

Spotless cleanliness is another indispensable characteristic, — not only urged, but enforced; for there is no such notable housewife as the Government. The vast "Mower" Hospital at Chestnut Hill, the largest in the world, is as well kept as a lady's boudoir should be. It is built around a square of seven acres, in which stand the surgeon's lecture-room, the chapel, the platform for the band, etc. A long corridor goes about this square, rounded at the corners, and lighted on one side by numerous large windows, which, if removed in summer, must leave it almost wholly open. From the opposite side radiate the sick-wards, fifty in number, one story in height, one hundred and seventy-five feet in length, and twenty feet farther apart at the extremity than at the corridor, thus completely isolating them from each other. A railway runs the length of the corridor, on which small cars convey meals to the mess-rooms at-

tached to each of the wards for those who are unable to leave them, stores, and even the sick themselves; and the corridor, closed in winter and warmed by stoves, forms a huge and airy exercise-hall for the convalescent patients. As for the cooking-facilities, they are something prodigious, at least in the sight of ordinary kitchens, leaving nothing to be desired, unless it were that discriminating kettle of the Erse king, that could cook for any given number of men and apportion the share of each to his rank and needs. Such a kettle might make the "extra-diet" kitchen unnecessary; otherwise, I can hardly tell where improvement would be possible.

But though, with the exception of the West Philadelphia, none can compare in hugeness with this Skrymir of hospitals, the hospital-buildings, as a rule, have everywhere a strong family-likeness. The pavilion-system, which isolates each of the sick-wards, allowing it free circulation of air about three of its sides, is conceded to be the only one worthy of attention, and is introduced in all such buildings of modern date. Ridge-ventilation, obtained by means of openings on either side of the ridge, is also very generally used, and advocated even in permanent hospitals of stone and brick. Science and Common Sense at last have fraternized, and work together hand in hand. The good old-fashioned plan of slowly stewing the patient to death, or at least to a fever, in confined air and stale odors, equal parts, is almost abandoned; and to speak after the manner of Charles Reade, "Nature gets now a pat on the back, instead of a kick under the bed." Proper ventilation begins, ends, and forms the gist of almost every chapter in our hospital-manuals; and I think they should be excellent summer-reading, for a pleasant breeze seems to rustle every page, so earnestly is, first, pure air, second, pure air, and third, pure air, impressed upon the student, "line upon line and precept upon precept."

The Mower Hospital, which employs ten hundred and fifty gas-burners, uses

daily one hundred and fifty thousand gallons of water, and can receive between five and six thousand patients, is free even from a suspicion of the "hospital-smell." The Campbell and Harewood, at Washington, are models in this respect, and can rank with many a handsome drawing-room. The last-named institution is also delightfully situated on grounds once belonging to the Rebel Corcoran, comprising some two hundred acres, laid out with shaded walks, and adorned with rustic bridges and summer-houses,—a fashion of deriving aid and comfort from the enemy which does n't come under the head of treason.

On hygienic grounds, all possible traps are set to catch sunbeams. One hospital has a theatre in the mess-room, of which the scenery is painted by a convalescent, and the stage, foot-lights, etc., are the work of the soldiers. The performers are amateurs, taken from among the patients; and the poor fellows who can be moved, but are unable to walk, are carried down in the dumb-waiter to share in the entertainment. Another has a library, reading-room, and a printing-press, which strikes off a weekly newspaper, in which are a serial story, poetry, and many profound and moral reflections. The men play cards and backgammon, read, write, smoke, and tell marvellous stories, commencing, "It was n't fairly day, and we were hardly wide enough awake to tell a tree-stump from a gray coat,"—or, "When we saw them coming, we first formed in square, corner towards them you know, and waited till they were close on us, and then, Sir, we opened and gave them our cannon, grape-shot, right slap into them,"—or good-humoredly rally each other, as in the case of that unlucky regiment perfectly cut up in its first battle, and known as "six-weeks' soldiers and six-months' hospital-men."

But these are mere surface-facts. Hospital-life is woven in a different pattern from our own, the shades deeper, the gold brighter, and we find in it very much of heroism in plain colors, and self-sacrifice of rough texture.

One poor fellow, yet dim-eyed and faint from long battling for his ebbing life, will motion away the offered delicacy, pointing to some other bed:—"Give it to him; he needs it more than I"; or sometimes, if money is offered, "I have just been paid off; let that man have it; he has nothing." Then some of the convalescents furnish our best and tenderest nurses. A soldier was brought from Richmond badly wounded in the leg. While in the prison his wounds had received no attention, and he was in such enfeebled condition, that, when amputation became inevitable, it was feared he would die of the operation. Hardly breathing, made over apparently unto death, one of these soldier-nurses took him in charge, for five days and nights kept close by his bed, scarcely leaving him an instant, watching his faltering, flickering breath, as his mother might have done, wresting him by force of vigilance and tenderest care from the very clutch of the Destroyer, rejoicing over his recovery as for that of a dear and only brother. Another, likewise brought from Richmond, won the pity of a lady, a chance visitor. She came to him every day, a distance of five miles, washed his wounds, dressed them, nursed him back into the confines of life, obtained for him a furlough, took him to her own house to complete the cure, and sent him back to his regiment—well.

Over a third, a ruddy-faced New-England boy hardly yet into manhood, lung the shadow of death, and quivering lips and swimming eyes—for they come, there, to love our poor boys most tenderly—had spoken his death-warrant. He was silent a moment. Even a brave soul stops and catches breath, at the unexpected nearness of the Great Revelation; then he asked to be baptized,—“because his mother was a Christian, and he had promised her, if he died, and not on battle-field, to have this rite performed, that she might know that he shared this Holy Faith with her, and was not forgetful of her wishes”; and so he was baptized, and died.

There are cheerier phases. Side by

side lay a New-Yorker, a Pennsylvanian, and a Scotch boy, all terribly wounded. By the by, it is a curious fact that there are few sabre-wounds, and almost literally none from the bayonet; the work of destruction being, in almost all cases, that of the rending Minié ball. The fathers of the New-Yorker and Pennsylvanian had just visited them, and they were chatting cheerily of their homes. The Scotch boy, who had lost a leg, looked up, brightly smiling also.

“My mother will be here on Wednesday, from Scotland. When she knew that I had enlisted, she sent me word that I had done well to take up arms for a country that had been so good to me; and when she heard that I was wounded, she wrote that she should take the next steamer for the United States.”

And, as might have been expected from such a woman, on Wednesday she *was* by his bedside, redeeming her word to the very day.

Sometimes the men grumble a little. One poor fellow, with a bullet through his lungs, took high and strong ground against the meat:—"Oh! God love ye! how could a body eat it, swimming in fat? but the eggs, they was beautiful; and the toast is good; ye'll send me some of that for me supper?" But as a rule they are cheery and contented, grow strongly attached to their nurses and the visitors, and, when back in camp, write letters of fond remembrance to their hospital-homes.

No one has ever suspected ledgers of a latent angelic principle,—and yet, if unpaid benevolence, consolation poured on wounded hearts, hope given to despair, and help to poverty and misery, have in them anything heavenly, then have our soldiers a guardian angel in the Hospital Directory. There has been a battle, and three or four days of maddening suspense, and then the cold, hopeless newspaper-list; and your son, mother, who played about your knee only a little time ago, and went out in his youthful pride to battle, is there, wounded,—or your lover, girl, who has taught you the deeper

meaning of a woman's life,—or your husband, sad woman, whose children stand at your knee scared by your tears.

"The regiment stood like a rock against the enemy's furious onset, and its blood-stained colors are forever glorious"; but it went out nine hundred strong, and it comes back with two hundred, and what do you care now for laurel-wreaths? He is not with them. There are railroads, — you can near the battle-field, but you cannot reach it; you can inquire, but the officers must care for the living, — "let the dead bury their dead"; and while you are frantically asking and searching, he is dying, suffering, calling for you; and then you find that the Hospital Directory has trace of him, and the kindly, patient members of the Sanitary Commission are ready with time, and money, if needed, to put you on it; and if ever you have had that horror of uncertainty strong upon you, you will not think that I have strained the language, when I call this most pitiful and Christian charity a guardian angel. Hear the inquiries: — "By the love you bear your own mother, tell me where my boy is! only give me some tidings!" "I pray you, tell me of these two nephews for whom I am seeking: I have had fourteen nephews in the service, and these two are the only ones left." Words like these put soul and meaning into the following statistics, given by Mr. Brown, Superintendent of the Hospital Directory at Washington.

"The Washington Bureau of the Hospital Directory of the United States Sanitary Commission was opened to the public on the twenty-seventh of November, 1862. In the month of December following I was ordered to Louisville, Ky., to organize a Directory Bureau for the Western Department of the Sanitary Commission, and in January ended my labor in that department. Returning to Washington, and thence proceeding to Philadelphia and New York upon the same duty performed at the West, I completed the entire organization of the four bureaus by the fifth of March, 1863. Since the first of June, at these several

bureaus, the returns from every United States General Hospital of the army, 233 in number, have been regularly received.

"The total number of names on record is 513,437. The total number of inquiries for information has been 12,884, and the number of successful answers rendered 9,203, being seventy-two per cent. on the number received. The remaining twenty-eight per cent., of whom no information could be obtained, are of those who perished in the Peninsula campaign, before Fredericksburg, Gettysburg, etc."

In the Sanitary Commission, mentioned here, our soldiers have yet another friend, for whom even our copious Anglo-Saxon can find no word of description at once strong, wise, tender, and far-reaching; but perhaps a simple story, taken from the Sanitary Commission Bulletin, will speak more clearly, and better to the heart, than pages of dry records.

"Away up in the fourth story of Hospital No. 3, and in a far corner of the ward, was seen, one day, an old lady sitting by the side of a mere lad, who was reduced to the verge of death by chronic diarrhœa. She was a plain, honest-hearted farmer's wife, her face all aglow with motherly love, and who, to judge from appearances, had likely never before travelled beyond the limits of her neighborhood, but now had come many a long mile to do what might be done for her boy. In the course of a conversation she informed her questioner, that, 'if she could only get something that tasted like home,—some good tea, for instance, which she could make herself, and which would be better than that of the hospital,—she thought it might save her son's life.' Of course it was sent to her, and on a subsequent visit she expressed her thanks in a simple, hearty way, quite in keeping with her appearance. Still she seemed sad; something was on her mind that evidently troubled her, and, like Banquo's ghost, 'would not down.' At length it came out in a confiding, innocent way,—more, evidently, because it was uppermost in her thoughts than for

the purpose of receiving sympathy, — that her means were about exhausted. 'I did n't think that it would take so much money; it is so much farther away from home than I had thought, and board here is so very high, that I have hardly enough left to take me back; and by another week I will have to leave him. I have been around to the stores to buy some little things that he would eat, — for he can't eat this strong food, — but the prices are so high that I can't buy them, and I am afraid, that, if I go away, and if he does n't get something different to eat, that maybe,' and the tears trickled down her cheeks, 'he won't — be so well.'

"Her listener thought that difficulty might be overcome, and, if she would put on her bonnet, they would go to a store where articles were cheap. Accordingly they arrived in front of the large three-story building which Government has assigned to the Commission, and the old lady was soon running her eyes over the long rows of boxes, bales, and barrels that stretched for a hundred feet down the room, but was most fascinated by the bottles and cans on the shelves. He ordered a supply of sugar, tea, soft crackers, and canned fruit, then chicken and oysters, then jelly and wine, brandy, milk, and under-clothing, till the basket was full. As the earlier articles nestled under its lids, her face was glowing with satisfaction; but as the later lots arrived, she would draw him aside to whisper that 'it was too much,' — 'really she had n't enough money'; and when the more expensive items came from the shelves, the shadow of earnestness which gloomed her countenance grew into one of perplexity, her soul vibrating between motherly yearning for the lad on his bed and the scant purse in her pocket, till, slowly, and with great reluctance, she began to return the costliest.

"'Had n't you better ask the price?'" said her guide.

"'How much is it?'"

"'Nothing,' replied the store-keeper.

"'Sir!'" queried she, in the utmost amazement, '*nothing* for all this?'

"'My good woman,' asked the guide, 'have you a Soldiers' Aid Society in your neighborhood?'"

"'Yes, they had; she belonged to it herself.

"'Well, what do you suppose becomes of the garments you make, and the fruit you put up?'"

"'She had n't thought, — she supposed they went to the army, — but was evidently bothered to know what connection there could be between their Aid Society and that basket.

"'These garments that you see came from your society, or other societies just like yours; so did these boxes and barrels; that milk came from New York; those fruits from Boston; that wine was likely purchased with gold from California; and it is all for sick soldiers, your son as much as for any one else. This is the United States Sanitary Commission storehouse; you must come here whenever you wish, and call for everything you want; and you must stay with your son until he is able to go home: never mind the money's giving out; you shall have more, which, when you get back, you can refund for the use of other mothers and sons; when you are ready to go, I will put him in a berth where he can lie down, and you shall save his life yet.'

"'She did, — God bless her innocent, motherly heart! — when nothing but motherly care could have achieved it; and when last seen, on a dismal, drizzly morning, was, with her face beaming out the radiance of hope, making a cup of tea on the stove of a caboose-car for the convalescent, who was snugly tucked away in the caboose-berth, waiting the final whistle of the locomotive that would speed them both homeward."

But for many of our soldiers there is yet another phase in store, — that sad time when the clangor and fierce joy and wild, exulting hurrah of the battle are over forever; and so, too, is over tender hospital-nursing, and they are sent out by hundreds, cured of their wounds, but maimed, the sources of life half drained, vigor gone, hope all spent, to limp through

the blind alleys and by-ways of life, dropped out of the remembrance of a country that has used and forgotten them. They have given for her, not life, but all that makes life pleasant, hopeful, or even possible. It seems to me, that, in common decency, if she has no laurels to spare, she should at least give them in return — a daily dinner. Already, however, has the idea been set forth, after a better fashion than I can hope to do, — in wood and stone, and by the aid of a charter.

In Philadelphia stands the first chartered "Home" for disabled soldiers, a cheery old house, dating back to the occupation of the city by the British army in 1777-8, founded and supported by private citizens, open to all, of whatever State, and fully looking its title, a "Home"; and as the want is more widely felt, and presses closer upon us, I cannot but think that everywhere we shall find such "Homes," and as we grow graver, sadder, and wiser, under the hard teaching of our war, and more awake to the thought that we have done with our splendid unclouded youth, and must now take upon us the sterner responsibilities of our manhood, that a new spirit will spring up among us, — the spirit of that woman who, with a bedridden mother,

an ailing sister, and a shop to tend, as their only means of support, yet finds time to visit our sick soldiers, and carry to them the little that she can spare, and that which she has begged of her wealthier neighbors, — the spirit of that poor seamstress who snatches an hour daily from her exhausting toil to sew for the soldiers, — the spirit of that mechanic, who, having nothing to give, makes boxes in his evening leisure, and sells them for the soldiers, — the spirit of the brooks, that never hesitate between up-hill and down, because "all the rivers run into the sea, yet the sea is never full," — the spirit of all who do with love and zeal whatever their hands find to do, and sigh, not because it is so little, but because it is not better.

God grant that this spirit may obtain among us, — that our soldiers, and their helpless families, may be to us a national trust, for which we are bound individually, even the very humblest and meanest of us, to care. The field is vast, and white for the harvest. Now, for the love of Christ, in the name of honor, for very shame's sake, where we counted our laborers by tens, let us number them by fifties, — where there were hundreds, let there be thousands.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

BY ONE WHO KNEW HIM.

THE great master of English prose has left us suddenly, but to himself not unexpectedly. In the maturity of his powers, with his enduring position in literature fairly won and recognized, with the provision which spurred him to constant work secured to those he loved, his death saddens us rather through the sense of our own loss than from the tragic regret which is associated with an unaccomplished destiny. More fortunate than Field-

ing, he was allowed to take the measure of his permanent fame. The niche wherein he shall henceforth stand was chiselled while he lived. One by one the doubters confessed their reluctant faith, unfriendly critics dropped their blunted steel, and no man dared to deny him the place which was his, and his only, by right of genius.

In one sense, however, he was misunderstood by the world, and he has died before that profounder recognition which

he craved had time to mature. All the breadth and certainty of his fame failed to compensate him for the lack of this: the man's heart coveted that justice which was accorded only to the author's brain. Other pens may sum up the literary record he has left behind: I claim the right of a friend who knew and loved him to speak of him as a man. The testimony, which, while living, he was too proud to have desired, may now be laid reverently upon his grave.

There is a delicacy to be observed in describing one's intercourse with a departed great man, since death does not wholly remove that privacy which it is our duty to respect in life. Yet the veil which we charitably drop upon weakness or dishonor may surely be lifted to disclose the opposite qualities. I shall repeat no word of Thackeray's which he would have wished unsaid or suppressed: I shall say no more than he would himself have said of a contemporary to whom the world had not done full justice. During a friendship of nearly seven years, he permitted me to see that one true side of an author's nature which is never so far revealed to the public that the malignant may avail themselves of his candor to assail or the fools to annoy him. He is now beyond the reach of malice, obtrusive sentiment, or vain curiosity; and the "late remorse of love," which a better knowledge of the man may here and there provoke, can atone for past wrong only by that considerate, tender judgment of the living of which he was an example.

I made Thackeray's acquaintance in New York towards the close of the year 1855. With the first grasp of his broad hand, and the first look of his large, serious gray eyes, I received an impression of the essential manliness of his nature,—of his honesty, his proud, almost defiant candor, his ever-present, yet shrinking tenderness, and that sadness of the moral sentiment which the world persisted in regarding as cynicism. This impression deepened with my further acquaintance, and was never modified. Although he

belonged to the sensitive, irritable genus, his only manifestations of impatience which I remember were when that which he had written with a sigh was interpreted as a sneer. When so misunderstood, he scorned to set himself right. "I have no brain above the eyes," he was accustomed to say; "I describe what I see." He was quick and unerring in detecting the weaknesses of his friends, and spoke of them with a tone of disappointment sometimes bordering on exasperation; but he was equally severe upon his own shortcomings. He allowed no friend to think him better than his own deliberate estimate made him. I have never known a man whose nature was so immovably based on truth.

In a conversation upon the United States, shortly after we first met, he said, —

"There is one thing in this country which astonishes me. You have a capacity for culture which contradicts all my experience. There are ——" (mentioning two or three names well known in New York) "who I know have arisen from nothing, yet they are fit for any society in the world. They would be just as self-possessed and entertaining in the presence of stars and garters as they are here to-night. Now, in England, a man who has made his way up, as they have, does n't seem able to feel his social dignity. A little bit of the flunky sticks in him somewhere. I am, perhaps, as independent in this respect as any one I know, yet I'm not entirely sure of myself."

"Do you remember," I asked him, "what Goethe says of the boys in Venice? He explains their cleverness, grace, and self-possession as children by the possibility of any one of them becoming Doge."

"That may be the secret, after all," said Thackeray. "There is no country like yours for a young man who is obliged to work for his own place and fortune. If I had sons, I should send them here."

Afterwards, in London, I visited with

him the studio of Baron Marochetti, the sculptor, who was then his next-door neighbor in Onslow Square, Brompton. The Baron, it appeared, had promised him an original wood-cut of Albert Dürer's, for whom Thackeray had a special admiration. Soon after our entrance, the sculptor took down a small engraving from the wall, saying, —

"Now you have it, at last."

The subject was St. George and the Dragon.

Thackeray inspected it with great delight for a few minutes: then, suddenly becoming grave, he turned to me and said, —

"I shall hang it near the head of my bed, where I can see it every morning. We all have our dragons to fight. Do you know yours? I know mine: I have not one, but two."

"What are they?" I asked.

"Indolence and Luxury!"

I could not help smiling, as I thought of the prodigious amount of literary labor he had performed, and at the same time remembered the simple comfort of his dwelling, next door.

"I am serious," he continued; "I never take up the pen without an effort; I work only from necessity. I never walk out without seeing some pretty, useless thing which I want to buy. Sometimes I pass the same shop-window every day for months, and resist the temptation, and think I'm safe; then comes the day of weakness, and I yield. My physician tells me I must live very simply, and not dine out so much; but I cannot break off the agreeable habit. I shall look at this picture and think of my dragons, though I don't expect ever to overcome them."

After his four lectures on the Georges had been delivered in New York, a storm of angry abuse was let loose upon him in Canada and the other British Provinces. The British-Americans, snubbed both by Government and society when they go to England, repay the slight, like true Christians, by a rampant loyalty unknown in the mother-country. Many

of their newspapers accused Thackeray of pandering to the prejudices of the American public, affirming that he would not dare to repeat the same lectures in England, after his return. Of course, the papers containing the articles, duly marked to attract attention, were sent to him. He merely remarked, as he threw them contemptuously aside, — "These fellows will see that I shall not only repeat the lectures at home, but I shall make them more severe, just because the auditors will be Englishmen." He was true to his promise. The lecture on George IV. excited, not, indeed, the same amount of newspaper-abuse as he had received from Canada, but a very angry feeling in the English aristocracy, some members of which attempted to punish him by a social ostracism. When I visited him in London, in July, 1856, he related this to me, with great good-humor. "There, for instance," said he, "is Lord ——" (a prominent English statesman) "who has dropped me from his dinner-parties for three months past. Well, he will find that I can do without his society better than he can do without mine." A few days afterwards Lord —— resumed his invitations.

About the same time I witnessed an amusing interview, which explained to me the great personal respect in which Thackeray was held by the aristocratic class. He never hesitated to mention and comment upon the censure aimed against him in the presence of him who had uttered it. His fearless frankness must have seemed phenomenal. In the present instance, Lord ——, who had dabbled in literature, and held a position at Court, had expressed himself (I forget whether orally or in print) very energetically against Thackeray's picture of George IV. We had occasion to enter the shop of a fashionable tailor, and there found Lord——. Thackeray immediately stepped up to him, bent his strong frame over the disconcerted champion of the Royal George, and said, in his full, clear, mellow voice, — "I know what you have said. Of course, you are quite right,

and I am wrong. I only regret that I did not think of consulting you before my lecture was written." The person addressed evidently did not know whether to take this for irony or truth: he stammered out an incoherent reply, and seemed greatly relieved when the giant turned to leave the shop.

At other times, however, he was kind and considerate. Reaching London one day in June, 1857, I found him at home, grave and sad, having that moment returned from the funeral of Douglas Jerrold. He spoke of the periodical attacks by which his own life was threatened, and repeated what he had often said to me before, — "I shall go some day, — perhaps in a year or two. I am an old man already." He proposed visiting a lady whom we both knew, but whom he had not seen for some time. The lady reminded him of this fact, and expressed her dissatisfaction at some length. He heard her in silence, and then, taking hold of the crape on his left arm, said, in a grave, quiet voice, — "I must remove this, — I have just come from poor Jerrold's grave."

Although, from his experience of life, he was completely *désillusionné*, the well of natural tenderness was never dried in his heart. He rejoiced, with a fresh, boyish delight, in every evidence of an unspoiled nature in others, — in every utterance which denoted what may have seemed to him over-faith in the good. The more he was saddened by his knowledge of human weakness and folly, the more gratefully he welcomed strength, virtue, sincerity. His eyes never unlearned the habit of that quick moisture which honors the true word and the noble deed.

His mind was always occupied with some scheme of quiet benevolence. Both in America and in England, I have known him to plan ways by which he could give pecuniary assistance to some needy acquaintance or countryman without wounding his sensitive pride. He made many attempts to procure a good situation in New York for a well-known

English author, who was at that time in straitened circumstances. The latter, probably, never knew of this effort to help him. In November, 1857, when the financial crisis in America was at its height, I happened to say to him, playfully, that I hoped my remittances would not be stopped. He instantly picked up a note-book, ran over the leaves, and said to me, "I find I have three hundred pounds at my banker's. Take the money now, if you are in want of it; or shall I keep it for you, in case you may need it?" Fortunately, I had no occasion to avail myself of his generous offer; but I shall never forget the impulsive, open-hearted kindness with which it was made.

I have had personal experience of Thackeray's sense of justice, as well as his generosity. And here let me say that he was that rarest of men, a cosmopolitan Englishman, — loving his own land with a sturdy, enduring love, yet blind neither to its faults nor to the virtues of other lands. In fact, for the very reason that he was unsparing in dealing with his countrymen, he considered himself justified in freely criticizing other nations. Yet he never joined in the popular depreciation of everything American: his principal reason for not writing a book, as every other English author does who visits us, was that it would be superficial, and might be unjust. I have seen him, in America, indignantly resent an ill-natured sneer at "John Bull," — and, on the other hand, I have known him to take *our* part, at home. Shortly after Emerson's "English Traits" appeared, I was one of a dinner-party at his house, and the book was the principal topic of conversation. A member of Parliament took the opportunity of expressing his views to the only American present.

"What does Emerson know of England?" he asked. "He spends a few weeks here, and thinks he understands us. His work is false and prejudiced and shallow."

Thackeray happening to pass at the moment, the member arrested him with—

"What do *you* think of the book, Mr. Thackeray?"

"I don't agree with Emerson."

"I was sure you would not!" the member triumphantly exclaimed; "I was sure you would think as I do."

"I think," said Thackeray, quietly, "that he is altogether too laudatory. He admires our best qualities so greatly that he does not scourge us for our faults as we deserve."

Towards the end of May, 1861, I saw Thackeray again in London. During our first interview, we talked of little but the war, which had then but just begun. His chief feeling on the subject was a profound regret, not only for the nation itself, whose fate seemed thus to be placed in jeopardy, but also, he said, because he had many dear friends, both North and South, who must now fight as enemies. I soon found that his ideas concerning the cause of the war were as incorrect as were those of most Englishmen at that time. He understood neither the real nature nor the extent of the conspiracy, supposing that Free Trade was the chief object of the South, and that the right of Secession was tacitly admitted by the Constitution. I thereupon endeavored to place the facts of the case before him in their true light, saying, in conclusion,—"Even if you should not believe this statement, you must admit, that, if *we* believe it, we are justified in suppressing the Rebellion by force."

He said,—"Come, all this is exceedingly interesting. It is quite new to me, and I am sure it will be new to most of us. Take your pen and make an article out of what you have told me, and I will put it into the next number of the 'Cornhill Magazine.' It is just what we want."

I had made preparations to leave London for the Continent on the following day, but he was so urgent that I should stay two days longer and write the article that I finally consented to do so. I was the more desirous of complying, since Mr. Clay's ill-advised letter to the London "Times" had recently been pub-

lished, and was accepted by Englishmen as the substance of all that could be said on the side of the Union. Thackeray appeared sincerely gratified by my compliance with his wishes, and immediately sent for a cab, saying,— "Now we will go down to the publishers, and have the matter settled at once. I am bound to consult them, but I am sure they will see the advantage of such an article."

We found the managing publisher in his office. He looked upon the matter, however, in a very different light. He admitted the interest which a statement of the character, growth, and extent of the Southern Conspiracy would possess for the readers of the "Cornhill," but objected to its publication, on the ground that it would call forth a counter-statement, which he could not justly exclude, and thus introduce a political controversy into the magazine. I insisted that my object was not to take notice of any statements published in England up to that time, but to represent the crisis as it was understood in the Loyal States and by the National Government; that I should do this simply to explain and justify the action of the latter; and that, having once placed the loyal view of the subject fairly before the English people, I should decline any controversy. The events of the war, I added, would soon draw the public attention away from its origin, and the "Cornhill," before the close of the struggle, would probably be obliged to admit articles of a more strongly partisan character than that which I proposed to write. The publisher, nevertheless, was firm in his refusal, not less to Thackeray's disappointment than my own. He decided upon what then seemed to him to be good business-reasons; and the same consideration, doubtless, has since led him to accept statements favorable to the side of the Rebellion.

As we were walking away, Thackeray said to me,—

"I am anxious that these things should be made public: suppose you write a brief article, and send it to the 'Times'?"

"I would do so," I answered, "if there

were any probability that it would be published."

"I will try to arrange that," said he. "I know Mr. ———," (one of the editors,) "and will call upon him at once. I will ask for the publication of your letter as a personal favor to myself."

We parted at the door of a club-house, to meet again the same afternoon, when Thackeray hoped to have the matter settled as he desired. He did not, however, succeed in finding Mr. ———, but sent him a letter. I thereupon went to work the next day, and prepared a careful, cold, dispassionate statement, so condensed that it would have made less than half a column of the "Times." I sent it to the editor, referring him to Mr. Thackeray's letter in my behalf, and that is the last I ever heard of it.

All of Thackeray's American friends will remember the feelings of pain and regret with which they read his "Roundabout Paper" in the "Cornhill Magazine," in (February, I think) 1862,—wherein he reproaches our entire people as being willing to confiscate the stocks and other property owned in this country by Englishmen, out of spite for their disappointment in relation to the Trent affair, and directs his New-York bankers to sell out all his investments, and remit the proceeds to London, without delay. It was not his fierce denunciation of such national dishonesty that we deprecated, but his apparent belief in its possibility. We felt that he, of all Englishmen, should have understood us better. We regretted, for Thackeray's own sake, that he had permitted himself, in some spleenful moment, to commit an injustice, which would sooner or later be apparent to his own mind.

Three months afterwards, (in May, 1862,) I was again in London. I had not heard from Thackeray since the publication of the "Roundabout" letter to his bankers, and was uncertain how far his evident ill-temper on that occasion had subsided; but I owed him too much kindness, I honored him too profoundly, not to pardon him, unasked, my share of

the offence. I found him installed in the new house he had built in Palace Gardens, Kensington. He received me with the frank welcome of old, and when we were alone, in the privacy of his library, made an opportunity (intentionally, I am sure) of approaching the subject, which, he knew, I could not have forgotten. I asked him why he wrote the article.

"I was unwell," he answered,—“you know what the moral effects of my attacks are,—and I was indignant that such a shameful proposition should be made in your American newspapers, and not a single voice be raised to rebuke it.”

"But you certainly knew," said I, "that the ——— does not represent American opinion. I assure you, that no honest, respectable man in the United States ever entertained the idea of cheating an English stockholder."

"I should hope so, too," he answered; "but when I saw the same thing in the ———, which, you will admit, is a paper of character and influence, I lost all confidence. I know how impulsive and excitable your people are, and I really feared that some such measure might be madly advocated and carried into effect. I see, now, that I made a blunder, and I am already punished for it. I was getting eight per cent. from my American investments, and now that I have the capital here it is lying idle. I shall probably not be able to invest it at a better rate than four per cent."

I said to him, playfully, that he must not expect me, as an American, to feel much sympathy with this loss: I, in common with his other friends beyond the Atlantic, expected from him a juster recognition of the national character.

"Well," said he, "let us say no more about it. I admit that I have made a mistake."

Those who knew the physical torments to which Thackeray was periodically subject—spasms which not only racked his strong frame, but temporarily darkened his views of men and things—must wonder, that, with the obligation to write

permanently hanging over him, he was not more frequently betrayed into impatient or petulant expressions. In his clear brain, he judged himself no less severely, and watched his own nature no less warily, than he regarded other men. His strong sense of justice was always alert and active. He sometimes tore away the protecting drapery from the world's pet heroes and heroines, but, on the other hand, he desired no one to set him beside them. He never betrayed the least sensitiveness in regard to his place in literature. The comparisons which critics sometimes instituted between himself and other prominent authors simply amused him. In 1856, he told me that he had written a play which the managers had ignominiously rejected. "I thought I could write for the stage," said he; "but it seems I can't. I have a mind to have the piece privately performed, here at home. I'll take the big footman's part." This plan, however, was given up, and the material of the play was afterwards used, I believe, in "Lovel, the Widower."

I have just read a notice of Thackeray, which asserts, as an evidence of his weakness in certain respects, that he imagined himself to be an artist, and persisted in supplying bad illustrations to his own works. This statement does injustice to his self-knowledge. He delighted in the use of the pencil, and often spoke to me of his illustrations being a pleasant relief to hand and brain, after the fatigue of writing. He had a very imperfect sense of color, and confessed that his forte lay in caricature. Some of his sketches were charmingly drawn upon the block, but he was often unfortunate in his engraver. The original MS. of "The Rose and the Ring," with the illustrations, is admirable. He was fond of making groups of costumes and figures of the last century, and I have heard English artists speak of his talent in this *genre*: but he never professed to be more than an amateur, or to exercise the art for any other reason than the pleasure it gave him.

He enjoyed the popularity of his lec-

tures, because they were out of his natural line of work. Although he made several very clever after-dinner speeches, he always assured me that it was accidental, — that he had no talent whatever for thinking on his feet.

"Even when I am reading my lectures," he said, "I often think to myself, What a humbug you are, and I wonder the people don't find it out!"

When in New-York, he confessed to me that he should like immensely to find some town where the people imagined that all Englishmen transposed their *h's*, and give one of his lectures in that style. He was very fond of relating an incident which occurred during his visit to St. Louis. He was dining one day in the hotel, when he overheard one Irish waiter say to another, —

"Do you know who that is?"

"No," was the answer.

"That," said the first, "is the celebrated Thacker!"

"What's *he* done?"

"D—d if I know!"

Of Thackeray's private relations I would speak with a cautious reverence. An author's heart is a sanctuary into which, except so far as he voluntarily reveals it, the public has no right to enter. The shadow of a domestic affliction which darkened all his life seemed only to have increased his paternal care and tenderness. To his fond solicitude for his daughters we owe a part of the writings where-with he has enriched our literature. While in America, he often said to me that his chief desire was to secure a certain sum for them, and I shall never forget the joyous satisfaction with which he afterwards informed me, in London, that the work was done. "Now," he said, "the dear girls are provided for. The great anxiety is taken from my life, and I can breathe freely for the little time that is left me to be with them." I knew that he had denied himself many "luxuries" (as he called them) to accomplish this object. For six years after he had redeemed the losses of a reckless youthful expenditure, he was allowed to live and to employ an

income, princely for an author, in the gratification of tastes which had been so long repressed.

He thereupon commenced building a new house, after his own designs. It was of red brick, in the style of Queen Anne's time, but the internal arrangement was rather American than English. It was so much admired, that, although the cost much exceeded his estimate, he could have sold it for an advance of a thousand pounds. To me the most interesting feature was the library, which occupied the northern end of the first floor, with a triple window opening toward the street, and another upon a warm little garden-plot shut in by high walls.

"Here," he said to me, when I saw him for the last time, "here I am going to write my greatest work, — a History of the Reign of Queen Anne. There are my materials," — pointing to a collection of volumes in various bindings which occupied a separate place on the shelves.

"When shall you begin it?" I asked.

"Probably as soon as I am done with 'Philip,'" was his answer; "but I am not sure. I may have to write another novel first. But the History will mature all the better for the delay. I want to absorb the authorities gradually, so that, when I come to write, I shall be filled with the subject, and can sit down to a continuous narrative, without jumping up every moment to consult somebody. The History has been a pet idea of mine for years past. I am slowly working up to the level of it, and know that when I once begin I shall do it well."

It is not likely that any part of this history was ever written. What it might have been we can only regretfully conjecture: it has perished with the uncompleted novel, and all the other dreams of that principle of the creative intellect which the world calls Ambition, but which the artist recognizes as Conscience.

That hour of the sunny May-day returns to memory as I write. The quiet of the library, a little withdrawn from the ceaseless roar of London; the soft grass of the bit of garden, moist from a recent

shower, seen through the open window; the smoke-strained sunshine, stealing gently along the wall; and before me the square, massive head, the prematurely gray hair, the large, clear, sad eyes, the frank, winning mouth, with its smile of boyish sweetness, of the man whom I honored as a master, while he gave me the right to love him as a friend. I was to leave the next day for a temporary home on the Continent, and he was planning how he could visit me, with his daughters. The proper season, the time, and the expense were carefully calculated: he described the visit in advance, with a gay, excursive fancy; and his last words, as he gave me the warm, strong hand I was never again to press, were, "*Auf wiedersehen!*"

What little I have ventured to relate gives but a fragmentary image of the man whom I knew. I cannot describe him as the faithful son, the tender father, the true friend, the man of large humanity and lofty honesty he really was, without stepping too far within the sacred circle of his domestic life. To me, there was no inconsistency in his nature. Where the careless reader may see only the cynic and the relentless satirist, I recognize his unquenchable scorn of human meanness and duplicity, — the impatient wrath of a soul too frequently disappointed in its search for good. I have heard him lash the faults of others with an indignant sorrow which brought the tears to his eyes. For this reason he could not bear that ignorant homage should be given to men really unworthy of it. He said to me, once, speaking of a critic who blamed the scarcity of noble and lovable character in his novels, — "Other men can do that. I know what I can do best; and if I do good, it must be in my own way."

The fate which took him from us was one which he had anticipated. He often said that his time was short, that he could not certainly reckon on many more years of life, and that his end would probably be sudden. He once spoke of Irving's death as fortunate in its character. The subject was evidently familiar to his

thoughts, and his voice had always a tone of solemn resignation which told that he had conquered its bitterness. He was ready at any moment to answer the call; and when, at last, it was given and answered, — when the dawn of the first Christmas holiday lighted his pale, moveless features, and the large heart throbbed no more forever in its grand scorn and still grander tenderness, — his re-

leased spirit could have chosen no fitter words of farewell than the gentle benediction his own lips have breathed: —

“ I lay the weary pen aside,
And wish you health and love and mirth,
As fits the solemn Christmas-tide.
As fits the holy Christmas birth,
Be this, good friends, our carol still, —
Be peace on earth, be peace on earth,
To men of gentle will! ”

THE PENINSULAR CAMPAIGN.

It has been said that “ the history of war is a magnificent lie,” and from what we know in our times, particularly of the history of the Mexican War and of the present Rebellion, if the despatches from the battle-fields are to be received as history, we are inclined to believe the saying is true; and it is natural that it should be so. A general writes his despatches under the highest mental excitement. His troops have won a great victory, or sustained a crushing defeat; in either event, his mind is riveted to the transactions that have led to the result: in the one case, his ambition will prompt him to aspire to a name in history; in the other, he will try to save himself from disgrace. He describes his battles; he gives an account of his marches and counter-marches, of the hardships he has endured, the disappointments he has experienced, and the difficulties he has had to overcome. The principal events may be truthfully narrated; but his hopes of rising a hero from the field of victory, or of appearing a martyr from one of defeat, will mould his narrative to his wishes.

If it be frequently the misfortune of our generals, in writing their reports, not to content themselves with the materials at hand, but to draw on their imaginations, not for gross falsehoods, but for that coloring which, diffused through their de-

spatches, makes the narrative affecting, while it leaves us in doubt where to draw the line between fiction and fact, it is not always so, particularly when their despatches are not written amidst the excitement of the battle-field, but are deferred until the events which they describe have passed into history.

Such, we may suppose, to be the case in respect to the Reports of Brigadier-Generals Barnard and Barry on the Engineer and Artillery Operations of the Army of the Potomac. Written, as these Reports were, after the organization of that army had been completed and the Peninsular campaign had terminated, by men who, though playing an important part in its organization and throughout this its first campaign, yet never aspired to be its heroes, we may reasonably hope, that, if they have not told the “ whole truth,” they have told us “ nothing but the truth.”

The points of particular interest in these Reports, so far as relates to organization, are the inauguration of a great system of field-fortifications for the defence of the national capital, and the preparation of engineer-equipments, particularly bridge-equipage for crossing rivers. These are only sketched, but the outline is drawn by an artist who is master of the subject. The professional engineer, when he examines the immense

fortifications of Washington and sees their skillful construction, can appreciate the labor and thought which must have been bestowed on them. He alone could complete the picture. To appreciate these works, they must be seen. No field-works on so extensive a scale have been undertaken in modern times. The nearest approach to them were the lines of Torres Vedras, in Portugal, constructed by the British army in 1809-10; but the works constructed by General Barnard for the defence of Washington are larger, more numerous, more carefully built, and much more heavily armed than were those justly celebrated lines of Wellington.

And it should not be forgotten, that, after the Battle of Bull Run, we were thrown on the defensive, and the fortifications of our capital were called for in a hurry. There were no models, in this country, from which to copy,—and few, if any, in Europe. Luckily, however, the art of fortification is not imitative; it is based on scientific principles; and we found in General Barnard and his assistants the science to comprehend the problem before them, and the experience and skill to grasp its solution.

Only the citizens of Washington and those who happened to be there after the two disastrous defeats at Bull Run can appreciate the value of these fortifications. They have twice saved the capital,—perhaps the nation; yet forts are passive,—they never speak, unless assailed. But let Washington be attacked by a powerful army and successfully defended, and they would proclaim General Barnard one of the heroes of the war.

As has already been said, the engineer-equipage is only sketched; but enough is said to show its value. Speaking of the bridges, General Barnard says,—“They were used by the Quartermaster’s department in discharging transports, were precisely what was needed for the disembarkation of General Franklin’s division, constituted a portion of the numerous bridges that were built over Wormley Creek during the siege of Yorktown, and were of the highest use in the Chicka-

hominy; while over the Lower Chickahominy, some seventy-five thousand men, some three hundred pieces of artillery, and the enormous baggage-trains of the army, passed over a bridge of the extraordinary length of nearly six hundred and fifty yards,—a feat scarcely surpassed in military history.” Pontoons, like forts, cannot talk; but every soldier of the Army of the Potomac knows that these same bridges, which were prepared when that army was first organized, have since carried it in safety four times over the Rappahannock, twice at the Battle of Fredericksburg and twice again at the Battle of Chancellorsville, and three times over the Upper Potomac, once after the Battle of Antietam, and again both before and after the Battle of Gettysburg.

Of the Peninsular campaign General Barnard does not profess to give a history. He mentions only the operations which came under his supervision as the Chief Engineer of the Army of the Potomac. The siege of Yorktown was a matter of engineering skill. General Barnard gives us his report to General Totten, the Chief Engineer of the Army, on the engineering operations of the siege,—also his journal, showing the progress of the siege from day to day. These, with the maps, convey a very clear idea of the place to be taken, and the way it was to have been reduced, had the enemy continued his defence until our batteries were opened; but they do not convey to the mind of any except the professional engineer the magnitude of the works which were constructed. General Barnard says that fifteen batteries and four redoubts were built during the siege, and he gives the armament of each battery. On comparing this armament with that used in other sieges, we find the amount of metal ready to be hurled on Yorktown when the enemy evacuated that place second only to that of the Allies at Sebastopol, the greatest siege of modern times.

But these batteries, with a single exception, never spoke. Like their predecessors around Washington, they con-

quered by their mere presence. After all the skill and labor that had been bestowed on their construction, the enemy evacuated Yorktown just as our batteries were about to open. He was at our mercy. General Barnard says that "the enemy's position had become untenable,—that he could not have endured our fire for six hours." We can readily understand how mortifying it must have been to the Commanding General, and particularly to the officers of engineers and artillery who had planned, built, and armed these siege-works, to hear that the enemy had evacuated his fortifications just at the moment when we were prepared to drive him from them by force; and we can appreciate the regrets of General Barnard, when he says, in reviewing the campaign, and pointing out the mistakes that had been committed, that "we should have opened our batteries on the place as fast as they were completed. The effect on the troops would have been inspiring. It would have lightened the siege and shortened our labors; and, besides, we would have had the credit of driving the enemy from Yorktown by force of arms; whereas, as it was, we only induced him to evacuate for prudential considerations." And General Barry says, in his report of the artillery operations at the siege,—"It will always be a source of great professional disappointment to me, that the enemy, by his premature and hasty abandonment of his defensive line, deprived the artillery of the Army of the Potomac of the opportunity of exhibiting the superior power and efficiency of the unusually heavy metal used in this siege, and of reaping the honor and just reward of their unceasing labors, day and night, for nearly one month."

The next serious obstacle to be overcome, after the siege of Yorktown, was the passage of the Chickahominy. Here, says General Barnard, "if possible, the responsibility and labor of the engineer officers were increased." The difficulties of that river, considered as a military obstacle, are given in a few touches; but

in the sketch of the opposing heights, and of the intermediate valley, filled up with the stream, the heavily timbered swamp, and the overflowed bottom-lands, we have the Chickahominy brought before us so vividly that we can almost *feel* the difficulty of crossing it. Well may General Barnard say that "it was one of the most formidable obstacles that could be opposed to the advance of an army,—an obstacle to which an ordinary river, though it be of considerable magnitude, is comparatively slight."

The labors of the engineers in bridging this formidable swamp are detailed with considerable minuteness. Ten bridges, of different characters, were constructed, though some of them were never used, because the enemy held the approaches on his side of the river.

We are glad that General Barnard has elaborated this part of his Report. There is a melancholy interest attaching to the Chickahominy. To it, and to the events connected with it, history will refer the defeat of General McClellan's magnificent army, and the failure of the Peninsular campaign. And what a lesson is here to be learned! The fate of the contending armies was suspended in a balance. The hour when a particular bridge was to be completed, or rendered impassable by the rising floods, was to turn the scales!

That mistakes were committed on the Chickahominy the country is prepared to believe. Our army was placed astride of that stream, and in this situation we fought two battles, each time with only a part of our force; thus violating, not only the maxims of war, but the plainest principles of common sense.

The Battle of Fair Oaks began on the thirty-first of May. At that time our army was divided by the Chickahominy. Of the five corps constituting the Army of the Potomac, two were on its right bank, or on the side nearest to Richmond, while the other three were on the left bank. There had been heavy rains, the river was rising, and the swamps and bottom-lands were fast becoming impass-

able. None of the upper bridges had yet been built. We had then only Bottom's Bridge, the railroad-bridge, and the two bridges built by General Sumner some miles higher up the river. Bottom's Bridge and the railroad-bridge were too distant to be of any service in an emergency such as a battle demands. At the time of the enemy's attack, which was sudden and unexpected, completely overwhelming General Casey's division, our sole reliance to reinforce the left wing was by Sumner's corps, and over his two bridges. It happened to be the fortune of the writer to see "Sumner's upper bridge," — the only one then passable, — at the moment the head of General Sumner's column reached it. The possibility of crossing was doubted by all present, including General Sumner himself.

The bridge was of rough logs, and mostly afloat, held together and kept from drifting off by the stumps of trees to which it was fastened; the portion over the thread of the stream being suspended from the trunks of large trees, which had been felled across it, by ropes which a single blow with a hatchet would have severed. On this bridge and on these ropes hung the fate of the day at Fair Oaks, and, probably, the fate of the Army of the Potomac too; for, if Sumner had not crossed in time to check the movement of the enemy down the river, the corps of Heintzelman and Keyes would have been taken in flank, and it is fair to suppose that they must have been driven into an impassable river, or captured.

But Sumner crossed, and saved the day. Forever honored be his name!

As the solid column of infantry entered upon the bridge, it swayed to and fro to the angry flood below or the living freight above, settling down and grasping the solid stumps, by which it was made secure as the line advanced. Once filled with men, it was safe until the corps had crossed. It then soon became impassable, and the "railroad-bridge," says General Barnard, "for several days was the only communication between the two

wings of the army." Never was an army in a more precarious situation. Fortunately, however, whatever mistakes we made in allowing ourselves to be attacked when the two wings of the army were almost separated, the enemy also committed serious blunders, both as to the point of his attack and the time when his blow was delivered. His true point of attack was on the right flank of our left wing. Had the attack which Sumner met and repulsed been made simultaneously with the assault in front, a single battalion, nay, even a single company, could have seized and destroyed "Sumner's upper bridge," the only one, as before remarked, then passable, Sumner would consequently have been unable to take part in the battle, and our left wing would have been taken in flank, and, in all probability, defeated; or, had the attack been deferred until the next day, or even for several days, as the bridges became impassable during the night of the thirty-first, it would probably have been successful.

It is easy to make such criticisms after the events have happened; their mere statement will carry conviction to the minds of all who were in a position, during these memorable days, to know the facts that decided the movements; and it is right that they should be made, for it is only by pointing out the causes of success or failure in military affairs, as, indeed, in every human undertaking, that we can hope to be successful. But, in doing so, we need not confine ourselves to one side of the question; we may look at our enemies as well as at ourselves. Nor need they be made in a spirit of censoriousness; for the importance of individuals, in speaking of such great events, may safely be overlooked without affecting the lesson we would learn. Neither should it be forgotten that the general who has always fought his battles at the right time, in the right place, with the proper arms, and pursued his victories to their utmost attainable results, has yet to appear. He would, indeed, be an intellectual prodigy.

Such we may suppose to be the reflections of General Barnard, when he points out the mistakes which were made in the Army of the Potomac while on the Chickahominy. He does not, indeed, bring to our view the mistakes of the enemy. That would have been traveling outside of the record in the report of the operations falling under his supervision, and such criticism is wisely left for some of the enemy's engineers, or for a more general history. In speaking of the difficulties of crossing the Chickahominy immediately after the battle of the thirty-first of May, General Barnard says,—"There was one way, however, to unite the army on the other side; it was to take advantage of a victory at Fair Oaks, to sweep at once the enemy from his position opposite New Bridge, and, simultaneously, to bring over by the New Bridge our troops of the right wing, which would then have met with little or no resistance"; and again, in a more general criticism of the campaign, he says,—"The repulse of the Rebels at Fair Oaks should have been taken advantage of. It was one of those 'occasions' which, if not seized, do not repeat themselves. We now *know* the state of disorganization and dismay in which the Rebel army retreated. We now *know* that it could have been followed into Richmond. Had it been so, there would have been no resistance to overcome to bring over our right wing."

But the "occasion" which the morning of the first of June presented of uniting the two wings of the army, and thus achieving a great victory, was not seized, because, as General Barnard says, "we did not then know all that we now do." At the moment when the New Bridge became passable, 8.15, A. M., it is not probable the Commanding General knew it. Nor did he know, that, at this very moment, the enemy was retreating to Richmond in a "state of disorganization and dismay." Besides, the troops of the left wing had fought a hard battle the preceding afternoon, and they had been up all night, throwing up works

of defence, and making dispositions to resist another assault by the enemy. They were not in a condition to assume the offensive against an enemy who was supposed to be in force and in position, himself preparing to resume the attack of the previous day, however competent they may have been to pursue a demoralized foe flying from the field. The propitious moment was lost, not to return,—for, during the day, the rising flood rendered all the bridges, except the railroad-bridge, impassable.

The necessity for more substantial bridges to connect the two wings of the army had now been made manifest, and two fine structures, available for all arms, were completed by the nineteenth. At the same time two foot-bridges were made, the other bridges repaired, and their approaches made secure, though the enemy still held the approaches of the three upper bridges on the right bank.

While these bridges were being made, mostly by the right wing of the army, the left wing was engaged in constructing a strong line of defence, stretching from the White-Oak Swamp to the Chickahominy, consisting of six redoubts connected by rifle-pits or barricades. General Barnard says,—"The object of these lines (over three miles long) was to hold our position of the left wing against the concentrated force of the enemy, until communications across the Chickahominy could be established; or, if necessary, to maintain our position on this side, while the bulk of the army was thrown upon the other, should occasion require it; or, finally, to hold one part of our line and communication by a small force, while our principal offensive effort was made upon another." At the same time, several batteries were constructed on the left bank of the river in the neighborhood of the upper bridges, either to operate on the enemy's positions in their front, or to defend these bridges.

All these preparations were made with the understood purpose of driving the enemy from his positions in front of New Bridge; and they appear to have been

about completed, for on the night of the twenty-sixth "an epaulement for putting our guns in position" to effect this object was thrown up. But it was too late. Lee's guns had been heard in the afternoon, in the neighborhood of Mechanicsville, attacking the advance of our right wing, and Jackson was within supporting distance. The battle of the twenty-seventh of June, on which "hinged the fate of the campaign," was to be fought to-morrow. This battle, or rather the policy of fighting it, or suffering it to be fought, has been more criticized than any other battle of the campaign. We fought a battle which was decisive against us with less than one-third of our force.

General Barnard is severe in his criticisms. In his "retrospect, pointing out the mistakes that were made," he says,—

"At last a moment came when action was imperative. The enemy assumed the initiative, and we had warning of when and where he was to strike. Had Porter been withdrawn the night of the twenty-sixth, our army would have been *concentrated* on the right bank, while two corps at least of the enemy's force were on the *left* bank. Whatever course we then took, whether to strike at Richmond and the portion of the enemy on the right bank, or move at once for the James, we would have had a concentrated army, and a fair chance of a brilliant result, in the first place; and in the second, if we accomplished nothing, we would have been in the same case on the morning of the twenty-seventh as we were on that of the twenty-eighth, — *minus* a lost battle and a compulsory retreat; or, had the fortified lines (thrown up *expressly* for the object) been held by twenty thousand men, (as they could have been,) we could have fought on the other side with eighty thousand men instead of twenty-seven thousand; or, finally, had the lines been abandoned, with our hold on the right bank of the Chickabominy, we might have fought and crushed the enemy on the left bank, reopened our communications, and then returned and taken Richmond.

"As it was, the enemy fought with his *whole force*, (except enough left before our lines to keep up an appearance,) and we fought with twenty-seven thousand men, losing the battle and nine thousand men.

"By this defeat we were driven from our position, our advance of conquest turned into a retreat for safety, by a force probably not greatly superior to our own."

It is to be hoped that the forthcoming report of General McClellan will give us the reasons which induced him to risk such a battle with such a force, and modify, to some extent at least, the justice of such outspoken censure.

The services of the engineers in passing the army over White-Oak Swamp, in reconnoitring the line of retreat to James River, in posting troops, and in defending the final position of the army at Harrison's Landing, are detailed with great clearness. Of his officers the General speaks in the highest terms. It appears, that, with a single exception, they were all *lieutenants*, whereas "in a European service the chief engineer serving with an army-corps would be a field-officer, generally a colonel." In this want of rank in the corps of engineers the General says there is a twofold evil.

"*First*, the great hardships and injustice to the officers themselves: for they have, almost without exception, refused or *been* refused high positions in the volunteer service, (to which they have seen their contemporaries of the other branches elevated,) on the ground that their services as *engineers* were absolutely necessary. *Second*, it is an evil to the service: since an adequate rank is almost as necessary to an officer for the efficient discharge of his duties as professional knowledge. The engineer's duty is a responsible one. He is called upon to decide important questions, — to fix the position of defensive works, (and thereby of the *troops* who occupy them,) — to indicate the manner and points of attack of fortified positions. To give him the proper weight with those with whom he is associated,

he should have, as *they* have, adequate rank.

"The campaign on the Peninsula called for great labor on the part of the engineers. The country, notwithstanding its early settlement, was a *terra incognita*. We knew the York River and the James River, and we had heard of the Chickahominy; and this was about the extent of our knowledge. Our maps were so incorrect that they were found to be worthless before we reached Yorktown. New ones had to be prepared, based on reconnoissances made by officers of engineers.

"The siege of Yorktown involved great responsibility, besides exposure and toil. The movements of the whole army were determined by the engineers. The Chickahominy again arrested us, where, if possible, the responsibility and labor of the engineer officers were increased. In fact, everywhere, and on every occasion, even to our last position at Harrison's Landing, this responsibility and labor on the part of the engineers was incessant.

"I have stated above in what manner the officers of engineers performed their duties. Yet thus far their services are ignored and unrecognized, while distinctions have been bestowed upon those who have had the good fortune to command troops. Under such circumstances it can hardly be expected that the few engineer officers yet remaining will willingly continue their services in this unrequited branch of the military profession. We have no sufficient officers of engineers at this time with any of our armies to commence another siege, nor can they be obtained. In another war, if their services are thus neglected in this, we shall have none."

It is to be hoped that the General's appeal for additional rank to the officers of engineers will not be overlooked. The officers of this corps have demonstrated not only their skill as engineers, but also their ability to command troops and even armies. On the side of our country's cause we have McClellan, Halleck, Rosecrans, Meade, Gillmore, and Barnard, besides

a score of others, all generals; and in the ranks of the Rebels we find Lee, Joe Johnston, Beauregard, Gilmer, and Smith, all generals, too, and all formerly officers of engineers. Nobly have they all vindicated the scale of proficiency which placed them among the distinguished of their respective classes at their common Alma Mater.

Whatever may have been the services of other men during our present struggle for nationality, and whatever may be their services in the future, to General Barry, the Chief of Artillery of the Army of the Potomac, from the organization of that army to the close of the Peninsular campaign, more than to any other person, belongs the credit of organizing our admirable system of field-artillery.

We have two reports from General Barry: one, on "The Organization of the Artillery of the Army of the Potomac"; the other, a "Report of the Operations of the Artillery at the Siege of Yorktown." Of the services of the artillery during the remainder of the campaign we have no record from its chief; but they were conspicuous on every battle-field, and will not be forgotten until Malvern Hill shall have passed into oblivion.

After the first Battle of Bull Run, the efforts of the nation were directed to organizing an army for the defence of the national capital. Of men and money we had plenty; but men and money, however necessary they may be, do not make an army. Cannon, muskets, rifles, pistols, sabres, horses, mules, wagons, harness, bridges, tools, food, clothing, and numberless other things, are required; but men and money, with all this added *matériel* of war, still will not make an *efficient* army. Organization, discipline, and instruction are necessary to accomplish this. At the time of which we speak the people of this country did not comprehend what an army consisted of, or, if they did, they comprehended it as children, — by its trappings, its men and horses, its drums and fifes, its "pomp and circumstance."

Few even of our best officers who had

honestly studied their profession had ever seen an army, or fully realized the amount of labor that was necessary, even with our unbounded resources, to organize an efficient army ready for the field. Happily for our country, there were some who in garrison had learned the science and theory of war, and in Mexico, or in expeditions against our Western Indians, had acquired some knowledge of its practice. Of these General McClellan was selected to be the chief. He had seen armies in Europe, and it was believed that he could bring to his aid more of the right kind of experience for organization than any other man. If there is any one thing more than another for which General McClellan is distinguished, it is his ability to *make an army*. Men may have their opinions as to his genius or his courage, his politics or his generalship; they may think he is too slow or too cautious, or they may say he is not equal to great emergencies; but of his ability to organize an army there is a concurrent opinion in his favor.

By himself, however, he would have been helpless. He required assistance. He was obliged to have chiefs of the several arms about him, — a chief of engineers, of artillery, of cavalry, and chiefs of the several divisions of infantry.

General Barry was his chief of artillery. To him was assigned the duty of organizing this arm of the service. We learn from his Report, that, "when Major-General McClellan was appointed to the command of the 'Division of the Potomac,' July 25th, 1861, a few days after the first Battle of Bull Run, the whole field-artillery of his command consisted of no more than parts of nine batteries, or thirty pieces of various, and, in some instances, unusual and unserviceable calibres. Most of these batteries were also of mixed calibres. My calculations were based upon the expected immediate expansion of the 'Division of the Potomac' into the 'Army of the Potomac,' to consist of at least one hundred thousand infantry. Considerations involving the peculiar character and extent of the force

to be employed, the probable field and character of operations, the utmost efficiency of the arm, and the limits imposed by the as yet undeveloped resources of the nation, led to the following general propositions, offered by me to Major-General McClellan, and which received his full approval."

These propositions in brief were, —

1st. "That the proportion of artillery should be in the ratio of at least two and a half pieces to one thousand men."

2d. "That the proportion of rifled guns should be one-third, and of smooth bores two-thirds."

3d. "That each field-battery should, if practicable, be composed of six guns."

4th. "That the field-batteries were to be assigned to 'divisions,' and not to brigades."

5th. "That the artillery reserve of the whole army should consist of one hundred guns."

6th. "That the amount of ammunition to accompany the field-batteries was not to be less than four hundred rounds per gun."

7th. That there should be "a siege-train of fifty pieces."

8th. "That instruction in the theory and practice of gunnery, as well as in the tactics of the arm, was to be given to the officers and non-commissioned officers of the volunteer batteries, by the study of suitable text-books, and by actual recitations in each division, under the direction of the regular officer commanding the divisional artillery."

9th. That inspections should be made.

Such, with trifling modifications, were the propositions upon which the artillery of the Army of the Potomac was organized; and this organization finds its highest recommendation in the fact that it remains unchanged, (except very immaterially,) and has been adopted by all other armies in the field. The sudden and extensive expansion of the artillery of the Army of the Potomac, that occurred from July 25, 1861, to March, 1862, is unparalleled in the history of war. Tabulated, it stands thus: —

	Batteries, parts of	Guns	Men	Horses
July 25, 1861	9	30	650	400
imperfectly equipped.				
March, 1862	92	520	12,500	11,000
fully equipped and in readiness for actual field-service.				

Well may General Barry and the officers of the Ordnance Department, who had, as it were, to create the means of meeting the heavy requisitions upon them, be proud of such a record. It is one of the most striking exponents of the resources of the nation which the war has produced.

Of this force thirty batteries were *regulars* and sixty-two *volunteers*. The latter had to be instructed not only in the duties of a soldier, but in the theory and practice of their special arm. Defective guns and *matériel* furnished by the States had to be withdrawn, and replaced by the more serviceable ordnance with which the regular batteries were being armed. Boards of examination were organized, and the officers thoroughly examined. Incompetency was set aside, zeal and efficiency rewarded by promotion.

"Although," says General Barry, "there was much to be improved," yet "many of the volunteer batteries evinced such zeal and intelligence, and availed themselves so industriously of the instructions of the regular officers, their commanders, and of the example of the regular battery, their associate, that they made rapid progress, and finally attained a degree of proficiency highly creditable."

At the siege of Yorktown, as has already been stated, only one of the fifteen batteries was permitted to open fire on the enemy's works. This was armed with one hundred- and two hundred-pounder rifled guns, and it is remarkable that this is the first time the practicability of placing, handling, and serving these guns in siege-operations, and their value at the long range of two and a half to three miles, were fully demonstrated. These guns, as also the thirteen-inch sea-coast mortars, which were placed in posi-

tion ready for use, were giants when compared with the French and English pigmies which were used at Sebastopol.

General Barry, as well as General Barnard, complains of the want of rank of his officers. With the immense artillery force that accompanied the Army of the Potomac to the Peninsula, consisting of sixty batteries of three hundred and forty-three guns, he had only ten field-officers, "a number obviously insufficient, and which impaired to a great degree the efficiency of the arm, in consequence of the want of rank and official influence of the commanders of corps and divisional artillery. As this faulty organization can only be suitably corrected by legislative action, it is earnestly hoped that the attention of the proper authorities may be at an early day invited to it."

When the report of General McClellan is published, the services of the artillery of the Army of the Potomac will doubtless fill a conspicuous place. These services were rendered to the commanders of divisions and corps, giving them an historic name, and in their reports we may expect the artillery to be honorably mentioned. General Barry says, in conclusion,— "Special detailed reports have been made and transmitted by me of the general artillery operations at the siege of Yorktown,— and by their immediate commanders, of the services of the field-batteries at the Battles of Williamsburg, Hanover Court-House, and those severely contested ones comprised in the operations before Richmond. To those several reports I respectfully refer the Commanding General for details of services as creditable to the artillery of the United States as they are honorable to the gallant officers and brave and patient enlisted men, who, (with but few exceptions,) struggling through difficulties, overcoming obstacles, and bearing themselves nobly on the field of battle, stood faithfully to their guns, performing their various duties with a steadiness, a devotion, and a gallantry worthy the highest commendation."

REVIEWS AND LITERARY NOTICES.

Mental Hygiene. By I. RAY, M. D. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

DR. RAY, as many of our readers may know, is a physician eminent in the speciality of mental disorders. He is at present the head of the Butler Hospital for the Insane in Providence, Rhode Island. The four first chapters of his book, chiefly relating to matters which may be observed outside of a hospital, come under our notice. The fifth and last division, addressed to the limited number of persons who are conscious of tendencies to insanity, has no place in an unprofessional review.

This little treatise upon "Mental Hygiene" carries its own evidence as the work of a disciplined mind, content to labor patiently among the materials of exact knowledge, and gradually to approximate laws in the spirit of scientific investigation. Mental phenomena are analyzed by Dr. Ray as material substances are analyzed by the chemist, — though, from the nature of the case, with far less certainty in results. Yet there is scarcely anything of practical moment in the book which may not be found in the popular writings of other prominent men, — such, for example, as Brodie, Holland, Moore, Marceel, and Herbert Spencer. We say this in no disparagement; there is no second-hand flavor about these cautious sentences. Dr. Ray has investigated for himself, and his conclusions are all the more valuable from coinciding with those of other accurate observers. It is agreeable to chronicle a contrast to that flux of quasi-medical literature put forth by men who have no title (save, perhaps, a legal one) to affix the M. D. so pertinaciously displayed. For there has lately been no lack of books of quotations, clumsily put together and without inverted commas, designed to puff some patent panacea, the exclusive property of the compiler, or of volumes whose claim to originality lay in the bold attempt to work off a life-stock of irrelevant anecdotes, the miscellaneous accumulations of a country-practitioner. Such authors—by courtesy so called—are possibly well-meaning amateurs, but can never

be mistaken for scientists. We thank Dr. Ray for a book which, as a popular medical treatise, is really creditable to our literature.

Yet, mixed with much admirable counsel hereafter to be noticed, there are impressions given in this volume to which we cannot assent. And our chief objection might be translated into vulgar, but expressive parlance, by saying, that, in generalizing about society, the writer does not always seem able to sink the influences of the shop. We have been faintly reminded of the professional bias of Mr. Bob Sawyer, when he persuaded himself that the company in general would be better for a blood-letting. We respectfully submit that we are not quite so mad as—for the interests of science, no doubt—Dr. Ray would have us. The doctrine, that, do what he will, the spiritual welfare of man is in fearful jeopardy, is held by many religionists: we are loath to believe that his mental soundness is in no less peril. Yet a susceptible person will find it hard to put aside this book without an uncomfortable consciousness, that, if not already beside himself, the chances of his becoming so are desperately against him. For what practicable escape is offered from this impending doom? Shall we leave off work and devote ourselves to health? Idleness is a potent cause of derangement. Shall we engage in the hard and monotonous duties of an active calling? Paralysis and other organic lesions use up professional brains with a frequency which is positively startling. Shall we cultivate our imagination and make statues or verses? The frenzy of artists and poets is proverbial. At least, then, we may give our life-effort to some grand principle which shall redeem society from its misery and sin? Quite impossible! The contemplation of one idea, however noble, is sure to produce a morbid condition of the mind and distort its healthy proportions. Still there is a last refuge. By fresh air and vigorous exercise a man may surely keep his wits. We will labor steadily upon the soil, and never raise our thoughts from the clod we are turning! Even here the Doctor is too quick for us, and cries, "Checkmate!"

with the fact that the Hodges of England and the agriculturists of Berkshire have a great and special gift at lunacy.

Of course, the preceding paragraph is very loosely written. We cheerfully admit that it might be impossible to quote from the book any single proposition to which, taken in a certain sense, a reasonable man would object. Nevertheless, there is a total impression derived from it which we cannot feel to be true. There is no sufficient allowance for the fact that what is most spirited and beautiful and worthy in modern society comes from that diversity of human pursuits which necessitates the concentration of individual energy into narrow channels. Neither to balance his mind in perfect equilibrium, nor to keep his body in highest condition, is the first duty of man upon earth. The Christian requirement of self-sacrifice often commands him to risk both in service to his neighbor. Besides, as we shall presently show, men of equal capacity in other branches of human inquiry do not agree with what seems to be Dr. Ray's estimate of the highest sanity. When we are warned to avoid "men of striking mental peculiarities," (our author advancing the proposition that such association is not entirely harmless to the most hardy intellect,)—when we are called upon to ostracize those who think that their short lives on earth can be most useful to others by exclusive devotion to some great principle or regenerating idea,—the thoughtful reader will question the instruction. The adjectives "extreme" and "fanatical" have, during the last twenty years, been applied to most valuable men of various parties and beliefs; they have been so applied by masses of conventionally respectable and not insincere citizens. But that the persons thus stigmatized have, on the whole, advanced the interests of civilization, freedom, and morality, we fervently believe.

It is in a very different direction that keenest observers have seen the real peril of modern society. De Tocqueville has solemnly warned our Democracy of that over-faith in public opinion which tends to become a species of religion of which the Majority is the prophet. John Stuart Mill has emphasized his conviction that the boldest individuality is of the utmost importance to social well-being, and has urged its direct encouragement as peculiarly

the duty of the present time. Herbert Spencer has written most eloquent warnings on the danger of perverting certain generalizations upon society into a law for the private citizen. He has declared that the wise man will regard the truth that is in him not as adventitious, not as something that may be made subordinate to the calculations of policy, but as the supreme authority to which all his actions should bend. He has shown us that the most useful citizens play their appointed part in the world by endeavoring to get embodied in fact their present idealisms: knowing that if they can get done the things aimed at, well; if not, well also, though not so well. Now our complaint is, that Dr. Ray generalizes upon the limited class of facts which has come under his professional observation. There may be a feeble folk who have gone mad over Mr. Phillips's speeches or Mrs. Dall's lectures. This is not the place to discuss the methods or ends of either of these conspicuous persons. But shall we make nothing of the possible numbers of young men, plunging headlong at the prizes of society after the manner which Dr. Ray so intelligently deprecates, who have waked to a new standard of success by seeing one with talents which could gain their coveted distinctions passing them by to pursue, in uncompromising honesty of conviction, his solitary way? Shall we not consider the city-bred girls, confined in circles where the vulgar glitter of wealth was mitigated only by the feeblest dilettanteism,—spirited young women, falling into a morbid condition, whose pitiableness Dr. Ray has well illustrated,—who have yet been strengthened to possess their souls in health and steadiness by a voice without pleading in their behalf the right to choose their own work and command their own lives? When we are warned against those who come to regard it "as a sacred duty to vindicate the claims of abstract benevolence at all hazards, even though it lead through seas of blood and fire," our adviser is either basing his counsel upon the very flattest truism, or else intends to indorse a popular cry against men who claim to have founded their convictions on investigation the most thorough and conscientious. Take the vote of the wealth and education of Europe to-day, and Abraham Lincoln will be pronounced a fanatic vindicating the claims of abstract benevolence

"through seas of blood and fire." Go back into the past, and consult one Festus, a highly respectable Roman governor, and we shall learn that Paul was beside himself, nay, positively mad, with his much learning. We repeat that it is for the infinite advantage of society that exceptional men are impelled to precipitate their power into very narrow channels. The most eminent helpers of civilization have been penetrated by their single mission,—they have known that in concentration and courage lay their highest usefulness. Let us not judge men who are other than these. We will not question the importance of a Goethe, with his scientific amusements, stage-plays, ducal companionships, and art of taking good care of himself; but we cannot deny at least an equal sanity to the "fanatic" Milton, who deemed it disgraceful to pursue his own gratification while his countrymen were contending against oppression, who was content to sacrifice sight in Liberty's defence, and to live an "extreme" protester against the profligacies of power and place.

But we linger too long from the solid instruction of this book. Dr. Ray considers the existence of insanity or remarkable eccentricity in a previous generation a prolific source of mental unsoundness. He addresses words of most solemn warning to those who have not yet formed the most important connection in life. A brain free from all congenital tendencies to disease results from a rigid compliance with the laws of parentage. The intermarriage of those related by blood is no uncommon cause of mental deterioration. Dr. Ray thinks that the facts collected in France and America upon this point are much more conclusive than a recent Westminster reviewer will allow. We are told that in this country the mingling of common blood in marriage is more frequent than is generally supposed, and that, of all agencies which have to do with the prevalence of insanity and idiocy, this is probably the most potent. A vigorous body is of course an important condition to high mental health, and what is said upon this head is tersely written and very sensible. We are told that "those much-enduring men and women who encountered the privations of the colonial times have been succeeded by a race incapable of toil and exposure, whom the winds of heaven cannot visit too roughly

without leaving behind the seeds of dissolution." Here and elsewhere Dr. Ray cites the passion for light and emotional literature as a proof of our degeneracy. We have certainly nothing to say in behalf of that quality of modern character produced by the indolent reading of sensational writing. Still it may be questioned whether the enormous supply of bad books has not increased the demand for good ones,—just as quacks make practice for physicians. The readers of the Ledger stories have learned to demand a weekly instalment of the good sense and sobriety of Mr. Everett. And we are disposed to accept the view of a late American publisher, who declared that as a business-transaction he could not do better than subscribe to the diffusion of spasmodic literature, since it directly promoted the sale of the best authors in whose works he dealt. The craving for an intense and exciting literature Dr. Ray attributes to "feverish pulse, disturbed digestion, and irritable nerves." No doubt he is right,—within limits. But may not a *healthy* laborer find in the startling effects of the younger Cobb refreshment as precisely adapted to idealize his life, and divert his thoughts from a hard day's work, as that for which the college-professor seeks a tragedy of Sophocles or a romance of Hawthorne?

The chapter treating of "Mental Hygiene as affected by Physical Influences" begins with such warnings against vitiated air as all intelligent people read and believe,—yet not so vitally as to compel corporations to reform their halls and conveyances. The remarks upon diet have a very practical tendency. Dr. Ray, while declining to commit himself to any theory, is very emphatic in his leanings towards what is called vegetarianism. He questions the popular impression that hard-working men require much larger quantities of animal food than those whose employments are of a sedentary character. Although confessing that we lack statistics from which to establish the relative working-powers of animal and vegetable substances, Dr. Ray declares that the few observations which have met his notice are in favor of a diet chiefly vegetable. The late Henry Colman was satisfied that no men did more work or showed better health than the Scotch farm-laborers, whose diet was almost entirely oatmeal. In

the California mines no class of persons better endure hardships or accomplish greater results than the Chinese, who live principally on vegetable food. It is also noticed, as pertinent to the point, that the standard of health is probably much higher among the people just named than among our New-England laborers. Dr. Ray sums up by saying that "there is no necessity for believing that the supply required by the waste of material which physical exercise produces cannot be as effectually furnished by vegetable as by animal substances." This is strong testimony from a physician of standing and authority. [Not otherwise have asserted various reform-doctors who are not supposed to move in the first medical circles. The value of any approximate decision of the vegetarian question can hardly be overestimated. There are thousands of families of very moderate means who strain every nerve to feed their children upon beef and mutton,—and this with the tacit approval, or by the positive advice, of physicians in good repute. Can our children be brought up equally well upon potatoes and hasty-pudding? May the two or three hundred dollars thus annually saved be better spent in a trip to the country or a visit to the sea-side? He would be a benefactor to his countrymen who could affirmatively answer these questions from observations, statistics, and arguments which commanded the assent of all intelligent men.

Dr. Ray forcibly exhibits the radical faults of our common systems of education. He exposes the vulgar fallacy, that the growth and discipline of the mind are tested by the amount of task-work it can be made to accomplish. The efficiency of a given course of training is indicated by the power and endurance which it imparts,—not by such pyrotechny as may be let off before an examining committee. The amount of labor in the shape of school-exercises habitually imposed on the young strains the mind far beyond the highest degree of healthy endurance. This is shown by illustrations which our limits compel us to omit: they are worthy to be pondered by every conscientious parent and teacher in the land. Our national neglect of a right home-education brings Dr. Ray to a train of remarks which sustains what we were led to say in noticing Jean Paul's "Levana" a few months ago. "How many of

this generation," writes our author, "complete their childhood, scarcely feeling the dominion of any will but their own, and obeying no higher law than the caprice of the moment! Instead of the firm, but gentle sway that quietly represses or moderates every outbreak of temper, that checks the impatience of desire, that requires and encourages self-denial, and turns the performance of duty into pleasure,—they experience only the feeble and fitful rule that yields to the slightest opposition, and rather stimulates than represses the selfish manifestations of our nature." The criticism is just. It is to parents, rather than to children, that our educational energies should now address themselves. For what school-polish can imitate the lustre of a youth home-reared under the authority of a wise and commanding love? But our adult-instruction must go deeper than a recommendation of the best scheme of household discipline the wit of man can devise. Be the government as rigid as it may, the children will imitate the worst portions of the characters disclosed in the family. The selfish and worldly at heart will find it wellnigh impossible to endow their children with high motives of action.

We cordially indorse what is said of those harpy-defilers of knowledge known as juvenile books. A limited use of the works of Abbott, Edgeworth, Sedgwick, and a very few others may certainly be permitted. But the common practice of removing every occasion for effort from the path of the young—of boning and spicing the mental aliment of our fathers for the palates of our sons—would be a ridiculous folly, if it were not a grievous one. Suitable reading for an average boy of ten years may be found in the best authors. For it is well observed by Dr. Ray, that, if the lad does not perceive the full significance of Shakspeare's thoughts or the deepest harmony of Spenser's verse, if he does not wholly appreciate the keen sagacity of Gibbon or the quiet charm of Prescott, he will, nevertheless, catch glimpses of the high upper sphere in which a poet moves, and fix in his mind lasting images of purity and loveliness, or he will learn on good authority the facts of history, and feel somewhat of its grandeur and dignity. To the sort of reading which naturally succeeds the Peter-Parley dilutions

of wisdom we can only allude to thank Dr. Ray for speaking so clearly and to the point.

But it becomes necessary to pass over many pages which we had marked for approving comment. In conclusion it may be said that this treatise on Mental Hygiene is full of wholesome rebukes and valuable suggestions. Yet the impression of New-England, or even of American life, which a stranger might receive from it, would be lamentably false. In a special department, Dr. Ray is an able scientist. To a wide-embracing philosophy he does not always show claims. There has been heart-sickening corruption in all prosperous societies, — especially in such as have been debauched by complicity with Slavery. It is the duty of some men of science and benevolence to be ever probing among the defilements of our fallen nature, to breathe the tainted air of the lazar-house, to consort with madness and crime. Few men deserve our respect and gratitude like these. But let them be cheered by remembering that in the great world outside the hospital there are still elements of worthiness and

nobility. Wealth was never more wisely liberal, talents were never held to stricter accountability, genius has never been more united with pure and high aims, than in the Loyal States to-day. The descendants of "those much-enduring men and women of colonial times" have not shown themselves altogether "incapable of toil and exposure." From offices and counting-rooms, from libraries and laboratories, our young men have gone forth to service as arduous as that which tried their forefathers. How many of them have borne every hardship and privation of war, every cruelty of filthy prisons and carrion-food, yet have breasted the slave-masters' treason till its bullet struck the pulse of life! Let us remember that the most divergent tendencies of character, even such as we cannot associate with an ideal poise of mind, may work to worthiest ends in this ill-balanced world of humanity. The saying of Novalis, that health is interesting only in a scientific point of view, disease being necessary to individualization, shows one side of the shield of which Dr. Ray presents the other.

RECENT AMERICAN PUBLICATIONS

RECEIVED BY THE EDITORS OF THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY.

The Life of Philidor, Musician and Chess-Player. By George Allen, Greek Professor in the University of Pennsylvania. With a Supplementary Essay on Philidor as Chess-Author and Chess-Player, by Tassilo von Heydebrand und der Lasa, Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of the King of Prussia at the Court of Saxe-Weimar. Philadelphia. E. H. Butler & Co. 12mo. pp. xii, 156. \$1.50.

Spots on the Sun; or, The Plumb-Line Papers. Being a Series of Essays, or Critical Examinations of Difficult Passages of Scripture; together with a Careful Inquiry into Certain Dogmas of the Church. By Rev. T. M. Hopkins, A. M., Geneva, N. Y. Auburn. William J. Moses. 16mo. pp. 367. \$1.00.

Frank Warrington. By the Author of "Rutledge." New York. G. W. Carleton. 12mo. pp. 478. \$1.50.

Husband and Wife; or, The Science of Human Development through Inherited Tendencies. By the Author of "The Parent's Guide," etc. New York. G. W. Carleton. 12mo. pp. 259. \$1.25.

Sermons preached before His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, during his Tour in the East, in the Spring of 1862, with Notices of some of the Localities visited. By Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, D. D., Regius Professor of Ecclesiastical History in the University of Oxford, Honorary Chaplain in Ordinary to the Queen, etc., etc. New York. C. Scribner. 12mo. pp. 272. \$1.50.

Palmoni; or, The Numerals of Scripture a Proof of Inspiration. A Free Inquiry. By M. Mahan, D. D., St. Marks-in-the-Bowery Professor of Ecclesiastical History in the General Theological Seminary. New York. D. Appleton & Co. 12mo. pp. 176. 75 cts.